PIECES FOR EVERY OCCASION

LE ROW

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PIECES

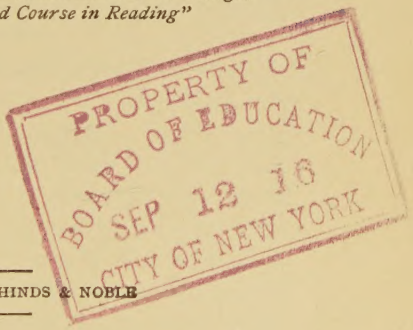
FOR

EVERY OCCASION

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

CAROLINE B. LE ROW

Formerly Instructor of Elocution at Smith and Vassar Colleges
Compiler of "A Well-planned Course in Reading"



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PREFACE.

How seldom it is that a teacher can find readily a good piece suitable for some special occasion like Arbor Day, or Decoration Day, or Washington's Birthday. In spite of the fact that there are hundreds of Speakers containing good selections, one invariably has to search through numberless compilations before finding the "right" piece for a given occasion.

The present compilation has been prepared expressly to enable both teacher and pupil to find readily not merely some one piece for any special "day," but a good variety of pieces for that day, from which he may select according to his taste. A glance at the list of contents will show that great care and good taste have been exercised in selecting the several pieces for each of the many different occasions. Moreover, but few of the selections have ever appeared in any other compilation.

Besides pieces for Lincoln's Birthday, Flag Day, Washington's Birthday, Arbor Day, Decoration Day, Graduation and Closing Days, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day, Christmas, and New Year's, will be found some good Temperance Selections, Concert Recitations, Pieces for Musical Accompaniment, together with a large number of declamations and recitations suitable for almost any other occasion.

The observance of our Poets' Birthdays has become so pleasant and so edifying a custom in our schools, that pieces have been provided for these anniversaries also.

All the selections are in harmony with the spirit of classroom work, which demands brevity, simplicity, good sense, and sound morality.

CAROLINE B. LE ROW.

May 1, 1901.

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PIECES FOR EVERY OCCASION.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

As Thy Day Thy Strength Shall Be.

There are stepping-stones in the deepest waters
That firmly meet the tides of human life;
And havens safe from every storm that gathers,
And issues out of every human strife.

There is no cloud that sunshine does not follow,
Nor pain without its solace in the end;
There is no day but that the coming morrow
Will bring some balm, the passing ills to mend.

There is no bond of friendship's firmest tying
Which threatened parting does not closer weave;
The very gifts that love delights to squander,
By love's great law the givers richer leave.

Not here shall all our hopes grow to fruition,
Nor yet our fears reach half their fancied ills;
One hour comes vaulting pride, the next, contrition;
Now doubt, now faith, our mortal spirit fills.

But heavenward, with kindly radiance glowing,
A slight perennial, beyond the grave,
Doth promise solace, balmy peace bestowing,
To prove that trials here but bless and save.

Manhood.

George K. Morris.

Life's best prizes are won, not by adroitness nor sharpness, not by skill or strength, but by that grandest thing known on earth, Manhood. Honorable, educated, active, cultivated manhood is to rule this world.

Always there have been bad men, corrupted, degraded, but sharp and cunning, who have made great gains by great frauds, or crafty swindling, and have held some sort of position in the world in spite of their want of character, for there are parasites and money-worshippers who honor and applaud the man of money without caring to know how he came by his possessions. But these are the exceptions.

The true man is, yet, the thing most prized by the great world. True manhood is the wisest, sharpest, strongest, most clear-sighted, far-sighted contestant in the battlefield of life. Manhood carries the sharpest sword, gains the truest success, and wears the brightest crown. No one is, or can be, the best preacher, the best lawyer, the best physician, or the best business man, who is not truly, grandly, gloriously, and unselfishly a man.

If you would climb to the high places, carry off the richest prizes, get the most enjoyment out of life, and have the sublimest old age, you must conquer the base elements of nature; you must have every atom of the dross of dishonesty squeezed, hammered, burned out, if necessary; you must become as sound as twenty-four-karat gold, as true as best steel. You must prove yourself as reliable as the course of nature, as incor-

ruptible as sunlight, as pure and sweet in your personality as the breezes of Heaven. You must scorn all meanness, loathe all false pretense, be afraid of every kind of dishonesty, and hate a lie as you would hate the devil himself. You must determine stoutly to be what you would appear.

There is a premium on men like that. The great world, disgusted with frauds and pretenders and shams of all kinds, will know such a man as soon as he appears. It will prize him, honor him, reward him, make him famous, and render him immortal.

"I Will Help You."

Wolstan Dixey.

A frosty chill was in the air—
  How plainly I remember—
The bright autumnal fires had paled,
  Save here and there an ember;
The sky looked hard, the hills were bare,
And there were tokens everywhere
  That it had come—November.

I locked the time-worn school-house door,
  The village seat of learning,
Across the smooth, well-trodden path
  My homeward footsteps turning;
My heart a troubled question bore,
  And in my mind, as oft before,
A vexing thought was burning.

"Why is it up-hill all the way?"
  Thus ran my meditations;
The lessons had gone wrong that day,
  And I had lost my patience.

"Is there no way to soften care,
And make it easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations?'

Across my pathway, through the wood,
A fallen tree was lying;
On this there sat two little girls,
And one of them was crying.
I heard her sob: "And if I could,
I'd get my lessons awful good;
But what's the use of trying?"

And then the little hooded head
Sank on the other's shoulder,
The little weeper sought the arms
That opened to enfold her.
Against the young heart kind and true,
She nestled close, and neither knew
That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah! ne'er was known
Such judgment without malice,
Nor queenlier counsel ever heard
In senate-house or palace!—
"I should have failed there, I am sure.
Don't be discouraged, try once more;
And *I will help you*, Alice."

"And *I will help you.*" This is how
To soften care and grieving;
Life is made easier to bear
By helping and by giving.
Here was the answer I had sought,
And I, the teacher, being taught
The secret of true living.

If "*I will help you*" were the rule,
How changed beyond all measure
Life would become! Each heavy load
Would be a golden treasure;

Pain and vexation be forgot;
Hope would prevail in every lot,
And life be only pleasure.

A Good Name.

JOEL HAWES.

IT is ever to be kept in mind that a good name is in all cases the fruit of personal exertion. It is not inherited from parents; it is not created by external advantages; it is no necessary appendage of birth or wealth or talents or station, but the result of one's own endeavors, the fruit and reward of good principles, manifested in a course of virtuous and honorable action. The attainment of a good name, whatever be the external circumstances, is wholly within the young man's power. However humble his birth, or obscure his condition, he has only to fix his eye on the prize and press toward it, in a course of useful and virtuous conduct, and it is his. How many of our worthiest and best citizens have risen to honor and usefulness by dint of their own persevering exertions!

In the formation of character, personal exertion is the first, the second, and the third virtue. A good name will not come without its being sought. All the virtues of which it is composed are the result of untiring application and industry. Nothing can be more fatal to the acquirement of a good character than a treacherous confidence in external advantages. These, if not seconded by your own exertions, will drop you, mid-way: or perhaps you will not have started, while the diligent traveler will have won the race.

It is of the highest importance that you have a commanding object in view, and that your aim in life be elevated. It is an old proverb, that "he who aims at the sun, to be sure, will not reach it, but his arrow will fly higher than if he aimed at an object on the level with himself." Just so in the formation of character. Set your standard high, and you cannot fail to rise higher than if you aimed at some inferior excellence. Young men are not, in general, conscious of what they are capable of doing. They do not task their faculties, nor improve their powers, nor attempt, as they ought, to rise to superior excellence. The consequence is that their efforts are few and feeble; they are not waked up to anything great or distinguished, and therefore fail to acquire a character of decided worth.

You may be whatever you resolve to be! Resolution is omnipotent! Aim at excellence, and excellence will be attained. "I cannot do it" never accomplished anything; "I will try" has wrought wonders. A young man who sets out in life with a determination to excel can hardly fail of his purpose. There is, in his case, a steadiness of aim, a concentration of feeling and effort, which bear him onward to his object with irresistible energy, and render success in whatever he undertakes, **certain.**

Flattering Grandma.

"There never was a grandma half so good!"
He whispered, while beside her chair he stood
And laid his rosy cheek,
With manner very meek,
Against her dear old face in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born;
I know some little boys must be forlorn
Because they've none like you;
I wonder what I'd do
Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?"

"There never was a dearer grandma—there!"
He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair,
Then fixed her ruffled cap,
And nestled in her lap,
While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man, what lots to you I'll bring:
A horse and carriage and a watch and ring,
All grandmas are so nice!
(Just here he kissed her twice)
And grandmas give a boy 'most anything."

Before his dear old grandma could reply,
This boy looked up, and, with a roguish eye,
Then whispered in her ear
That nobody might hear:
"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

Things to Remember.

A man cannot whip the world. Let him make up his mind to that at the very start, for the world has strength in its arms that no assault can batter down, no industry or perseverance can tire. No energy will bend these arms, no amount of pluck will break them. All a man's best efforts will be worse than thrown away if he undertakes to keep up any foolish sparring with this big world. No, no! The right way is to make friends with the world immediately, and tackle something smaller.

The world will be glad of your friendship, too, for it wants you and needs you; it has something for you to do. If you will find out what that is and go at it, then your brains and energy will work wonders.

If the world wants you for a surgeon and you try to be a farmer, you will fail; if the world wants you to invent machinery and you undertake to be a musician, you will fail; if the world wants you for a teacher and you ship for a sailor, you will fail; if the world wants you to sing and you persist in making shoes, you will fail—at the end of all your efforts failure will be written if you try to do what the world doesn't want you to do.

The world wants and needs every man to do what he is by nature fitted for and what he can do best; he may have a hard struggle in doing this at first, but he is bound to win if he has pluck, for the world is on his side. But if a man is working contrary to his natural aptitude the whole world is against him; whatever his immediate, apparent success, he will be ultimately, and must be inevitably—a failure.

The wise man will not fight against the world; but with it. The world is big and strong and he is little and weak; no matter how much energy and talent he has, no matter how good he is, the world is sure to beat.

Some Old School-books.

I have been back to my home again,
To the place where I was born;
I have heard the wind from the stormy main
Go rustling through the corn;
I have seen the purple hills once more;
I have stood on the rocky coast
Where the waves storm inland to the shore;
But the thing that touched me most

Was a little leather strap that kept
Some school-books, tattered and torn!
I sighed, I smiled, I could have wept
When I came on them one morn;
For I thought of the merry little lad,
In the mornings sweet and cool,
If weather was good, or weather bad,
Going whistling off to school.

My fingers undid the strap again,
And I thought how my hand had changed,
And half in longing, and half in pain,
Backward my memory ranged.
There was the grammar I knew so well,—
I didn't remember a rule;
And the old blue speller,—I used to spell
Better than any in school;

And the wonderful geography
I've read on the green hill-side,
When I've told myself I'd surely see
All lands in the world so wide,
From the Indian homes in the far, far West,
To the mystical Cathay.
I have seen them all. But Home is best
When the evening shades fall gray.

And there was the old arithmetic,
All tattered and stained with tears;
I and Jamie and little Dick
Were together in by-gone years.
Jamie has gone to the better land;
And I get now and again,
A letter in Dick's bold, ready hand,
From some great Western plain.

There wasn't a book, and scarce a page,
That hadn't some memory
Of days that seemed like a golden age,
Of friends I shall no more see.
And so I picked up the books again
And buckled the strap once more,
And brought them over the tossing main;
Come, children, and look them o'er.

And there they lie on a little stand
Not far from the Holy Book;
And his boys and girls with loving care
O'er grammar and speller look.
He said, "They speak to me, children dear,
Of a past without alloy;
And the look of Books, in promise clear,
Of a future full of joy."

Americanism.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

"Americanism" of the right sort we cannot have too much of. By Americanism I do not mean that which had a brief political existence more than thirty years ago. That movement was based on race and sect, and was, therefore, thoroughly un-American, and

failed, as all un-American movements have failed in this country. True Americanism is opposed utterly to any political divisions resting on race and religion. To the race or to the sect which as such attempts to take possession of the politics or the public education of the country true Americanism says, "Hands off!"

The American idea is a free church in a free state, and a free and unsectarian public school in every ward and in every village, with its doors wide open to the children of all races and of every creed. It goes still further and frowns upon the constant attempt to divide our people according to origin or extraction. Let every man honor and love the land of his birth and the race from which he springs and keep their memory green. It is a pious and honorable duty. But let us have done with British-Americans and Irish-Americans and German-Americans, and all be Americans—nothing more and nothing less. If a man is going to be an American at all, let him be so without any qualifying adjectives, and if he is going to be something else, let him drop the word American from his personal description.

Mere vaporing and boasting become a nation as little as a man. But honest, outspoken pride and faith in our country are infinitely better and more to be respected than the cultivated reserve which sets it down as ill-bred and in bad taste ever to refer to our country except by way of depreciation, criticism, or general negation. We have a right to be proud of our vast material success, our national power and dignity, our advancing civilization, carrying freedom and education in its train. But to count our wealth and tell our numbers and rehearse our great deeds simply to

boast of them is useless enough. We have a right to do it only when we listen to the solemn undertone which brings the message of great responsibilities—responsibilities far greater than the ordinary political and financial issues, which are sure to find, sooner or later, a right settlement.

Social questions are the questions of the present and the future of the American people. The race for wealth has opened a broad gap between rich and poor. There are thousands at your gates toiling from sunrise to sunset to keep body and soul together, and the struggle is a hard and bitter one. The idle, the worthless, and the criminal form but a small element of the community; but there is a vast body of honest, God-fearing working men and women, whose yoke is not easy and whose burden is far from light. We cannot push their troubles and cares into the background, and trust that all will come right in the end. Let us look to it that differences and inequalities of condition do not widen into ruin. It is most true that these differences cannot be rooted out; but they can be modified. Legislation cannot change humanity nor alter the decrees of nature; but it can help the solution of these grave problems.

Practical measures are plentiful enough. They have to do with the hours of labor, with emigration from our overcrowded cities to the lands of the West, with wise regulation of the railroads and other great corporations. Here are matters of great pith and moment, more important, more essential, more pressing than others. They must be met; they cannot be shirked or evaded.

The past is across the water; the future is here in

our keeping. We can do all that can be done to solve the social problems and fulfill the hopes of mankind. Failure would be a disaster unequaled in history. The first step to success is pride of country, simple, honest, frank, and ever present, and this is the Americanism that I would have. If we have this pride and faith, we shall appreciate our mighty responsibilities. Then, if we live up to them, we shall keep the words "an American citizen" what they now are—the noblest title any man can bear.

The Little Messenger of Love.

'Twas a little sermon preached to me
By a sweet, unconscious child—
A baby girl, scarce four years old,
With blue eyes soft and mild.
It happened on a rainy day;
I, seated in a car,
Was thinking, as I neared my home,
Of the continual jar
And discord that pervade the air
Of busy city life,
Each caring but for "number one,"
Self-gain provoking strife.
The gloomy weather seemed to cast
On every face a shade,
But on one countenance were lines
By sorrow deeply laid.
With low bowed head and hands clasped close,
She sat, so poor and old,
Nor seemed to heed the scornful glance
From eyes unkind and cold.

I looked again. Oh, sweet indeed
The sight that met my eyes!
Sitting upon her mother's lap,
With baby face so wise,
Was a wee child with sunny curls,
Blue eyes, and dimpled chin,
And a young, pure, loving heart
Unstained as yet by sin.
Upon the woman poor and sad
Her eyes in wonder fell,
Till wonder changed to pitying love;
Her thoughts, oh, who could tell?
Her tiny hands four roses held;
She looked them o'er and o'er,
Then choosing out the largest one,
She struggled to the floor.
Across the swaying car she went
Straight to the woman's side,
And putting in the wrinkled hand
The rose, she ran to hide
Her little face in mother's lap,
Fearing she had done wrong,
Not knowing, baby as she was,
That she had helped along
The up-hill road of life a soul
Cast down, discouraged quite,
As on the woman's face there broke
A flood of joyous light.

Dear little child! she was indeed
A messenger of love
Sent to that woman's lonely heart
From the great Heart above.
This world would be a different place
Were each to give to those
Whose hearts are sad as much of love
As went with baby's rose.

Employ Your Own Intellect.

The first law of success to-day is concentration. You must bend all your energies to one point, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Life is so short, and the range of human knowledge has increased so enormously, that no brain can know all things. The man who would know one thing well must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand things, however attractive or inviting. As with knowledge, so with work. The man who would get along must single out his specialty, and into that must pour the whole stream of his activity—all the energies of his hand, eye, tongue, heart and brain. It is the men of single and intense purpose, who steel their souls against all things else, who accomplish the hard work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when hard work is to be done.

Those who would succeed must know their own work perfectly; they must deny themselves general culture; they must be content if they can succeed in knowing one thing well.

A Strange Experience

Josephine Pollard.

They took the little London girl from out the city street
To where the grass was growing green, the birds were singing sweet;
And everything along the road so filled her with surprise,
The look of wonder fixed itself within her violet eyes.

The breezes ran to welcome her; they kissed her on each cheek,
And tried in every way they could their ecstasy to speak,
Inviting her to romp with them, and tumbling up her curls,
Expecting she would laugh or scold, like other little girls.

But she did not; no, she could not; for this crippled little child
Had lived within a dingy court where sunshine never smiled,
And for weary, weary days and months the little one had lain
Confined within a narrow room, and on a couch of pain.

The out-door world was strange to her—the broad expanse of sky,
The soft, green grass, the pretty flowers, the stream that trickled by;
But all at once she saw a sight that made her hold her breath,
And shake and tremble as if she were frightened near to death.

Oh, like some horrid monster of which the child had dreamed,
With nodding head and waving arms, the angry creature seemed;
It threatened her, it mocked at her, with gestures and grimace
That made her shrink with terror from its serpent-like embrace.

They kissed the trembling little one, they held her in their arms,
And tried in every way they could to quiet her alarms,
And said, "Oh, what a foolish little goose you are to be
So nervous and so terrified at nothing but a tree!"

They made her go up close to it, and put her arms around
The trunk and see how firmly it was fastened in the ground;
They told her all about the roots that clung down deeper yet,
And spoke of other curious things she never would forget.

Oh, I have heard of many, very many girls and boys
Who have to do without the sight of pretty books and toys,
Who have never seen the ocean; but the saddest thought to me
Is that anywhere there lives a child who never saw a tree.

True Patriotism is Unselfish.

George William Curtis.

Right and wrong, justice and crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man should shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my country, right or wrong!" he merely repeats the words of the thief who steals in the street, or the trader who swears falsely in the custom-house, both of them chuckling, "My fortune; however acquired."

Thus, gentlemen, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land,—of mountains, rivers, and woods,—but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm, this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships, through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathered into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death might give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Wash-

ington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand puts aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall, —recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in their confidence in their cause.

FORWARD.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

LET me stand still upon the height of life;
Much has been won, though much there is to win;
I am a little weary of the strife.
Let me stand still awhile, nor count it sin
To cool my hot brow, ease the travel-pain,
And then address me to the road again.

Long was the way, and steep and hard the climb;
Sore are my limbs, and fain I am to rest;
Behind me lie long sandy tracks of time;
Before me rises the steep mountain crest.
Let me stand still; the journey is half done,
And when less weary I will travel on.

There is no standing still! Even as I pause
The steep path shifts and I slip back apace;
Movement was safety; by the journey laws
No help is given, no safe abiding-place,
No idling in the pathway hard and slow;
I must go forward, or must backward go.

I will go up then, though the limbs may tire,
And though the path be doubtful and unseen.
Better with the last effort to expire
Than lose the toil and struggle that have been,
And have the morning strength, the upward strain,
The distance conquered, in the end made vain

Ah, blessed law! for rest is tempting sweet,
And we would all lie down if so we might;
And few would struggle on with bleeding feet;
And few would ever gain the higher height
Except for the stern law which bids us know
We must go forward, or must backward go.

Means of Acquiring Distinction.

Sydney Smith.

It is natural in every man to wish for distinction; and the praise of those who can confer honor by their praise is, in spite of all false philosophy, sweet to every human heart; but, as eminence can be only the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty, which we owe not more to our own happiness than to the quiet of the world at large. If you are young and ambitious, give a loose to that spirit which throbs within you; measure yourself with your equals; and learn, from frequent competition, the place which Nature has allotted to you; make of it no mean battle, but strive hard; strengthen your soul to the search of Truth, and follow that specter of Excellence which beckons you on, beyond the walls of the world, to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last:

but, if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature, which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot; let no mean spirit of revenge tempt you to throw off your loyalty to your country, and to prefer a vicious celebrity to obscurity crowned with piety and virtue. If you can throw new light upon moral truth, or, by any exertions, multiply the comforts or confirm the happiness of mankind, this fame guides you to the true ends of your nature; but, in the name of Heaven, as you tremble at retributive justice; and in the name of mankind, if mankind be dear to you, seek not that easy and accursed fame which is gathered in the work of revolutions; and deem it better to be forever unknown, than to found a momentary name upon the basis of anarchy and irreligion.

What of That?

Tired? Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called day!
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way.

Lonely? And what of that?
Some must be lonely; 'tis not given to all
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall,
To blend another life into its own;
Work may be done in loneliness. Work on!

Dark? Well, and what of that?
Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet.

Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guided right.

Hard? Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently.

Commencement Day.

W. D. Porter.

Commencement Day! All hail the one great college holiday and festival! The Independence Day of Baccalaureates, the Saturnalia of undergraduates! How many hearts have bounded to this day! How many bound every year, and will bound to the end of the chapter! To-day Seniors are transformed into Alumni, students into men of the world; and all collegians, of whatever class and degree, are jubilant, and pour forth heart and voice in joyous greetings; for what is it but a foretaste of the felicity that is in reserve for each one in his turn? Who that has participated can ever forget the accessories of the occasion? The day, is it not always, by express bespeaking, "the very bridal of the earth and sky"? The procession, so hilarious, so irrepressible, that the young Alumnus, annually chosen as marshal, seldom fails to declare, at the close of his official duty, that the keeping of the ranks in order was his hardest day's work yet! And the brilliant audience, that spreads itself out, like some beautiful garden, variegated and

flushed with flowers of every kind, shape, and hue, at the very feet of the heroes of the day.

Upon the platform, crowded with the virtue and learning of the city and State, stands forth the young candidate for college honors and public favor, modest, but unabashed; trembling with sensibility, but not with doubt or fear. And he is worthy to be observed and honored. Few persons know the price of distinction. Accident, self-indulgence, or fitful application cannot win it. By patient study through laborious days and long and silent watches of the night, at peril of health, with many a sacrifice of pleasure to duty, but with an unflinching determination to win the palm of excellence, he has worked his way up to this honorable position. And his hour of triumph is come. Faces that he never saw before, that never saw him before, are turned upon him with curious and admiring gaze. Friends look and listen with rapt attention. The eye of the father kindles, and his manly pride is aroused, as he beholds, in the inheritor of his name, an object of general admiration, a rising hope and expectancy of the State. But who shall depict the feelings of the gentle mother! Her meek and glad surprise; her ill-disguised efforts to keep back the tears of joy that will spring in spite of her! Her rich and full over-payment of delight for every loving care and anxious foreboding, for nights of weariness and days of sorrow cheerfully borne for his sake, and for all the manifold trials, sacrifices, and ministerings of that great and abounding affection, that wondrous, holy love, without all parallel or compare, that has its well-spring in the maternal breast! And, perchance, deep down in the recesses of the heart of some fair

maiden, there stirs a feeling of conscious sympathy, that makes no sign, save that it trembles in the half-averted eye and paints itself in the faintest of blushes on her delicate cheek, and which, though it brings upon her spirit a sort of trouble new and strange, fills it with emotions of pleasure that she does not care to repress, and hopes that may not be confessed.

Collegians! It is a noble thing to deserve and win the applause of the wise and good, and the approving smiles of the gentle and fair; and you may take with you the assurance, which one day, perhaps, you will realize, that although after-life may have its noble ambitions, and its brilliant and solid rewards, you will find none sweeter or purer than that which first woke a father's pride, and recompensed a noble mother's self-denying cares.

Only a Little.

Dora Goodale.

A bird has little—only a feather
Plucked, it may be, from a tender breast,
Only a thread to bind together
The delicate fabric of his nest;
Yet he sings, "The wide, free air is mine,
The dews of earth, the clouds of heaven!"
He sits and swings with the swinging vine,
And all he looks on to him is given.

A child has little—only a blossom
Caught at random from fields of bloom.
Only the love in a tender bosom,
Freed from the shadow of care and gloom;

Yet he laughs all day from the deeps of lightness,
And feels his joy in the joy of heaven,
He loses himself in a world of brightness,
And all he asks for to him is given.

A man has little—only a longing
Higher than labors of sword or pen,
Only a vision whose lights are thronging
Over the tumult and toil of men.
Yet wealth is his from the wealth of being,
His are the glories of Earth and Heaven,
He feels a beauty too deep for seeing,
And all he dreams of to him is given.

The Beautiful in Creation.

Timothy Dwight.

Were all the interesting diversities of color and form to disappear, how unsightly, dull, and wearisome would be the aspect of the world! The pleasures conveyed to us by the endless varieties with which these sources of beauty are presented to the eye, are so much things of course, and exist so much without intermission, that we scarcely think either of their nature, their number, or the great proportion which they constitute in the whole mass of our enjoyment. But, were an inhabitant of this country to be removed from its delightful scenery to the midst of an Arabian desert, a boundless expanse of sand, a waste, spread with uniform desolation, enlivened by the murmur of no stream, and cheered by the beauty of no verdure; although he might live in a palace, and riot in splendor and luxury, he would, I think, find life a dull, weari-

some, melancholy round of existence; and, amid all his gratifications, would sigh for the hills and valleys of his native land, the brooks and rivers, the living luster of the spring, and the rich glories of the autumn. The ever-varying brilliancy and grandeur of the landscape, and the magnificence of the sky, sun, moon, and stars enter more extensively into the enjoyment of mankind, than we, perhaps, ever think, or can possibly apprehend, without frequent and extensive investigation. This beauty and splendor of the objects around us, it is ever to be remembered, is not necessary to their existence, nor to what we commonly intend by their usefulness. It is, therefore, to be regarded as a source of pleasure gratuitously superinduced upon the general nature of the objects themselves, and, in this light, as a testimony of the divine goodness peculiarly affecting.

The Light-house.

High o'er the black-backed Skerries, and far
To the westward hills and the eastward sea,
I shift my light like a twinkling star,
With ever a star's sweet constancy.
They wait for me when the night comes down,
And the slow sun falls in his death divine,
Then braving the black night's gathering frown,
With ruby and diamond blaze—I shine!

There is war at my feet where the black rocks break,
The thunderous snows of the rising sea;
There is peace above when the stars are awake,
Keeping their night-long watch with me.

I care not a jot for the roar of the surge,
The wrath is the sea's—the victory mine!
As over its breadth to the furthest verge,
Unwavering and untired—I shine!

First on my brow comes the pearly light,
Dimming my lamp in the new-born day,
One long, last look to left and right,
And I rest from my toil—for the broad sea-way
Grows bright with the smile and blush of the sky,
All incandescent and opaline.
I rest—but the loveliest day will die—
Again in its last wan shadows—I shine!

When the night is black, and the wind is loud,
And danger is hidden, and peril abroad,
The seaman leaps on the swaying shroud;
His eye is on me, and his hope in God!
Alone, in the darkness, my blood-red eye
Meets his, and he hauls his groping line.
"A point to nor'ard!" I hear him cry;
He goes with a blessing, and still—I shine!

While standing alone in the summer sun
Sometimes I have visions and dreams of my own,
Of long-life voyages just begun,
And rocks unnoticed, and shoals unknown;
And I would that men and women would mark
The duty done by this lamp of mine;
For many a life is lost in the dark,
And few on earth are the lights that shine!

The Permanence of Grant's Fame.

James G. Blaine.

The monopoly of fame by the few in this world comes from an instinct of human nature. Heroes can-

not be multiplied. The millions pass into oblivion; only the units survive. Who aided the great leader of Israel to conduct the chosen people over the sands of the desert and through the waters of the sea unto the Promised Land? Who marched with Alexander from the Bosphorus to India? Who commanded the legions under Cæsar in the conquest of Gaul? Who crossed the Alps with the Conqueror of Italy? Who fought with Wellington at Waterloo? Alas! how soon it may be asked, Who marched with Sherman from the mountain to the sea? Who stood with Meade on the victorious field of Gettysburg? Who went with Sheridan through the trials and triumphs of the blood-stained valley?

Napoleon said: "The rarest attribute among generals is two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." "I mean," he added, "unprepared courage, that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, and which, in spite of the most unforeseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and promptness of decision." No better description could be given of the type of courage which distinguished General Grant.

His constant readiness to fight was another quality which, according to the same high authority, established his rank as a commander. "Generals," said the exile at St. Helena, "are rarely found eager to give battle; they choose their positions, consider their combinations, and then indecision begins." "Nothing," added this greatest warrior of modern times, "nothing is so difficult as to decide." General Grant, in his services in the field, never once exhibited indecision. This was the quality which gave him his crowning characteristic as a military leader; he in-

spired his men with a sense of their invincibility, and they were thenceforth invincible!

General Grant's name will survive because it is indissolubly connected with the greatest military and moral triumph in the history of his country. If the armies of the Union had ultimately failed, the vast and beneficent designs of Mr. Lincoln would have been frustrated. General Grant would then have taken his place with that long and always increasing array of able men who are found wanting in the supreme hour of trial. But a higher power controlled the result. In the reverent expression of Mr. Lincoln, "no human counsel devised, nor did any mortal hand work out these great things." In their accomplishment these human agents were sustained by more than human power, and through them great salvation was wrought for the land.

As long, therefore, as the American Union shall abide, with its blessings of law and liberty, Grant's name shall be remembered with honor; as long as the slavery of human beings shall be abhorred and the freedom of man cherished, Grant's name shall be recalled with gratitude; and in the cycles of the future the story of Lincoln's life can never be told without associating Grant in the enduring splendor of his own fame.

National Progress.

William McKinley.

(From Inaugural Address Delivered March 4, 1901).

Honesty, capacity, and industry are nowhere more indispensable than in public employment.

We are now at peace with the world, and it is my fervent prayer that, if differences arise between us and other Powers, they may be settled by peaceful arbitration, and that hereafter we may be spared the horrors of war.

Strong hearts and helpful hands are needed, and, fortunately, we have them in every part of our beloved country. We are reunited. Sectionalism has disappeared. Division on public questions can no longer be traced by the war maps of 1861.

These old differences less and less disturb the judgment. Existing problems demand the thought and quicken the conscience of the country, and the responsibility for their presence, as well as for their righteous settlement, rests upon us all—no more upon me than upon you.

There are some national questions in the solution of which patriotism should exclude partisanship. Magnifying their difficulties will not take them off our hands nor facilitate their adjustment.

Distrust of the capacity, integrity, and high purpose of the American people will not be an inspiring theme for future political contests. Dark pictures and gloomy forebodings are worse than useless. These only becloud; they do not help to point the way of safety and honor. "Hope maketh not ashamed."

The prophets of evil were not the builders of the Republic, nor in its crises have they saved or served it.

The faith of the fathers was a mighty force in its creation, and the faith of their descendants has wrought its progress and furnished its defenders. They are obstructionists who despair and who would destroy confidence in the ability of our people to solve wisely, and for civilization, the mighty problems resting upon them.

The American people, intrenched in freedom at home, take their love for it with them wherever they go; and they reject as mistaken and unworthy the doctrine that we lose our own liberties by securing the enduring foundations of liberty to others. Our institutions will not deteriorate by extension, and our sense of justice will not abate under tropic suns in distant seas.

As heretofore, so hereafter will the nation demonstrate its fitness to administer any new estate which events devolve upon it, and in the fear of God will "take occasion by the hand and make the bounds of freedom wider yet." If there are those among us who would make our way more difficult we must not be disheartened, but the more earnestly dedicate ourselves to the task upon which we have rightly entered.

The path of progress is seldom smooth. New things are often found hard to do. Our fathers found them so. We find them so. They are inconvenient. They cost us something. But are we not made better for the effort and sacrifice; and are not those we serve lifted up and blessed?

We will be consoled, too, with the fact that opposition has confronted every onward movement of the

Republic from its opening hour until now, but without success. The Republic has marched on and on, and its every step has exalted freedom and humanity.

We are undergoing the same ordeal as did our predecessors nearly a century ago. We are following the course they blazed. They triumphed. Will their successors falter and plead organic impotency in the nation?

Surely, after one hundred and twenty-five years of achievement for mankind, we will not now surrender our equality with other Powers on matters fundamental and essential to nationality!

With no such purpose was the nation created. In no such spirit has it developed its full and independent sovereignty. We adhere to the principle of equality among ourselves, and by no act of ours will we assign to ourselves a subordinate rank in the family of nations.

The Demon on the Roof.

Josephine Pollard.

'Twas an ancient legend they used to tell
Within the glow of the kitchen hearth,
When a sudden silence upon them fell,
And quenched the laughter and noisy mirth:
That whenever a dwelling was building new,
There were demons ready to curse or bless
The noble structure, that daily grew
Perfect in shape and comeliness.

And when the sound of the tools had ceased,
Hammer and nails, and plane and saw,
Ere yet the dwelling could be released
From the evil spirits,—there was a law

No master-mechanic could be found
  Able or willing to disobey—
That a ladder be left upon the ground
  For their enjoyment, a night and a day.

And when the chimneys begin to roar,
  And voices harsh as the wintry wind
Howl and mock at the outer door,
  The ancient legend is brought to mind,
And we think, perhaps, that a careless loon,
  Not fearing the master's stern reproof,
Has taken the ladder away too soon
  And left a demon upon the roof.

And in every dwelling where joy comes not,
  And the buds of promise forget to bloom,
Be it a palace or be it a cot,
  Amply splendid or scant of room,
We may be sure that a demon elf,
  Fiendishly cruel and full of spite,
Is sitting and grinning away to himself
  Up on the ridge-pole, out of sight.

But let it ever be borne in mind
  By those who often this legend quote,
That with every evil some good we find,
  For every ill there's an antidote.
And if we use but the magic spell,
  And hearts draw near that were kept aloof,
Good angels then in our homes will dwell,
  Despite the demon upon the roof.

Our Country.

Epes Sargent.

When we speak of our country we mean the United States of America. The State in which we reside is a small part of that country, and the town in which we live is but a small part of the State. Our government is the offspring of the popular will. The people brought it into existence to impose salutary restraints upon the States, and to insure to the people in every State the benefits of a republican freedom. We are a nation, not by the sufferance of Delaware or Ohio, but by virtue of our historical and constitutional antecedents. Each State has its rights, but among them is not the right to break up this Union by secession. A four years' war, the fiercest in the world's history, has settled that question.

The most precious of our rights is that by which we claim the protection of the American flag, whether we stand on the Alantic border of our beloved country, on the mountains of Colorado, or on the plains of Texas.

Why ought we to cherish this Union? Simply because it is the guarantee of our liberties. It is not true that a diminutive nationality is favorable to human freedom. Ancient Greece, broken up into independent states, perished because of the absence of a National Union like ours. No argument against our system can be drawn from the vast extent of our country. The steam engine, the railroad, and the magnetic telegraph have annihilated space and time. Our grand republican experiment, already confirmed by the supreme test of civil war, and

purged of one fatal inconsistency, is based on the Christian principle of justice—the equality of all men before the law. Let us rise to the full benefit of this sacred teaching. Let us realize that it is our duty to do what we can constantly to raise up those beneath us to our own level of virtue and intelligence, and to welcome all men to the political benefits which we inherit.

That we live in the enjoyment of the fruits of our labors, that we live at all, perhaps, or live girt about by the blessings of civilization, we owe, under Providence, to our country. Let us prove ourselves true sons and daughters of such a mother! Let us lovingly uphold the symbol of her just authority, the glorious flag of the United States! Let us labor to make her, by her noble example, the peaceful propagandist of justice and freedom throughout the world! Let us serve her with all our might, and defend her, should occasion summon, with our mortal lives!

Beside the Railway Track.

On its straight iron pathway the long train was rushing,
With its noise, and its smoke, and its great human load;
And I saw a wild rose that in beauty was blushing,
Fresh and sweet, by the side of the hot, dusty road.

Untrained were its branches, untended it flourished,
No eye watched its opening or mourned its decay;
But its leaves by the soft dews of heaven were nourished,
And it opened its buds in the warm light of day.

I asked why it grew there where none prized its beauty,
For of thousands who passed none had leisure to stay.
And the answer came sweetly, "I do but my duty;
I was told to grow here by the side of the way."

There are those on life's pathway whose spirits are willing
To dwell where the busy crowd passes them by;
But the dew from above on their leaves is distilling,
And they bloom 'neath the smile of the All-seeing Eye.

They are loved by the few—like the rose, they remind us,
When tempted from duty's safe pathway to stray;
We, too, have a place and a mission assign'd us,
Though it be but to grow by the side of the way.

When Grandpa Was a Little Boy.

Malcolm Douglas.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he
To the curly-headed youngster who had climbed upon his knee;
"So studious was he at school, he never failed to pass;
And out of three he always stood the second in his class——"
"But, if no more were in it, you were next to foot like me!"
"Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he;
"He very seldom spent his pretty pennies foolishly;
No toy or candy store was there for miles and miles about,
And with his books straight home he'd go the moment school was out——"
"But, if there had been one, you might have spent them all like me!"
"Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he,
"He never stayed up later than an hour after tea;
It wasn't good for little boys at all, his mother said;
And so, when it was early, she would march him off to bed——"

"But, if she hadn't, maybe you'd have stayed up late, like me!"

"Why, bless you, Grandpa never thought of that before," said he.

"When Grandpa was a little boy about your age," said he;
"In summer he went barefoot and was happy as could be;
And all the neighbors 'round about agreed he was a lad
Who was as good as he could be, except when he was bad——"
"But, 'ceptin' going barefoot, you were very much like me."
"Why, bless you, Grandpa's often thought of that before," said he.

Getting the Right Start.

Joseph Gilbert Holland.

The first great lesson a young man should learn is that he knows nothing and is nothing. Bred at home, he cannot readily understand that everyone else can be his equal in talent and acquisition. This is a critical period of his history. If he bow to the conviction that his mind and person are but ciphers, and that whatever he is to be and is to win must be achieved by hard work, there is abundant hope for him. If a huge self-conceit hold possession of him, or he sink discouraged upon the threshold of fierce competition and more manly emulations, he might as well be a dead man. The world has no use for such a man, and he has only to retire or be trodden upon.

The next thing for him to learn is that the world cares nothing for him, and that he must take care for himself. He will not be noticed till he does something to prove that he has an absolute value in society. No letter of recommendation will give him this, or ought

to give him this. Society demands that a young man shall be somebody, and prove his right to the title, but will not take this upon trust, at least for a long time: it has been cheated too frequently. There is no surer sign of an unmanly spirit than a wish to lean upon somebody and enjoy the fruits of the industry of others. When a young man becomes aware that only by his own exertions can he rise into companionship and competition with the sharp, strong, and well-drilled minds around him, he is ready for work, and not before.

The next lesson is patience, thorough preparation, and contentment with the regular channels of business effort and enterprise. This is one of the most difficult to learn, of all the lessons of life. It is natural for the mind to reach out eagerly for immediate results. Beginning at the very foot of the hill, and working slowly to the top, seems a very discouraging process; and precisely at this point have thousands of young men made shipwreck of their lives. Let this be understood, then, at starting, that the patient conquest of difficulties is not only essential to the successes which you seek, but to that preparation of mind which is requisite for the enjoyment of your successes, and for retaining them when gained. It is the general rule of Providence, the world over, and in all time, that unearned success is a curse. It is the process of earning success that shall be the preparation for its conservation and enjoyment.

So, day by day, and week by week, month after month, and year after year, work on, and in that process gain strength and symmetry, and nerve and knowledge, that when success patiently and bravely

worked for shall come, it may find you prepared to receive and keep it. The development which you will get in this brave and patient labor will prove itself in the end the most valuable of your successes. It will help to make a man of you. It will give you power and self-reliance. It will give you not only self-respect, but the respect of your fellows and the public.

Before Vicksburg.

Back from the front there came,
Weeping and sorely lame,
The merest child, the youngest face,
Man ever saw in such a fearful place.

Stifling his tears, he limped his chief to meet,
But when he paused and tottering stood,
Around the circle of his little feet
There spread a pool of bright young blood.
Shocked at his doleful case,
Sherman cried, "Halt! Front face!
Who are you? Speak, my gallant boy!"
"A drummer, sir; Fifty-fifth Illinois."

"Are you not hit?" "That's nothing. Only send
Some cartridges. Our men are out,
And the foe press us." "But, my little friend——"
"Don't mind me! Did you hear that shout?
What if our men be driven?
O for the love of Heaven
Send to my Colonel, General dear!"
"But you?" "Oh, I shall easily find the rear!"

"I'll see to that," cried Sherman, and a drop,
Angels might envy, dimmed his eye
As the boy, toiling toward the hill's hard top,
Turned round, and with his shrill child's cry

Shouted, "O don't forget!
We'll win the battle yet!
But let our soldiers have some more,
More cartridges, sir—caliber fifty-four!"

Only a Little Thing.

Mrs. M. P. Handy.

It was only a tiny seed,
Carelessly brushed aside;
But it grew in time to a noxious weed,
And spread its poison wide.

It was only a little leak,
So small you might hardly see;
But the rising waters found the break,
And wrecked the great levee.

It was only a single spark,
Dropped by a passing train;
But the dead leaves caught, and swift and dark
Was its work on wood and plain.

It was only an unsound nail
That the workman used—ah me!
But the ship that else had weathered the gale
Went down in the deep, dark sea.

It was only a thoughtless word,
Scarce meant to be unkind;
But it pierced as a dart to the heart that heard,
And left its sting behind.

It may seem a trifle at most,
The thing that we do or say;
And yet it may be that at fearful cost
We may wish it undone some day.

Glimpses into Cloudland.

H. W. Longfellow.

Life is one and universal, its forms many and individual. Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation there is never-ceasing motion, without rest by night or day; ever weaving to and fro. Swifter than a weaver's shuttle it flies from Birth to Death, from Death to Birth; from the beginning seeks the end, and finds it not, for the seeming end is only a dim beginning of a new outgoing and endeavor after the end.

As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer sun breathes upon it, melts and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun, so life, in the smile of God's love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love. Of all these forms, the highest and most perfect in its God-likeness is the human soul.

The vast cathedral of Nature is full of holy scriptures, and shapes of deep, mysterious meaning. But all is solitary and silent there; no bending knee, no uplifted eye, no lip adoring, praying. Into this vast cathedral comes the human soul, seeking its Creator; and the universal silence is changed to sound, and the sound is harmonious and has a meaning, and is comprehended and felt.

It was an ancient saying of the Persians, that the waters rush from the mountains and hurry forth into all the lands to find the Lord of the Earth; and the flame of the fire, when it awakes, gazes no more upon the ground, but mounts heavenward to seek the Lord

of Heaven; and here and there the Earth has built the great watchtowers of the mountains, and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around, to see if the Judge of the World comes not!

Thus in Nature herself, without man, there lies a waiting and hoping, a looking and yearning, after an unknown somewhat. Yes; when, above there, where the mountain lifts its head over all others, that it may be alone with the clouds and storms of heaven, the lonely eagle looks forth into the gray dawn, to see if the day comes not; when, by the mountain torrent, the brooding raven listens to hear if the chamois is returning from his nightly pasture in the valley; and when the soon uprising sun calls out the spicy odors of the thousand flowers, the Alpine flowers, with heaven's deep blue and the blush of sunset on their leaves:—then there awake in Nature, and the soul of man can see and comprehend them, an expectation and a longing for a future revelation of God's majesty.

They awake, also, when, in the fullness of life, field and forest rest at noon, and through the stillness are heard only the song of the grasshopper and the hum of the bee; and when at evening the singing lark up from the sweet-smelling vineyards rises, or in the later hours of night Orion puts on his shining armor, to walk forth into the fields of heaven. But in the soul of man alone is this longing changed to certainty, and fulfilled.

For, lo! the light of the sun and the stars shines through the air, and is nowhere visible and seen; the planets hasten with more than the speed of the storm through infinite space, and their footsteps are not

heard; but where the sunlight strikes the firm surface of the planets, where the storm-wind smites the wall of the mountain cliff, there is the one seen and the other heard. Thus is the glory of God made visible, and may be seen, where in the soul of man it meets its likeness changeless and firm standing.

Thus, then, stands Man—a mountain on the boundary between two worlds—its foot in one, its summit far rising into the other. From this summit the manifold landscape of life is visible, the way of the Past and Perishable, which we have left behind us; and as we evermore ascend, bright glimpses of the day-break of Eternity beyond us!

"Wash Dolly Up Like That."

Eleanor Kirk Ames.

"I'll be the goodest little girl
That ever you did see,
If you'll let me take my dolly
To church with you and me.
It's too drefful bad to leave her
When we's all gone away;
Oh! Cosette will be so lonesome
To stay at home all day."

'Twas such a pleading pair of eyes
And winsome little face
That mamma couldn't well refuse,
Though church was not the place
For dolls or playthings, she well knew;
Still mamma's little maid
Was always so obedient
She didn't feel afraid.

No mouse was ever half so still
As this sweet little lass,
Until the sermon was quite through—
Then this did come to pass:
A dozen babies (more or less)
Dressed in long robes of white
Were brought before the altar rail—
A flash of heaven's own light.

Then Mabel stood upon the seat,
With dolly held out straight,
And this is what the darling said:
"Oh! minister, please to wait,
And wash my dolly up like that—
Her name it is Cosette."
The minister smiled and bowed his head;
But mamma blushes yet.

The Daily Task.

Marianne Farringham.

The morning light falls gently on the eyes
And wakes the sleeping men;
And bids them rise and haste to meet the day,
And find their work again.

No one is asked to choose what he will do,
Or take the task loved best,
For God allots the places, and each one
Obeys His high behest.

One, loving silence, passes to the street
And mingles with the crowd,
And finds his daily work awaiting him,
Where noise is long and loud.

And one who hungers for the voice and touch
Of others in the gloom
Is ordered to withdraw from all, and work
Alone within one room.

Another, loving beauty, air, and light,
Passes in sordid ways,
And uncongenial sights, and jarring sounds,
The hours of his best days.

And yet another who could love all work,
And do it thankfully,
Has naught to do but suffer and be still
In patience, perfectly.

Are, then, the workers at their daily tasks
Unhappy and unblest?
Nay; He who chooses for them gives the wage
Of happiness and rest.

The feet pass swiftly to the place of toil,
The lips break into song,
And ready hands receive the allotted task,
Nor find the hours too long.

Because the loyal heart is true to God,
And the deft hand obeys
The Master, who decides what each shall do,
Joy fills the working days.

And so, if but the soul be leal, the task
Itself becomes more dear,
And every worker finds that work well done
Is work that brings good cheer.

True Liberty.

Frederick William Robertson.

People talk of Liberty as if it meant the liberty to do just what a man likes. I call that man free who is able to rule himself. I call him free who fears doing wrong, but fears nothing else. I call that man free who has learned the most blessed of all truths—that liberty consists in obedience to the power, and to the will, and to the law that his higher soul reverences and approves. He is not free because he does what he likes; but he is free because he does what he ought, and there is no protest in his soul against that doing.

Some people think there is no liberty in obedience. I tell you that there is no liberty except in loyal obedience—the obedience of the unconstrained affections. Did you ever see a mother kept at home, a kind of prisoner, by her sick child, obeying its every wish and caprice? Will you call that mother a slave? Or is this the obedience of slavery? I call it the obedience of the highest liberty—that of love.

We hear a great deal in these days respecting the right of private judgment, the rights of labor, the rights of property, and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things, in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound those rights, alas! seems to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing very noble in a man who is forever going about calling for his rights. I cannot see anything manly in the ferocious struggle between rich and poor —the one to take as much, and the other to keep as much, as he can. The cry of "my rights and your duties," we should change to something nobler. If

we can say, "my duties and your rights," we shall learn what real liberty is.

The Old Stone Basin.

Susan Coolidge.

In the heart of the busy city,
In the scorching noontide heat,
A sound of bubbling water
Falls on the din of the street.

It falls in a gray stone basin,
And over the cool wet brink
The heads of thirsty horses
Each moment are stretched to drink.

And peeping between the crowding heads
As the horses come and go,
"The Gift of Three Little Sisters"
Is read on the stone below.

Ah, beasts are not taught letters,
They know no alphabet;
And never a horse in all these years
Has read the words; and yet

I think that each toil-worn creature
Who stops to drink by the way,
His thanks in his own dumb fashion
To the sisters small must pay.

Years have gone by since busy hands
Wrought at the basin's stone;
The kindly little sisters
Are all to women grown.

I do not know their home or fates,
Or the name they bear to men,
But this sweetness of their gracious deed
Is just as fresh as then.

And all life long, and after life,
They must the happier be,
For the cup of water given by them
When they were children three.

True Heroism.

Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honors greet the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself and wins.

He is a hero, stanch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
His passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man that drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle, to overcome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume, and drum—
A foe, forever lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread,
Forever near your board by day,
And night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part—
Who conquers and is free!
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Nor fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

Mind Your Business.

Wolstan Dixey.

Nine-tenths of all that goes wrong in this world is because someone doesn't mind his business. When a terrible accident occurs, the first cry is that the means of prevention were not sufficient. Everybody declares we must have a new patent fire-escape, an automatic engine switch, or a high-proof non-combustible sort of lamp oil. But a little investigation will usually show that all the contrivances were on hand, and in good order; the real trouble was that somebody didn't mind his business; he didn't obey orders; he thought he knew a better way than the way he was told; he said, "Just this once I'll take the risk," and in doing so, he made other people take the risk, too; and the risk was too great. At Toronto, Canada, not long ago, a conductor, against orders, ran his train on a certain siding, which resulted in the death of thirty or forty people. The engineer of a mill, at Rochester, N. Y., thought the engine would stand a higher pressure than the safety-valve indicated, so he tied a few bricks to the valve to hold it down; result: four work-

men killed, a number wounded, and mill blown to pieces. The City of Columbus, an iron vessel fitted out with all the means of preservation and escape in use on shipboard, was wrecked on the best-known portion of the Atlantic coast, on a moonlight night, at the cost of one hundred lives, because the officer in command took into his head to save a few ship-lengths in distance by hugging the shore, in direct disobedience of the captain's parting orders. The best ventilated mine in Colorado was turned into a death trap for half a hundred miners, because one of the number entered with a lighted lamp the gallery he had been warned against. Nobody survives to explain the explosion of the dynamite-cartridge factory in Pennsylvania, but as that type of disaster is almost always due to heedlessness, it is probable that this instance is not an exception to the rule.

What is most wanted in this world is people that will mind their business; all the devices, inventions, contrivances, you can shake a stick at, won't insure safety; the real need is, automatic obedience, patent honesty, non-combustible brains, high-proof character. Men that can furnish these are in demand. Be sure, whatever your disadvantages, however humble your present position, your services will not long go a-begging if you have that one faculty of minding your business.

After Vacation.

Again they muster from the far-off hillside,
From country farm-house and from sea-girt shore;
Their tramping feet resound along the highways,
Their gleeful shouts ring on the air once more.

A merry band, so full of youth's elixir,
How can their restless spirits e'er essay
The tasks that wait their patient, steady labor
After the long, bright, summer holiday?

Not now, O children, in the sunny meadows
Ye cull the flowers or by the brooklets stray,
But in the fields of knowledge, thick with blossoms,
To gather sweets for a far future day.

Here, too, you roam a land of fairest promise,
Watered by many a stream of limpid hue,
Where weary travelers find a sweet refreshment
And garner richest stores of old and new.

We bid thee welcome to the homes that missed thee,
To the deserted school-room's open door.
The nation's hope is in thee, keep thy birthright;
Thine heritage is more than golden store.

"What's the Lesson for To-day?"

Little Bess, with laughing eyes,
Brightly blue as summer skies,
Came to me one morn in May,
Asking in her eager way,
"What's the lesson for to-day?"

And I told her, then and there,
What I wished her to prepare.
But new meaning (strange to say),
In the childish query lay,
"What's the lesson for to-day?"

And I pondered o'er and o'er
What I scarce had thought before,—
As I went my wonted way,
Towards my duty, sad or gay,
"What's *my* lesson for the day?"

Students in the school of life,
'Mid its struggles and its strife,
Let *us* ask, in childlike way,
Of the Teacher we obey,
"What's the lesson for to-day?"

And the answer God will give,
He will show us how to live,
Teach us of His perfect way,
Grant us wisdom that we may
Learn the lesson of the day.

The American Constitution.

Alexander Hamilton.

After all our doubts, our suspicions and speculations on the subject of government, we must at last return to this important truth—that when we have formed a constitution on free principles, we may, with safety, furnish it with all the powers necessary to answer, in the most ample manner, the purposes of government.

The great objects desired are a free representation and mutual checks. When these can be obtained, all the apprehensions as to the extent of powers are unjust and imaginary. What, then, is the structure of this American Constitution? One branch of the Legislature is to be elected by the people—by the same

people who choose your State Representatives. Its members are to hold office for two years, and then return to their constituents. Here the people govern. Here they act by their immediate representatives. You also have a Senate, constituted by your State Legislatures, by men in whom you place the highest confidence, and forming another representative branch. Then, again, you have an Executive Magistrate, created by a form of election which merits universal admiration. You find all the checks which the greatest politicians and the best writers have ever conceived. What more can reasonable man desire? The legislative authority is lodged in three distinct branches, and the judicial is still reserved as an independent body who hold their offices during good behavior. This organization is all so skillfully contrived that it is next to impossible that an impolitic or wicked measure should pass its scrutiny with success.

What do gentlemen mean by coming forward and declaiming against this government? Why do they say that we ought to limit its powers and destroy its capacity for blessing the people? Has philosophy suggested, has experience taught, that such a government ought not to be intrusted with everything necessary for the good of society? When you have divided and balanced the departments of government; when you have strongly connected the virtue of your rulers with their interests; when, in short, you have rendered your system as perfect as human forms can be—you must place confidence; and you must give power.

The Little Grave.

"It's only a little grave," they said,
"Only just a child that's dead!"
And so they carelessly turned away
From the mound the spade had made that day.
Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
That little grave in one home had made.

True, the coffin was narrow and small,
One yard would have served for an ample pall;
And one man in his arms could have borne away
The rosewood and its freight of clay.
But what darling hopes were hid
Beneath that little coffin-lid.

A weeping mother stood that day
With folded hands by that form of clay;
And painful, burning tears were hid
'Neath the drooping lash and aching lid;
And her lip, and cheek, and brow
Were almost as white as her baby's now.

And then some things were put away,
The crimson frock, and wrappings gay;
The little sock, and the half-worn shoe,
The cap with its plume and tassels blue;
And an empty crib stands with covers spread,
As white as the face of the sinless dead.

'Tis a little grave; but oh! what care!
What world-wide hopes are buried there!
And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
May see, like her, through blinding tears,
How much of light, how much of joy,
Is buried with an only boy!

The People's Holidays.

Marianne Farningham.

Not alone for the rich and great
Are the beautiful works of God;
The mountain's slopes and the ocean's beach
By the people's feet are trod,
And the poor man's children sing and dance
On the green flower-covered sod.

Not alone for the cultured eyes
Do the sweet flowers spring and grow;
There is scarcely living a man so poor
But he may their sweetness know;
And out of the town to the fresh fair fields
The toilers all can go.

Away from the factory shop and desk,
Where the diligent work in throngs,
They go sometimes to the well-earned rest
That to faithful zeal belongs;
And the shore and the forest welcome them,
And the larks pour down their songs.

"Man does not live by bread alone,"
And well it needs must be
That we all should look on our Father's works
By the river and lake and sea,
And spend our souls in adoring praise,
For He careth for you and me.

And well may all with a stronger hand,
And a braver, truer heart,
Go back to the task that God has given,
And faithfully do our part;
And bear in our souls the peace of the fields,
To the counter, the desk, and the mart.

A Battle.

Charles Sumner.

Nobody sees a battle. The common soldier fires away amid a smoke-mist, or hurries on to the charge in a crowd which hides everything from him. The officer is too anxious about the performance of what he is especially charged with to mind what others are doing.

The commander cannot be present everywhere, and see every wood, watercourse, or ravine, in which his orders are carried into execution; he learns from reports how the work goes on. It is well; for a battle is one of those jobs which men do without daring to look upon.

Over miles of country, at every field-fence, in every gorge of a valley, or entry into a wood, there is murder committing—wholesale, continuous, reciprocal murder. The human form, God's image, is mutilated, deformed, lacerated, in every possible way, and by every variety of torture.

The wounded are jolted off in carts to the rear, their bared nerves crushed into maddening pain at every stone or rut; or the flight and pursuit trample over them, leaving them to writhe and groan without assistance; and fever and thirst, the most enduring of painful sensations, possess them entirely.

Thirst, too, has seized upon the yet able-bodied soldier, who, with bloodshot eye and tongue lolling out, plies his trade; blaspheming, killing with savage delight, callous when the brains of his best-loved comrade are spattered over him! The battlefield is, if possible, a more painful object of contemplation than

the combatants. They are, in their vocation, earning their bread. What will not men do for a shilling a day?

But their work is carried on amid the fields, gardens, and homesteads of men unused to war. They left their homes, with all that habit and happy associations have made precious, to bear its brunt. The poor, the aged, the sick are left in a hurry, to be killed by stray shots or beaten down, as the charge or counter-charge goes over them. The ripening grain is trampled down; the garden is trodden into a black mud; the fruit-trees, bending beneath their luscious load, are shattered by the cannon-shot; churches and private dwellings are used as fortresses, and ruined in the conflict; barns and granaries take fire, and the conflagration spreads on all sides.

At night the steed is stabled beside the altar, and the weary homicides of the day complete the wrecking of houses to make their lairs for slumber. The fires of the bivouac complete what the fires kindled by the battle have not consumed.

The surviving soldiers march on, to act the same scenes over again elsewhere; and the remnant of the scattered inhabitants return, to find the mangled bodies of those they had loved amid the blackened ruins of their homes; to mourn, with more than agonizing grief, over the missing, of whose fate they are uncertain; to feel themselves bankrupt in the world's stores, and look from their children to the desolate fields and garners, and think of famine and pestilence, engendered by the rotting bodies of the half-buried myriads of slain.

Give me the money that has been spent in war and

I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman, and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a school-house on every hill-side and in every valley over the whole earth. I will build an academy and endow it, and a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill-side with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace. I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another around the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.

The Barbarous Chief.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

There was a kingdom known as the Mind,
A kingdom vast, as fair,
And the brave King Brain had the right to reign
In royal splendor there.
Oh! that was a beautiful, beautiful land
Which unto this king was given;
It was filled with everything good and grand,
And it reached from earth to heaven.

But a savage monster came one day,
From over a distant border;
He made war on the king and usurped his sway,
And set everything in disorder.
He mounted the throne, which he made his own,
And the kingdom was sunk in grief,
There was sorrow and shame from the hour he came—
Ill Temper, the barbarous chief.

He threw down the castles of Love and Peace,
  He burned up the altars of prayers;
He trod down the grain that was sowed by Brain,
  And planted thistles and tares.
He wasted the storehouse of knowledge, and drove
  Queen Wisdom away in fright,
And a terrible gloom like the cloud of doom
  Shadowed that land with night.

Then, bent on more havoc, away he rushed
  To the neighboring kingdom Heart,
And the blossoms of kindness and hope he crushed,
  And patience was made to depart.
And he even went on to the isthmus Soul,
  That unites the Mind with God,
And its beautiful bowers and fragrant flowers
  With a reckless heel he trod.

Oh! to you is given this beautiful land
  Where the lordly Brain has sway—
But the border ruffian is near at hand—
  And be on your guard, I pray.
Beware of *Ill Temper*, the barbarous chief,
  He is cruel as Vice or Sin;
He will certainly bring your kingdom grief,
  If once you let him in.

The Friend of My Heart.

Commend me to the friend that comes
  When I am sad and lone,
And makes the anguish of my heart
  The suffering of his own;
Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
  At pleasure's gay levee,
And comes to gild a somber hour
  And give his heart to me.

He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
And when the task is done
He freely gives me all I ask—
A sigh for every one.
He cannot wear a smiling face
When mine is touched with gloom,
But, like the violet, seeks to cheer
The midnight with perfume.

Commend me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky;
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But, like the winter's icy crown,
Looks greener through the snow.

He flies not with the flitting stork
That seeks a Southern sky,
But lingers where the wounded bird
Hath laid him down to die.
Oh, such a friend! He is, in truth,
Whate'er his lot may be,
A rainbow on the storm of life,
An anchor on its sea.

The Southern Soldier.

Henry W. Grady.

You of the North have had drawn for you with a master's hand the picture of your returning armies. You have heard how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes. Will you bear with me while I tell you of

another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory, in pathos and not in splendor?

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was the testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds; having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice—what does he find when having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farms devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless; his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone; without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray, with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with blood in April were green with the harvest in June.

Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South, misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering. In the record of her social, industrial, and political evolution, we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

The Coast-Guard.

Emily Huntington Miller.

Do you wonder what I am seeing,
  In the heart of the fire, aglow
Like cliffs in a golden sunset,
  With a summer sea below?
I see, away to the eastward,
  The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves
  Like the tramp of the mailèd host.

And up and down in the darkness,
  And over the frozen sand,
I hear the men of the coast-guard
  Pacing along the strand,

Beaten by storm and tempest,
And drenched by the pelting rain,
From the shores of Carolina
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.
And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God, with his gasping breath,
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing,
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.
I think of a wreck, fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the life-boat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the creak of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.
"Courage!" the captain trumpets,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast-guard,
And hold their lives in His hand!

The Inquiry.

Charles Mackay.

Tell me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye know not some spot where mortals weep no more?

Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sigh'd for pity as it answer'd "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favor'd spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs—
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd to answer, "No."

Tell me, my secret soul; oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be bless'd—
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd, "YES, IN HEAVEN."

COMPROMISE OF PRINCIPLE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IN the march of nations our country has kept step. We know it by the victory of ideas, by the recognition of principles instead of mere policies. The tree of life, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations, has been evilly dealt with. Its boughs have been lopped, and its roots starved till its fruit is knurly. But now again it blooms. The air is fragrant in its opening buds; the young fruit is setting. God has returned and looked upon it, and, behold, summer is in all its branches!

I do not wish you to think that the background is not dark; for it is. There is excitement. There is

brewing mischief. The clouds lie lurid along the Southern horizon. The Caribbean Sea, that breeds tornadoes and whirlwinds, has heaped up treasures of storms portentous that seem about to break. Let them break! God has appointed their bounds. Not till the sea drives back the shore, and the Atlantic submerges the continent, will this tumult of an angry people move the firm decrees of God. Selfish interests, if they are our pilots, will betray us. Vain-glory will destroy us. Pride will wreck us. Expedients are for an hour, but principles are for the ages. Nothing can be permanent and nothing safe in this exigency that does not sink deeper than politics or money. We must touch the rock or we shall never have firm foundations.

It is rank infidelity, stupendous infatuation, to suppose that the greatness of this nation ever sprung from the wisdom of expediency, instead of the power of settled principles. Your harbor did not make you rich; you made the harbor rich. Your ships did not create your commerce; your commerce created your ships, and you created your commerce. Your stores did not make traffic. Your factories did not create enterprise. Your firms, your committees, your treaties, and your legislation did not create national prosperity. Our past greatness sprung from our obedience to God's natural and moral law. We had men trained to courage, to virtue, to wisdom. And manhood—manhood—manhood—exercised in the fear of God has made this nation.

When night is on the deep, when the headlands are obscured by the darkness, and when storm is in the air, that man who undertakes to steer by looking over the

side of the ship, over the bow or over the stern, or by looking at the clouds or his own fears, is a fool. There is a silent needle in the binnacle which points like the finger of God, telling the mariner which way to steer, and enabling him to outride the storm and reach the harbor in safety. And what the compass is to navigation, that is moral principle in political affairs.

FAILED.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

FAILED! Jim Miserton failed! You don't mean to say it's so?
Had it from Smith at the Bank? Well, he's a man that should know.
Forty-two cents on the dollar? I cannot believe my ears.
There's no such thing as judging a man by the way he appears.

Yes, you may well say "failed;" there's more than the term implies,
When all there is of a man in a hopeless ruin lies.
To come after twenty years of a stubborn up-hill strife,
It isn't a business smash so much as a failure in life.

Gold was always his god—he'd nothing else in his soul;
Money, for money's sake, was ever his ultimate goal.
A "self-made man" they styled him, for low and poor he began;
But now his money has vanished, and what is left of the man?

He had no eye for beauty, for literature no taste;
Buying pictures or books he counted a shameful waste.
Nothing he cared for art or the poet's elaborate rhymes;
His soul was only attuned to the musical jingle of dimes.

Selfish, exacting, and stern, a hand he would treat like a slave;
Long were his hours of toil, and scanty the pay that he gave;
Made of cast-iron himself, his zeal in the struggle for gold
Left him no pity to spare for those of a different mold.

Never a cent for the poor, for the naked never a stitch;
'Twas all their fault, he would say; they should save like him, and grow rich.
Now and then to a church he'd forward a liberal amount,
Duly set down in his books to the advertising account.

So he succeeded, of course, and piled his coffers with wealth,
Missing pleasure and culture, losing vigor and health;
Now he's down at the bottom, exactly where he began;
Even his gold has vanished, and what is left of the man?

A self-made man, indeed! then we owe no honor to such;
The genuine self-made man you cannot honor too much;
But be sure what you make *is* a man—with a heart, and a soul, and a mind,
Not merely a pile of dollars, that goes, leaving nothing behind.

A Swedish Poem.

It matters little where I was born,
If my parents were rich or poor;
Whether they shrank at the cold world's scorn,
Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, my brother, as plain as I am,
It matters much!

It matters little how long I stay
In a world of sorrow and care;
Whether in youth I'm called away,
Or live till my bones and pate are bare;

But whether I do the best I can
To soften the weight of adversity's touch
On the faded cheek of my fellow-man,
It matters much!

It matters little where is my grave,
On the land or on the sea;
By purling brook or 'neath stormy wave,
It matters little or naught to me;
But whether the angel Death comes down,
And marks my brow with his loving touch
As one that shall wear the victor's crown,
It matters much!

The Silver Bird's Nest.

A stranded soldier's epaulet
The waters cast ashore,
A little wingèd rover met,
And eyed it o'er and o'er;
The silver bright so charmed her sight,
On that lone idle vest,
She knew not why she should deny
Herself a silver nest.

The shining wire she pecked and twirled,
Then bore it to her bough,
Where on a flowery twig 'twas curled,
The bird can show you how;
But when enough of that bright stuff
The cunning builder bore,
Her house to make, she would not take,
Nor did she covet, more.

And when the little artisan—
While neither pride nor guilt
Had entered in her pretty plan—
Her resting-place had built,

With here and there a plume to spare,
About her own light form,
Of these, inlaid with skill, she made
A lining soft and warm.

But do you think the tender brood
She fondled there, and fed,
Were prouder when they understood
The sheen about their bed?
Do you suppose they ever rose,
Of higher powers possessed,
Because they knew they peeped and grew
Within a silver nest?

Only in Dreams.

Joseph Gilbert Holland.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step towards God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good and gain,
By the pride deposed and passion slain,
By the vanquished ills we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think we mount the air on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and resolve, aspire and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies.
And we mount to the summit round by round.

At Graduating Time.

The graduates are going forth—
God bless them every one !—
To run this hard and stubborn world
Just as it should be run ;
But much I fear they'll find that facts
Don't always track with dreams ;
And running this old earth is not
As easy as it seems.

As seniors we are prone to think
Our wisdom is complete.
We've but to ask—the world will lay
Its trophies at our feet.
But schooldays done and work begun,
We learn to our regret
The College of Experience
We have not mastered yet.

Ambition beckons on to us
And eagerly we press
Toward a distant, gleaming goal,
The Temple of Success.

It seems a pleasant journey at
The dawning of life's day;
But as we stumble on, it grows
A long and weary way.

The world has garlands and applause
At graduating time;
But may forget us the next day,
When we attempt to climb.
Life is a battle where each one
Must seek and hold his own.
He who would rise above the crowd
Must scale the heights alone.

This is the rule of life to-day,
As it has ever been;
The world bestows its smiles on those
Who have the strength to win.
Beneath all outward semblances
It looks for merit true.
It little cares how much you know,
But asks, what can you do?

When you have left your college halls
You're barely at the start,
For Wisdom's height is infinite
And long the ways of Art.
You'll find that in the school of life
Acts count for more than dreams;
And running this old earth is not
As easy as it seems.

Sparrows.

Adeline D. T. Whitney.

Little birds sit on the telegraph wires,
And chitter and flitter and fold their wings.
Maybe they think that for them and their sires
Stretched always on purpose, those wonderful strings;
And perhaps the thought that the world inspires
Did plan for the birds among other things.

Little birds sit on the slender lines,
And the news of the world runs under their feet:
How value rises and now declines,
How kings with their armies in battle meet;
And all the while, 'mid the soundless signs,
They chirp their small gossipings, foolish and sweet.

Little things light on the lines of our lives—
Hopes and joys and acts of to-day;
And we think that for these the Lord contrives,
Nor catch what the hidden lightnings say;
Yet from end to end his meaning arrives,
And his word runs underneath all the way.

Is life only wires and lightning, then,
Apart from that which about it clings?
Are the thoughts and the works and the prayers of men
Only sparrows that light on God's telegraph strings—
Holding a moment and gone again?
Nay: he planned for the birds with the larger things!

The Unconscious Greatness of Stonewall Jackson.

Moses D. Hoge, D. D.

The greatness of Stonewall Jackson was an unconscious greatness. It was the supreme devotion to what

he thought was duty. Hence he studied no dramatic effects. When among the mountains, pyramids older than those to which the first Napoleon pointed, he did not remind his men that the centuries were looking down upon them. When on the plains he drilled no eagles to perch upon his banners, as the third Napoleon is said to have done.

The letter written to his pastor at Lexington, the day after the first battle of Manassas, gives the keynote to his character. Preceding any accurate account of that event, a crowd had gathered around the post office, awaiting with intensest interest the opening of the mail. The first letter was handed to the Rev. Dr. White. It was from General Jackson. "Now we shall know all," said his reverend friend. But he opened the letter to read:

My Dear Pastor:

In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I had failed to send you my contribution to our colored Sunday school. Inclosed you will find my check for that object.

Yours faithfully,

Thomas J. Jackson.

Not a word about a conflict which electrified a nation! Not an allusion to the splendid part he had taken in it! Not a reference to himself beyond the fact that it had been a fatiguing day's service! And yet that was a day ever memorable in his history—memorable in all history—when he received the name destined to supplant the name his parents gave him—Stonewall Jackson.

When his brigade of twenty-six hundred men had for hours withstood the iron tempest which broke upon it; when the Confederate right had been overwhelmed in the rush of resistless numbers, General Bee rode up to Jackson, and with despairing bitterness exclaimed: "General, they are beating us back." "Then," said Jackson, "we will give them the bayonet." Bee seemed to catch the inspiration of his determined will, and, galloping back to the broken fragments of his overtaxed command, exclaimed: "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians!" From that time Jackson's was known as the "Stonewall Brigade,"—a name henceforth immortal, for the christening was in the blood of its author. And that wall of brave hearts was on every battlefield a steadfast bulwark of their country.

In the State where all that is mortal of this great hero sleeps there is a natural bridge of rock whose massive arch, fashioned with grace by the hand of God, springs lightly toward the sky, spanning a chasm into whose awful depths the beholder looks down, bewildered and awe-struck. But its grandeur is not diminished because tender vines clamber over its gigantic piers or because sweet flowers nestle in its crevices. Nor is the granite strength of Jackson's character weakened because in every throb of his heart there was a pulsation ineffably and exquisitely tender. The hum of bees, the fragrance of clover fields, the tender streaks of dawn, the dewy brightness of early spring, the mellow glories of matured autumn, all in turn charmed and tranquilized him. The eye that flashed amid the smoke of battle grew soft in contemplating the beauty of a flower. The ear that thrilled with the

thunder of the cannonade drank in with innocent delight the song of birds and the prattle of children's voices. The voice whose sharp and ringing tones had so often been heard uttering the command, "Give them the bayonet!" culled even from foreign tongues terms of endearment. And the man who filled two hemispheres with his fame was never so happy as when telling the colored children of his Sunday school the story of the Cross.

It was in the noontide of his glory that he fell. What a pall of sadness shrouded the whole land! And where in the annals of the world's sorrow was there such a pathetic impersonation of a people's grief as was embodied in the old mutilated veteran of Jackson's division who, as the shades of evening fell and the doors of the Capitol were being closed for the last time, was seen anxiously pressing through the crowd to take his last look at the face of his beloved leader. They told him that he was too late, that they were closing the coffin for the last time. But the old soldier, lifting the stump of his right arm toward the heavens, and with tears running down his face, exclaimed: "By the right arm which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my general once more." So irresistible was the appeal that the Governor ordered the ceremonies to be stayed until the humble comrade had dropped his tear upon the face of his dead leader.

The Monk's Vision.

I read a legend of a monk who painted,
In an old convent cell in days bygone,
Pictures of martyrs and of virgins sainted,
And the sweet Christ-face with the crown of thorn.

Poor daubs, not fit to be a chapel's treasure—
Full many a taunting word upon them fell;
But the good abbot let him, for his pleasure,
Adorn with them his solitary cell.

One night the poor monk mused: "Could I but render
Honor to Christ as other painters do—
Were but my skill as great as is the tender
Love that inspires me when His cross I view!

"But no; 'tis vain I toil and strive in sorrow;
What man so scorns, still less can He admire;
My life's work is all valueless; to-morrow
I'll cast my ill-wrought pictures in the fire."

He raised his eyes; within his cell—O, wonder!—
There stood a visitor; thorn-crowned was he,
And a sweet voice the silence rent asunder:
"I scorn no work that's done for love of me."

And round the walls the paintings shone resplendent
With lights and colors to this world unknown,
A perfect beauty and a hue transcendent,
That never yet on mortal canvas shone.

There is a meaning in this strange old story:
Let none dare judge his brother's worth or need;
The pure intent gives to the act its glory;
The noblest purpose makes the grandest deed.

A Turkish Tradition.

'Tis said the Turk, when passing down
An Eastern street,
If any scrap of paper chance
His eyes to greet,

Will never look away, like us,
Unheedingly,
Or pass the little fragment thus
Regardless by,

But stop to pick it up because,
Oh, lovely thought!
The name of God may thereupon
Perchance be wrought.

In every human soul remains,
However dim,
Some image of the Deity,
Some trace of Him.

And how can we, then, any scorn
As foul and dark,
That bear, though frail and lowly, still
That holy mark?

And since His impress is upon
All nature seen,
How can we aught disdain as common
Or unclean?

The University the Training Camp of the Future.

Henry W. Grady.

We are standing in the daybreak of the second century of this Republic. The fixed stars are fading from the sky, and we grope in uncertain light. The unrest

of dawn impels us to and fro, but Doubt stalks amid the confusion, and even on the beaten paths the shifting crowds are halted, and from the shadows the sentries cry: "Who comes there?"

Nothing steadfast or approved. The church is besieged from without and betrayed from within. Behind the courts smoulders the rioter's torch and looms the gibbet of the anarchist. Trade is restless in the grasp of monopoly, and commerce shackled with limitation. The cities are swollen, and the fields are stripped. Splendor streams from the castle, and squalor crouches in the home. The universal brotherhood is dissolving, and the people are huddling into classes. The hiss of the Nihilist disturbs the covert, and the roar of the mob murmurs along the highway. Amid it all beats the great American heart, undismayed; and, standing fast by the challenge of his conscience, the citizen of the Republic, tranquil and resolute, notes the drifting of the spectral currents and calmly awaits the full disclosures of the day.

Who shall be the heralds of this coming day? Who shall tread the way of honor and safety through these besetting problems? You, my countrymen, you! The university is the training camp of the future; the scholar, the champion of the coming years. Napoleon overran Europe with drum-tap and bivouac; the next Napoleon shall form his battalions at the tap of the schoolhouse bell, and his captains shall come with cap and gown. Waterloo was won at Oxford; Sedan at Berlin. So Germany plants her colleges in the shadow of the French forts, and the professor smiles amid his students as he notes the sentinel stalking against the sky. The farmer has learned that brains mix better

with his soil than the waste of seabirds. A button is pressed by a child's finger and the work of a million men is done. The hand is nothing; the brain everything.

Physical prowess has had its day, and the age of reason has come. The lion-hearted Richard challenging Saladin to single combat is absurd. Science is everything! She draws Boston within three hours of New York, renews the famished soil, routs her viewless bondsmen from the electric center of the earth, and then turns to watch the new Icarus as, mounting in his flight to the sun, he darkens the burnished ceiling of the sky with the shadow of his wing.

Learning is supreme, and you are its prophets. Here are the Olympic games of the Republic—and you are its chosen athletes. It is yours, then, to grapple with these problems, to confront and master these dangers. Yours to decide whether the tremendous forces of this Republic shall be kept in balance, or whether, unbalanced, they shall bring chaos; whether sixty million men are capable of self-government, or whether liberty shall be lost to them who would give their lives to maintain it. Your responsibility is appalling. You stand in the pass behind which the world's liberties are guarded.

This government carries the hopes of the human race. Blot out the beacon that lights the portals of this Republic, and the world is adrift again. But save the Republic, establish the light of its beacon over the troubled waters, and one by one the nations of the earth shall drop anchor and be at rest in the harbor of universal liberty.

How the Ramsom Was Paid.

On the helpless Flemish village
Cruel Alva swooped and fell,
And the peace of trade and tillage
Turned to martial clank and yell.
In the town house, tall and handsome,
Stood the great duke, looking down
On the burghers proff'ring ransom
For the safety of the town.

O'er his brow, gray locks were twining—
For his casque was laid aside,
And his good sword carved and shining,
From his sword belt was untied.
Prince he seemed of born commanders;
Pride and power each gesture told,
As he cried, "Ye men of Flanders,
Bring me twenty casks of gold!"

Then upon them fell a sadness,
And a shadow like a pall!
While they murmured, "'Tis rank madness
Such a sum from us to call."
And the spokesman of the village
Murmured feebly, "Sure you jest."
Answered Alva, "Gold or pillage—
Choose whiche'er may suit you best!"

Faint and stunned, they turned despairing,
When arose a laugh of joy—
And before their startled staring
In there pranced a little boy.
On his curls, the duke's helmet rested,
As his noisy glee he roared,
And his good steed, mailed and crested,
Was great Alva's mighty sword!

Round about the room he gamboled,
  Peeping through the helmet bars;
Now he leaped and now he ambled,
  Like a Cupid mocking Mars.
Then he stayed his merry prancing
  And of Alva's knees caught hold,
Where a ray of sunlight glancing
  Turned his sunny curls to gold.

Swift the mother, sorely frightened,
  Strove to take the cherub wild,
But the duke's stern features lightened
  As he kept her from the child,
And he drank the pretty prattle—
  For the baby knew no fear—
Till his eye, so fierce in battle,
  Softened with a pearly tear.

For a baby rose before him
  In fair Spain, ere war's alarms—
Thus his father's sword upbore him—
  Alva caught the boy in arms;
And, the pretty forehead baring,
  Cried, "A kiss!" The child obeyed,
Then unto those men despairing
  Alva said: "Your ransom's paid!"

The Draw-Bridge Keeper.

Henry Abbey.

Drecker, the draw-bridge keeper, opened wide
  The dangerous gate, to let the vessel through.
His little son was standing by his side,
  Above Passaic river, deep and blue,
While in the distance, like a moan of pain,
Was heard the whistle of the coming train.

At once brave Decker worked to swing it back—
The gate-like bridge, that seems a gate of death ;
Nearer and nearer, on the slender track,
Came the swift engine puffing its white breath.
Then, with a shriek, the loving father saw
His darling boy fall headlong from the draw.

Either at once down in the stream to spring
And save his son, and let the living freight
Rush on to death, or to his work to cling,
And leave his boy unhelped to meet his fate—
Which should he do? Were you, as he was, tried,
Would not your love outweigh all else beside?

And yet the child to him was full as dear
As yours may be to you—the light of eyes,
A presence like a brighter atmosphere,
The household star that shone in love's mild skies—
Yet side by side with duty, stern and grim,
Even his child became as nought to him.

For Drecker, being great of soul, and true,
Held to his work and did not aid his boy,
Who in the deep, dark water sank from view.
Then from the father's life went forth all joy;
But as he fell back, pallid with his pain,
Across the bridge, in safety, passed the train.

And yet the man was poor, and in his breast
Flowed no ancestral blood of king or lord.
True greatness needs no title and no crest
To win from men just honor and reward;
Nobility is not of rank, but mind,
And is inborn and common in our kind.

He is most noble whose humanity
Is least corrupted. To be just and good
The birthright of the lowest born may be;
Say what we can, we are one brotherhood,
And, rich or poor, or famous or unknown,
True hearts are noble, and true hearts alone.

Real Power.

Wealth is power, talent is power, and knowledge is power. But there is a mightier force in the world than any of these—a power which wealth is not rich enough to purchase, nor talent strong enough to overcome, nor knowledge wise enough to overreach; all these tremble in its presence. It is truth—the most potent element in our social and individual life. Though tossed upon the billows of popular commotion, or cast into the seven-fold furnace of persecution, or trampled into the dust by the iron heel of power, truth is the one indestructible thing in this world, that loses in no conflict, suffers from no misusage and abuse, and maintains its vitality and completeness after every reverse. All kinds of conspiracies have been exhausted to crush it, and all kinds of plans laid to vitiate and poison it; but none has succeeded, and none ever will. We can be confident of nothing else in this world but the safety and imperishability of truth—for it is part of the Divine nature, and invested with the character of its author. It may often seem to be in danger; it is as much set upon and assaulted now as ever, but history and experience ought to reassure our faith. It has never yet failed, and it never will. It has always accomplished its end, and always will. We may rest serenely upon it, and feel no alarm; we may anticipate its success, and enjoy its triumphs in advance. In this struggling life, what encouragement and comfort is there in this thought—that the man of truth and the cause of truth have the certainty of success; they cannot fail. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again." It cannot be put down.

The Angel of Dawn.

J. S. Cutler.

One morn an angel stopped beside my door,
Clad in the shining garments of the dawn;
Upon his brow a starry crown he wore;
In his right hand a flaming sword was drawn.
With terror filled, I prayed with piteous cry
The angel-presence then to pass me by.

"I am not death," the angel said, and smiled;
"Thy soul shall have the answer to thy prayer.
Drive from thy breast this fearful anguish wild;
I am the Angel of the Dawn—beware!
I place a priceless jewel in thy hands;
The day is thine, waste not its running sands.

"Therefore mark well—thy duty waiteth thee,
Beside the morning's swiftly opening gate;
The new day dawns—its hours will quickly flee;
Stamp them with honor ere it be too late;
Thy deed may lift thee higher than thy prayer.
The day is thine, remember and beware!"

And then the angel took his shining way,
On silent wings, out to the shadowy west;
And swiftly onward came the new-born day,
The priceless jewel of my angel-guest.
The birds awoke and filled the world with song,
And made my burden light the whole day long.

And now, when morning throws its early beams
In golden rays across the ocean's floor,
And I awake from slumbering and dreams,
I know an angel waiteth at the door;
I hear again that kindly voice declare—
"Thy deed may lift thee higher than thy prayer."

The Amen of the Rocks.

Christian Gellert.

The Venerable Bede, with age grown blind,
Still went abroad to preach the new evangel.
From town to town, village to village, journeyed
The saintly elder, with a lad for guide,
And preached the word with youthful zeal and fervor;
And once the lad led him along a vale,
All scattered o'er with mighty moss-grown bowlders.

More thoughtless than malicious quoth the urchin,
"Here, reverend father, many men have come,
And all the multitude await thy sermon."
The blind old man stood upright at his speech,
And spake his text, explained it, thence digressed,
Exhorted, warned, reproved, and comforted,
So earnestly that tears of love and joy
Ran down his cheeks, and on his long gray beard;

Then, as was meet, he ended with "Our Father,
Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power, and Thine
The glory is forever and forever."
Then came a thousand, thousand answering voices—
"Yea, reverend father, amen and amen."
Then, terrified, the boy fell down repentant,
Confessing to the saint his ill behavior.

"Son," said the holy man, "didst thou read never
That stones themselves shall cry if man is silent?
Play thou no more, my son, with things divine.
God's word is powerful, and cuts more sharp
Than any two-edged sword. And if it be
That man toward the Lord is stony-hearted,
A human heart shall wake in stones, and witness."

CONCERT RECITATIONS.

Songs of the Seasons.

Meta E. B. Thorne.

[*For Four Students.*]

SPRING.

The king of the day is exerting his power,
And night and cold at his bidding depart;
All nature in this resurrection hour
Will welcome my advent with joyous heart.
Then hasten, my children! Ho, March winds wild,
O'er mountain and valley, blow, madly blow!
Proclaim the glad coming of springtime mild,
And speed the departure of frost and snow!
Ye clouds of April, drop down your showers,
And fill to the brim the rivers and rills
With liquid laughter; May's delicate flowers
Await your dripping 'mong valleys and hills.

SUMMER.

Spring scattered the seed with a lavish hand,
Her whispering breezes and magic showers
Awoke into life; see the serried ranks stand
Of fervid July's lush grasses and flowers.
Then August comes with her sultry noons
Whose hot breath gildeth the ripening grain,
And the glorious light of her harvest moons;
Now the reaper sings as he sweeps the plain:
"My gleaming scythe I swing to and fro;
Before it is falling the golden wheat—
A precious store for the time of the snow;
All praise to the Giver of mercies so sweet!"

AUTUMN.

The plentiful harvest is garnered in;
But I bring September's bounteous store
Of glowing fruitage, all hearts to win;
Now the summer's brilliant reign is o'er.
Now, royal October the scepter wields,
In whose wealth of rosy and mellow light
Seem glorified even the bare brown fields,
With their delicate veil of haze bedight.
And e'en when November, dark and chill,
In her cloud-robe somber broods o'er the earth,
When the birds are hushed 'mid woodland and hill,
And the flowers are asleep till the spring's glad birth,
There are blossoms still for the trustful heart,
Sweet hopes for what life may yet unfold,
And memories precious that will not depart
When fades from the hill-tops the autumn's gold.

WINTER.

I bring to the waiting fields the snow,
December's mantle so soft and pure,
That covers the sleeping seeds below,
To remain, till the spring's return, secure.
Ye think my touch unkind and rude
When the bracing frost and cold I bring,
Ye chant in a pining, reproachful mood
The praises of summer and dewy spring;
Yet oft at my touch the baleful seeds
Of pestilence powerless fall in death;
New vigor to youth and prime proceeds
From my clear, keen, purifying breath.
Bnt richer delights to you I bring;
For mine is the anniversary time,
When "Good-will to men!" the angels sing,
"Good-will!" the echoing joy-bells chime.

The Coming of Spring.

Wilhelm Müller.

Solo. Up with windows, up with hearts!
Concert. Swiftly, swiftly!
Solo. Graybeard Winter seeks to go,
He wanders troubled to and fro,
He beats his breast full fearfully
And packs his duds right hastily,
Concert. With speed, with speed.

Solo. Up with windows, up with hearts!
Concert. Swiftly, swiftly!
Solo. The Springtime knocks and stamps without—
And listen to his joyous shout!—
Before the door he takes his stand,
With beauteous flower-buds in his hand,
Concert. With speed, with speed.

Solo. Open windows, open hearts!
Concert. Swiftly, swiftly!
Solo. The brave young South-wind stands below,
With round red cheeks and eyes aglow,
And blows that doors and windows rattle,
Till Winter yields him in the battle—
Concert. With speed, with speed.

Concert. Open windows, open hearts!
With speed, with speed!
Wild birds sound the battle-song—
And hark, and hark! an echo long,
An echo from my inmost heart—
The joys of Spring bid Winter part
With speed, with speed.

The Good Time Coming.

Charles Mackay.

Concert. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming.
Solo. We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger;
We'll win our battle by its aid—
Wait a little longer.

Concert. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming.
Solo. The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right, not Might, shall be the lord
In the good time coming.
Worth, not Birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given—
Wait a little longer.

Concert. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming.
Solo. War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming;
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
Wait a little longer.

Concert. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming.
Solo. Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed

In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp—
Wait a little longer.

Concert. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming.
Solo. Little children shall not toil,
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limb and mind grow stronger;
And every one shall read and write—
Wait a little longer.

Concert. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming.
Solo. The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate
In the good time coming.
They shall use, and not abuse,
And make all virtue stronger;
The reformation has begun—
Wait a little longer.

Concert. There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming.
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming.
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger;
'Twill be strong enough one day—
Wait a little longer.

The Charge at Waterloo.

Sir Walter Scott.

[*Adapted for Concert Recitation.*]

On came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast;
On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke:
The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats with flash and cloud
Their showers of iron threw.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude;
Nor was one forward footstep stayed
As dropped the dying and the dead.
Down were the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went;
Corselets were pierced and pennons rent,
And, to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds;
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host—
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

Summer Storm.

James Russell Lowell.

[*Abbreviated for Concert Recitation.*]

[The following selection is peculiarly effective for concert recitation on account of the great number and variety of vocal changes. The italicized words should be given with abrupt, explosive sounds; the italicized final consonants with extreme distinctness of articulation; the pauses indicated by dashes should be exaggerated, and the time most accurately marked.]

Suddenly—all the sky is hid
As with the *shutting* of a *lid.*
One—by—one—great—drops—are falling,
Doubtful—and—slow.
Down the pane they are crookedly crawling,
And the wind—breathes low.

Now—on the hills—I hear the thunder—mutter,
The wind—is gathering in the west.
The upturned leaves first whiten and flutter
Then droop—to a fitful rest.
Now *leaps* the *wind* on the sleepy marsh,
And *tramples* the *grass* with *terrified feet.*
The *startled river* turns leaden and harsh,
You can *hear* the *quick heart* of the tempest *beat.*

Look, look! that *livid flash!*
And instantly follows the rattling thunder
As if some cloud-crag—split asunder—
Fell—splintering with a ruinous *crash.*
Against the windows, the storm comes *dashing;*
Through tattered foliage, the hail—tears crashing;
The blue *lightning—flashes,*
The *rapid hail clashes,*

The white waves are tumbling,
And in one baffled roar,
The thunder—is rumbling—
And crashing and crumbling.

(*Whisper*) { Hush! Still as death
The tempes*t*—holds his breath—
As from a sudden will.
The rain—stops—short—but from the eaves
You see it dro*p* and hear it—on the leaves,
(*Half-whisper*) All—is—so—still.

Gone—gone—so soon!
The pale and quiet moon
Makes her calm forehead bare.
No more my half-crazed fancy there.
Can sha*p*e—a gian*t*—in the air,
And the last fragments of the storm,
Like shattered rigging from a figh*t* at sea,
Silen*t* and few—are drifting over me.

Song of the Steamer Engine.

C. B. LeRow.

[This selection is adapted for Solo and Concert recitation. The first two and last two lines of each stanza, and *the whole of the last stanza*, are to be given in concert. The other lines can be assigned to one or to six students—the latter arrangement giving greater variety, as the stanzas differ widely in style. As the refrain, or chorus, is to imitate the peculiar beat or rhythm of the engine, the accent must fall upon the third syllable of each line, while each syllable is given with *staccato* effect, and the whole line on a monotone. The fifth stanza represents two equal beats on the two syllables—the rhythm of the engine when moving in half time on account of danger.]

I.

"We are ready for work—
We are ready for work—"
So says the great engine when we start
And the steam comes up from its pulsing heart.
With its hundred iron arms and hands
It is waiting to take us to foreign lands,
And it says in the cheeriest sort of way
While our friends are watching us down the bay,
"We are ready for work—
We are ready for work—"

II.

"We will carry you over—
We will carry you over—"
It seems to say on the ocean wide
When no land can be seen on either side;
And we wonder how it can ever be
That we can go straight o'er the trackless sea.
And we watch the engine day by day,
Encouraged by what it seems to say,
"We will carry you over—
We will carry you over—"

III.

"Our work is praying—
Our work is praying—"
It says on the sunny Sabbath day
When the passengers meet to sing and pray;
And through the sermon and chanted psalm
We listen with hearts subdued and calm
To the faithful strokes of the engine strong
As over the ocean we sail along;
"Our work is praying—
Our work is praying—"

IV.

"Sleep safe till morning—
Sleep safe till morning—"
Are the words we hear in the dead of night
When only the sailors can see a light;
And the great ship rushes along as free
As if the sunshine were on the sea;
And we rest secure near the beating heart
Of the engine doing its noble part;
"Sleep safe till morning—
Sleep safe till morning—"

V.

"Don't fear—
Don't fear—"
It can say no more in the heavy fog
Which seems its very breath to clog;
While with hearts grown faint and lips that pray
We think of the friends who are far away,
And of hidden perils and sudden death
Although the engine pants under breath,
"Don't fear—
Don't fear—"

VI.

"It is all right now—
It is all right now—
Are the words we hear when the sun peeps through
And the leaden clouds catch a tint of blue;
And the iron arms work hard and fast,
For we are in sight of the land at last.
And the engine seems as glad as we
That the ship is now from all danger free.
"It is all right now—
It is all right now—"

VII.

O brave engine, you little know
What to your faithful heart we owe.
You did your duty by day and night;
As well in the darkness as the light;
Never letting an hour go by,
Never stopping to question Why—
Showing what beauty and grace can be
In honest Toil and Fidelity.

The Child on the Judgment-Seat.

Mrs. E. Charles.

[*Recitation for Two Students.*]

FIRST.

Where hast thou been toiling all day, sweetheart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

SECOND.

No pleasant garden-toils were mine;
I have sat on the judgment-seat
Where the Master sits above, and calls
The children around His feet.

FIRST.

How camest thou on the judgment-seat?
Sweetheart, who set thee there?
'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care.

SECOND.

I climbed on the judgment-seat myself,
I have sat there alone all day,
For it grieved me to see the children around
Idling their life away.

FIRST.

And what didst thou on the judgment-seat,
Sweetheart, what didst thou there?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
Did the garden mend for thy care?

SECOND.

Nay, that grieved me more; I called and I cried,
But they left me there forlorn;
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn.

FIRST.

Ah, the judgment-seat was not for thee,
The servants were not thine,
And the eyes which fix the praise and the blame
See farther than thine or mine.

SECOND.

Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The gifts that should feed his poor,
And not lift my voice—be it weak as it may—
And not be grievèd sore?

FIRST.

But how fared thy garden-plot, sweetheart,
Whilst thou sat on the judgment-seat?
Who watered thy roses and trained thy vines,
And kept them from careless feet?

SECOND.

Nay, that is saddest of all to me,
That is the saddest of all.
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched.
My lilies droop and fall.

FIRST.

Go back to thy garden-plot, sweetheart,
Go back till the evening falls,
And bind thy lilies and train thy vines
Till for thee the Master calls.
Go make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it and mend his own.
And the next shall copy his, sweetheart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve
Happy faces His coming shall greet.
Then shall thy joy be full, sweetheart,
In thy garden so fair to see,
In the Master's voice of praise for all,
In a look of His own for thee.

The Two Glasses.

C. B. A.

[*Recitation for Two Students.*]

FIRST.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was as clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:

SECOND.

"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of a banquet and revel and mirth,
Where the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight;
For I was a king, and I ruled in might;
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the height of fame I have hurled men down
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

FIRST.

Said the water-glass: "I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of a heart once sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;

Of thirsts I've quenched, and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved;
I have slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

SECOND.

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

THE SORROW OF THE SEA.

Concert. I STOOD on the shore of the beautiful sea,
And the billows were rolling wild and free;
Onward they came with unfailing force,
Then backward turned in their restless course.
Ever and ever they rose and fell,
With heaving and surging and mighty swell:
Ever and ever sounded their roar,
Foaming and dashing against the shore.

Solo. Oh, when shall the ocean's troubled breast
Calmly and quietly sink to rest?
When shall the waves' wild murmurs cease
And the mighty waters be hushed in peace?

Concert. It cannot be quiet; it cannot rest.
There must be heaving on ocean's breast,
The tide must ebb and the tide must flow
While the changing seasons come and go.
Oh, strangely glorious, beautiful sea,
Sounding forever mysteriously,
Why are thy billows still rolling on
With that wild and sad and musical tone?
Why is there never repose for thee
O mighty, murmuring, sounding sea?

Solo. Then the ocean's voice I seemed to hear,
Mournfully, solemnly sounding near,
Telling of loved ones buried there,
Of the dying shriek and the dying prayer;
Telling of hearts still watching in vain
For those who shall never come back again;
Oh, no! the ocean can never rest
With such secrets hidden within its breast.
But a day shall come, a blessed day,
When earthly sorrow shall pass away,
When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,
And even the roar of the waves shall cease.

Concert. But, oh! thou glorious, beautiful sea,
There is health, and joy, and delight in thee.
Solemnly, sweetly, I hear thy voice
Bidding me weep and yet rejoice:
Weep for the loved ones buried beneath,
Rejoice in Him who has conquered death;
Weep for the sorrowing, tempest-tossed,
Rejoice in Him who has saved the lost;
Weep for the sin and sorrow of strife,
Rejoice in the hope of eternal life!

The Death of our Almanac.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

[*Selection for Twelve Students.*]

January. Darkness and light reign alike. Snow is on the ground, cold is in the air. The winter is blossoming in frost-flowers. Old sounds are silent in the forest and in the air. Insects are dead, birds are gone, leaves have perished. So hath God wiped out the past; so hath he spread the earth, like an unwritten page, for a new year.

February. As the month wears on its silent work begins, though storms rage. The earth is hidden yet, but not dead. The sun is drawing near. He whispers words of deliverance into the ears of every sleeping seed and root that lies beneath the snow. The day opens, but the night shuts the earth with its frost-lock; but day steadily gains upon the night.

March. The conflict is more turbulent, but the victory is gained. The world awakes. There come voices from long-hidden birds. The smell of the soil is in the air. The sullen ice, retreating from open field and all sunny places, has slunk to the north of every fence and rock. The knolls and banks that face the east or south sigh for release, and begin to lift up a thousand tiny palms.

April. The singing month. Many voices of many birds call for resurrection over the graves of flowers, and they come forth. Go, see what they have lost. What have ice, and snow, and storm done unto them? How did they fall into the earth, stripped and bare? How did they come forth, opening and glorified? Is it,

then, so fearful a thing to lie in the grave? In its wild career, shaking and scourged of storms through its orbit, the earth has scattered away no treasures. The Hand that governs in April governed in January. You have not lost what God has only hidden. You lose nothing in struggle, in trial, in bitter distress.

May. O Flower-month! perfect the harvests of flowers. Be not niggardly. Search out the cold and resentful nooks that refused the sun, casting back its rays from disdainful ice, and plant flowers even there. There is goodness in the worst. There is warmth in the coldest. The silent, hopeful, unbreathing sun, that will not fret or despond, but carries a placid brow through the unwrinkled heavens, at length conquers the very rocks, and lichens grow and inconspicuously blossom. What shall not Time do, that carries in its bosom Love?

June. Rest! This is the year's bower. Sit down within it. The winds bring perfume, the forests sing to thee, the earth shows thee all her treasures. The air is all sweetness. The storms are but as flocks of mighty birds that spread their wings and sing in the high heaven. The earth cries to the heavens, "God is here!" The heavens cry to the earth, "God is here!" The land claims him, and his footsteps are upon the sea. O sunny joys of sunny June, how soon will you be scorched by the eager months coming burning from the equator!

July. Rouse up! The temperate heats that filled the air are raging forward to glow and overfill the earth. There are deep and unreached places for whose sake the probing sun pierces down its glowing hands. The earth shall drink of the heat before she knows her nature or

her strength. Then shall she bring forth to the uttermost the treasures of her bosom. For there are things hidden far down, and the deep things of life are not known till the fire reveals them.

August. Reign, thou Fire-month! Neither shalt thou destroy the earth which frosts and ice could not destroy. The vines droop, the trees stagger, but every night the dew pities them. This is the rejoicing month for joyful insects, the most populous and the happiest month. The air is resonant of insect orchestras, each one carrying his part in nature's grand harmony. August, thou art the ripeness of the year, the glowing center of the great circle.

September. There are thoughts in thy heart of death. Thou art doing a secret work, and heaping up treasures for another year. The unborn infant-buds which thou art tending are more than all the living leaves. Thy robes are luxuriant, but worn with softened pride. More dear, less beautiful than June, thou art the heart's month. Not till the heats of summer are gone, while all its growths remain, do we know the fullness of life. Thy hands are stretched out, and clasp the glowing palm of August, and the fruit-smelling hand of October. Thou dividest them asunder, and art thyself molded of them both.

October. Orchard of the year! Bend thy boughs to the earth, redolent of glowing fruit! Ripened seeds shake in their pods. Apples drop in the stillest hours. Leaves begin to let go when no wind is out, and swing in long waverings to the earth, which they touch without sound, and lie looking up, till winds rake them and heap them in fence-corners. When the gales come through the trees, the yellow leaves trail, like sparks at

night behind the flying engine. The woods are thinner, so that we can see the heavens plainer, as we lie dreaming on the yet warm moss by the singing spring. The days are calm. The nights are tranquil. The year's work is done. She walks in gorgeous apparel, looking upon her long labor, and her serene eye saith, "It is good."

November. Patient watcher, thou art asking to lay down thy tasks. Life to thee, now, is only a task accomplished. In the night-time thou liest down, and the messengers of winter deck thee with hoar-frosts for thy burial. The morning looks upon thy jewels, and they perish while it gazes. Wilt thou not come, O December?

December. Silently the month advances. There is nothing to destroy, but much to bury. Bury, then, thou snow, that slumberously fallest through the still air, the hedgerows of leaves! Muffle thy cold wool about the feet of shivering trees! Bury all that the year hath known, and let thy brilliant stars, that never shine as they do in thy frostiest nights, behold the work! But know, O month of destruction, that in thy constellation is set that Star whose rising is the sign, for evermore, that there is life in death! Thou art the month of resurrection. In thee the Christ came. Every star that looks down upon thy labor and toil of burial knows that all things shall come forth again. Storms shall sob themselves to sleep. Silence shall find a voice. Death shall live, Life shall rejoice, Winter shall break forth and blossom into Spring, Spring shall put on her glorious apparel and be called Summer. It is life! it is life! through the whole year!

Two Epitaphs.

[The following can be read by a class in concert, or by two sections of a class. It is a fine exercise in transition from soft to loud Force, slow to quick Time, low to high Pitch, minor to major Inflection.]

I.

"Think of Death!" the grave-stones say,—
"Peace to Life's mad striving!"

II.

But the church-yard daisies,—"Nay,
Think of Living!"

'Think of Life!" the sunbeams say,
O'er the dial flying;

I.

But the slanting shadows,—"Nay,
Think of Dying!"

"Think of Death!" the night birds say,
On the storm-blast driving;

II.

But the building swallows,—"Nay,
Think of Living!"

"Think of Life!" the broad winds say,
Through the old trees sighing;

I.

But the whirling leaf-dance,—"Nay,
Think of Dying!"

"Think of Death!" the sad bells say,
Fateful record giving;

II.

Clash the merry Yule-peal,—"Nay,
Think of Living!"

Concert. Dying, Living, glad or loath,
On God's Rood relying;
Pray He fit us all for both—
Living, Dying! *From the German.*

The Cataract of Lodore.

Robert Southey.

[*For Solo and Concert Recitation.*]

[Variations in Force, Time, Pitch, Quality, Staccato and Legato effect, to be made according to the idea expressed by the different words.]

Solo.

"How does the water come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time,
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word
There first came one daughter,
And then came another
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water came down at Lodore,
So I told them in rhyme, for of rhymes I had store,
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation,
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate to them and the King.

Solo.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
Through moss and through brake
It runs and it creeps
For a while till it sleeps
In its own little lake;
It runs through the reeds and away it proceeds
Through meadow and glade, in sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter, among crags in its flurry
Helter-skelter, hurry-skurry!
The cataract strong then plunges along,
Striking and raging as if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among.

Concert.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,—

Solo.

Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Concert.

And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And moaning and groaning.
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering.
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and furling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and crashing—

Solo.

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending
All at once, and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Cavalry Song.

Edmund C. Stedman.

[*For Boys' Recitation.*]

I.

Our good steeds snuff the winter air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle;
The foeman's fires are twinkling there;
He leaps to hear our sabers jingle.

HALT!

Each carbine send its whizzing ball;
Now cling! clang! forward, all,
Into the fight!

II.

Dash on beneath the smoking dome;
Through level lightnings gallop nearer!
One look to Heaven. No thoughts of home;
The guidons that we bear are dearer.

CHARGE!

Cling! clang! forward, all!
Heaven help those whose horses fall!
Cut left and right!

III.

They flee before our fierce attack!
They fall! they spread in broken surges.
Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,
And leave the foeman to his dirges.

WHEEL!

The bugles sound the swift recall;
Cling! clang! backward, all!
Home, and good-night!

Who Is It?

[*Recitation for a girl and boy*]

GIRL.

Someone has been in the garden,
  Nipping the flowers so fair;
All the green leaves are withered:
  Now, who do you think has been there?

BOY.

Someone has been in the forest,
  Cracking the chestnut-burrs;
Who is it dropping the chestnuts,
  Whenever a light wind stirs?

GIRL.

Someone has been at the windows,
  Marking on every pane;
Who made those glittering pictures
  Of lacework and fir-trees and grain?

BOY.

Someone is all the time working
  Out on the pond so blue,
Bridging it over with crystal:
  Who is it? Can you tell me who?

CONCERT.

While his good bridge he is building,
  We will keep guard at the gate;
And when he has it all finished,
  Hurrah for the girls and boys that can skate!

Let him work on: we are ready;
  Not much for our fun does it cost!
Three cheers for the bridge he is making!
  And three, with a will, for Jack Frost!

RECITATIONS FOR MUSIC.

The Angelus.

Frances L. Mace.

[*For pianissimo musical accompaniment.*]

Ring soft across the dying day,
Angelus!
Across the amber-tinted bay,
The meadow flushed with sunset ray,—
Ring out, and float, and melt away,
Angelus.

The day of toil seems long ago,
Angelus;
While through the deepening vesper glow,
Far up where holy lilies blow,
Thy beckoning bell-notes rise and flow,
Angelus.

Through dazzling curtains of the west,
Angelus!
We see a shrine in roses dressed,
And lifted high in vision blest,
Our very heart-throb is confessed,
Angelus.

Oh, has an angel touched the bell,
Angelus?
For now upon its parting swell
All sorrow seems to sing farewell,
There falls a peace no words can tell,
Angelus!

Hope's Song.

Helen M. Winslow.

The golden dreams of youth
Assume a guise of truth
Which age keeps never,
For Hope's voice singeth ever,
"Oh, youth and strong endeavor,
Can win the highest good forever."

Love's subtle intuition
Divines life's glad fruition,
Distrusting never;
And sweetly Hope sings ever,
"True love and sweet endeavor
Shall hold the highest good forever."

Love's sacred tryst is broken,
Heart-breaking words are spoken
Her bonds to sever;
But still Hope singeth ever,
"Brave heart and strong endeavor
Must find the highest good forever."

Pale hands are crossed in death;
Gone is the quivering breath;
And still a low voice never
Stops echoing, echoing ever,
"Brave heart and strong endeavor
Have won the highest good forever."

The Sunrise Never Failed us Yet.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful after-glow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern—
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet!

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light, and hope, and joy, once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

A Winter Song.

[With light, running *staccato* and *legato* accompaniments.]

Oh, summer has the roses
And the laughing, light south wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dewy, dancing posies;
But winter has the sprites
And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, summer has the splendor
Of the corn-fields wide and deep,
Where the scarlet poppies sleep
And wary shadows wander;
But winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, summer has the wild bees,
And the ringing, singing note
In the robin's tuneful throat,
And the leaf-talk in the trees;
But winter has the chime
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, summer has the luster
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,
And rains that fall at night
Where reeds and lilies cluster;
But deep in winter's snow
The fires of Christmas glow.

St. Nicholas.

The Concert Rehearsal.

Wolstan Dixey.

Oh, it was a musical old Beetle!
And oh, it was a honey-throated Bee!
But the dandified young Hopper,
He couldn't sing it proper,
And the Cricket—out of tune was he.

They sung and they sung,
And the harebells swung
A tinkling *obligato* in the breeze;
While the Beetle, singing-master,
Tried to make them sing it faster,
By patting off the *tempo* on his knees.

And oh! it was a Robin overheard them,
Who happened out a-walking in the glade,
And he laughed in every feather
When they tried to sing together
At the funny little noises that they made.

He listened and he listened,
And his eyes they fairly glistened
As the Bee so sweetly bumbled out the air;
But the Cricket struck another,
And the Robin thought he'd smother
Trying not to let them know that he was there.

Then oh, the Bee declared that "It was shameful!"
And angrily sipped honey from a comb;
"She was ruining her throat
And wouldn't sing another note
Until the others studied it at home!"

The Cricket said that he
Never *could* keep in the key
When the wind was blowing that way from the south,
And young Hopper made excuses
In reply to these abuses,
That he had too much molasses in his mouth.

Then oh! the beetle-headed old conductor
Arose and made a few remarks in turn;
"The soprano is so vicious
And affairs so unpropitious,
The best thing we can do is to adjourn.

"Taking everything together,
The molasses and the weather,
And the fact that we can't any of us sing,
There is quite sufficient reason
That we wait another season
And postpone our little concert till the spring!"

Rock of Ages.

[The quoted words can be either sung or recited. The melody should be played through once before the beginning of the recitation. The accompaniment, *pianissimo*, should run through the entire poem, being definite, and *piano* only on the quoted lines.]

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Let me hide myself in Thee,"—
Felt her soul no need to hide;
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside.
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that they might be
On some other lips a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song, as a storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wings the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred—
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly—
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in Thee,"
Trembling though the voice and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully
Like a river in its flow.
Sang as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have passed;
Sang as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath all restfully
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Nevermore, O storm-tossed soul,
Nevermore, from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billows' roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer—
Still, aye still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

Extract from Hiawatha's Wedding-Feast.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

[*To be recited with musical accompaniment.*]

First he danced a solemn measure,
Very slow in step and gesture,
In and out among the pine-trees,
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Treading softly like a panther.
Then more swiftly and still swifter,
Whirling, spinning round in circles,
Leaping o'er the guests assembled,
Eddying round and round the wigwam,
Till the leaves went whirling with him,
Till the dust and wind together
Swept in eddies round about him.

Then they said to Chibiabos,
To the friend of Hiawatha,
To the sweetest of all singers,
To the best of all musicians,
"Sing to us, O Chibiabos!
Songs of love and songs of longing,
That the feast may be more joyous,
That the time may pass more gayly,
And our guests be more contented!"
And the gentle Chibiabos
Sang in accents sweet and tender,
Sang in tones of deep emotion,
Songs of love and songs of longing;
Looking still at Hiawatha,
Looking at fair Laughing Water.

THE BLESSING OF THE POETS.—I think it a very great boon which Heaven bestows on any nation when it sends a real poet among the people, like Longfellow or Whittier. I can't understand why we take the gift so coldly. In some of the poems of Whittier you can almost hear the rustling of the leaves of the old family Bible, and in Longfellow's lines you can listen to the rain on your roof, as you heard it while lying in your chamber in your childhood. It really seems to me that the whole poetic atmosphere of our time has been filled with a new fragrance by Whittier and Longfellow. They have taught us to prize afresh the loftiest virtues and the lowliest charities. Well may they indeed be called "Our Poets of the Household." You may call them primary or secondary, if you choose; but their motive-power remains unquenchable and unchallengeable, and their words are graven in the hearts all over the human world.—JAMES T. FIELDS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Born Nov. 3, 1794. Died June 12, 1878.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

BRYANT, whose songs are thoughts that bless
The heart,—its teachers and its joy,—
As mothers blend with their caress
Lessons of truth and gentleness
And virtue for the listening boy.
Spring's lovelier flowers for many a day
Have blossomed on his wandering way;
Beings of beauty and decay,
They slumber in their autumn tomb;
But those that graced his own Green River
And wreathed the lattice of his home,
Charmed by his song from mortal doom,
Bloom on, and will bloom on forever.

BRYANT had a wonderful memory. His familiarity with the English poets was such that when at sea, where he was always too ill to read much, he would beguile the

time by recit ng page after page from favorite poems. He assured me that however long the voyage, he had never exhausted his resources. He was scarcely less familiar with the languages and literatures of Germany, France and Spain, Greece and Rome. He spoke all living languages except the Greek with facility and correctness.—JOHN BIGELOW.

THE name of Bryant cannot be mentioned by any friend to American letters without respect as well as admiration. The hold that he has on the profoundest feelings of his countrymen is to be referred to the genuineness, delicacy, depth, and purity of his sentiment. He is so genuine that he testifies to nothing in scenery or human life of which he has not had a direct personal consciousness. He follows the primitive bias of his nature rather than the caprices of fancy. His compositions always leave the impression of having been born, not manufactured or made.—EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

IT IS the glory of this man that his character outshone even his great talent and his large fame. Distinguished equally for his native gifts and his consummate culture, his poetic inspiration and his exquisite art, he is honored and loved to-day even more for his stainless purity of life, his unswerving rectitude of will, his devotion to the higher interests of his race, his unfeigned patriotism, and his broad humanity.—REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS.

WHEN Cooper died, the restless city paused to hear Bryant's words of praise and friendship. When Irving

followed Cooper, all hearts turned to Bryant. Now Bryant has followed Cooper and Irving, the last of that early triumvirate of American literature. The broad and simple outline of his character and career had become universally familiar like a mountain or the sea. A patriarch of our literature, the oldest of our poets, he felt the magic of human sympathy, the impulse of his country, the political genius of his race, and was a public political leader.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

A BRYANT ALPHABET.

ALIKE, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High towards the star-lit sky
Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the sun.
Hymn to the North Star.

Beneath the forest's skirt I rest,
Whose branching pines rise dark and high,
And hear the breezes of the West
Among the thread-like foliage sigh.
The West Wind.

Calm rose afar the city spires, and thence
Came the deep murmur of its throng of men;
And as its grateful odors met thy sense,
They seemed the perfumes of thy native fen.
To a Mosquito.

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air;
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God, in the thunder-cloud!
The Hurricane.

Enough of drought has parched the year, and scared
The land with dread of famine. Autumn, yet,
Shall make men glad with unexpected fruits.
The Conjunction of Jupiter and Venus.

Far back in the ages,
The plow with wreaths was crowned;
The hands of kings and sages
Entwined the chaplet round.
Ode for an Agricultural Celebration.

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years;
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the furthest wall of the firmament.
Song of the Stars.

Hear, Father, hear thy faint afflicted flock
Cry to thee, from the desert and the rock;
While those who seek to slay thy children, hold
Blasphemous worship under roofs of gold.
Hymn of the Waldenses.

I know where the timid fawn abides
In the depths of the shaded dell,
Where the leaves are broad, and the thicket hides
From the eye of the hunter well.
An Indian Story.

Journeying, in long serenity, away
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee! *October.*

Knit they the gentle ties which long
These Sister States were proud to wear,
And forged the kindly links so strong
For idle hands in sport to tear? *Not Yet.*

Lament who will, in fruitless tears,
The speed with which our moments fly;
I sigh not over vanished years,
But watch the years that hasten by.
The Lapse of Time.

Might but a little part,
A wandering breath, of that high melody
Descend into my heart,
And change it till it be
Transformed and swallowed up, O love, in thee!
The Life of the Blessed.

Not from the sands or cloven rocks,
Thou rapid Arve! thy waters flow;
Nor earth, within her bosom, locks
Thy dark unfathomed wells below.
To the River Arve.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
"*Blessed are they that Mourn.*"

Peace to the just man's memory; let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages. *The Ages.*

————the great deep
Quivered and shook, as shakes the glimmering air
Above a furnace. *Sella.*

Raise, then, the hymn to Death. Deliverer!
God hath anointed thee to free the oppressed
And crush the oppressor. *Hymn to Death.*

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?
To a Waterfall.

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

The Past.

Upon the mountain's distant head
With trackless snows forever white,
Where all is still, and cold, and dead,
Late shines the day's departing light.

"*Upon the Mountain's Distant Head.*"

Violets spring in the soft May shower;
There, in the summer breezes, wave
Crimson phlox and moccasin flower.

The Maiden's Sorrow.

Welcome to grasp of friendly hands; to prayers
Offered where crowds in reverent worship come
Or softly breathed amid the tender cares
And loving inmates of thy quiet home.

The Life that Is.

Alexis calls me cruel;
The rifted crags that hold
The gathered ice of winter,
He says, are not more cold.

Song from the Spanish.

Yet these sweet sounds of the early season
And these fair sights of its sunny days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

An Invitation to the Country.

Leave Zelinda altogether,
Whom thou leavest oft and long,
And in the life thou lovest
Forget whom thou dost wrong.

The Alcayde of Molina.

The Third of November.

On my cornice linger the ripe, black grapes ungathered:
Children fill the groves with the echoes of their glee,
Gathering tawny chestnuts, and shouting when beside them
Drop the heavy fruit of the tall black walnut tree.

Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and crimson,
Yet our full-leaved willows are in their freshest green,
Such a kindly autumn, so mercifully dealing
With the growths of summer, I never yet have seen.

Like this kindly season may life's decline come o'er me;
Past is manhood's summer, the frosty months are here;
Yet be genial airs, and a pleasant sunshine left me,
Leaf, and fruit, and blossom, to mark the closing year.

The Night Journey of a River.

O darkling River! Through the night I hear
Thy wavelets rippling on the pebbly beach;
I hear thy current stir the rustling sedge
That skirts thy bed; thou intermittest not
Thine everlasting journey, drawing on
A silvery train from many a woodland spring
And mountain brook. The dweller by thy side,
Who moored his little boat upon thy beach,
Though all the waters that upbore it then
Have slid away o'er night, shall find, at noon
Thy channels filled with waters freshly drawn
From distant cliffs and hollows, where the rill
Comes up amid the water-flags. All night
Thou givest moisture to the thirsty roots
Of the lithe willow and overhanging plane,
And cherishest the herbage of thy bank,
Spotted with little flowers, and sendeth up
Perpetually the vapors from thy face,
To steep the hills with dew, or darken heaven
With drifting clouds, that trail the shadowy shower.

The Hurricane.

Lord of the winds! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky!
And I wait, with a thrill in every vein,
For the coming of the hurricane!
And lo! on the wing of the heavy gales,
Through the boundless arch of heaven he sails.
Silent and slow, and terribly strong,
The mighty shadow is borne along,
Like the dark eternity to come;
While the world below, dismayed and dumb,
Through the calm of the thick, hot atmosphere
Looks up at its gloomy folds with fear.

* * * *

He is come! he is come! Do ye not behold
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?
Giant of air! we bid thee hail!—
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale!
How his huge and writhing arms are bent
To clasp the zone of the firmament,
And fold, at length, in their dark embrace,
From mountain to mountain the visible space!

Darker—still darker! the whirlwinds bear
The dust of the plains to the middle air;
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!
You may trace its path by the flashes that start
From the rapid wheels where'er they dart,
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,
And flood the skies with a lurid glow.

Green River.

Yet pure its waters—its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depth where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting waves as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone!
Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air;
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

The Violet.

When birchen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebirds' warble know,
The little violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Oft in the sunless April day
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they who climb to wealth forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried;
I copied them, but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Born May 25, 1803. Died April 27, 1882.

EMERSON.

MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

DEAR Nature's child, he nestled close to her!
She to his heart had whispered deeper things
Than science from the wells of learning brings.
His still small voice the human soul could stir,
For Nature made him her interpreter.
And gave her favorite son far-reaching wings;
He soared and sang as Heaven's lark only sings,
Devout in praise, Truth's truest worshiper.
With eyes anointed, in his upward flight
He quick discerned what was divine in men,
Reading the humblest spirit's tongue aright.
O Prophet, Poet, Leader! in thy light
How many saw beyond their natural ken,
Who follow now the star that led thee then!

EMERSON'S writings call for thought in the reader. They demand that one should stop and ask questions, should translate what one has read into one's own ordinary speech, and inquire again if it is true. No one should read Emerson who is not willing to have his own weakness disclosed to him, and who is not prepared also to test what he finds by a standard which is above both writer and reader.—HORACE E. SCUDDER.

THERE are living organisms so transparent that we can see their hearts beating and their blood flowing through their glassy tissues. So transparent was the life of Emerson; so clearly did the true nature of the man show through it. What he taught others to be he was himself. His deep and sweet humanity won him love and reverence everywhere among those whose natures were capable of responding to the highest manifestations of character.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THOUGH Emerson had reached a great age, we were not ready to part with him. He was an important friend, companion, kinsman, fellow-citizen, to the last; a wayfarer everybody was glad to meet; one whose enemy none could continue to be; a charmer whose spell was not to be escaped. With his imagination for an eye, Emerson was a perceiver, and he respected perception in himself and others, being as quick and glad to quote their perceptions as to announce his own. He notes, cites, and lauds every scrap of insight, or ripple of tidings over the ocean that heaves from the unknown shore towards which he sails.—REV. C. A. BARTOL.

EMERSON'S faith in America is justified whether we trust in the capacities of the individual soul, or whether our expectation grows from the promises of a new civilization. America brings together the races of the world as no nation or time ever did before, and Emerson's hope for America may yet be justified by a literature in harmony with the new time.—GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

Long, long had we heard in India of his name and reputation. We wondered what manner of man he was. When at last I landed on your continent, how glad I should have been to sit at his feet and unfold before him the tale of our woe and degradation! But he had gone to his rest, and instead of touching his warm hand which had blessed so many pilgrims, I could but kiss the cold dust of his nameless grave at the Concord cemetery.—Protap Chunder Mozoomdar.

An Emerson Alphabet.

All right activity is amiable. I never feel that any man occupies my place, but that the reason why I do not have what I wish is, that I want the faculty which entitles. All spiritual or real power makes its own place.

Aristocracy.

By right or wrong,
Lands and goods go to the strong,
Property will brutely draw
Still to the proprietor;
Silver to silver creep and wind,
And kind to kind.

The Celestial Love.

Come see the northwind's masonry:
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof.

The Snow-storm.

Do not spare to put novels into the hands of young people as an occasional holiday and experiment; but, above all, good poetry in all kinds, epic, tragedy, lyric.

Education.

Europe has always owed to Oriental genius its divine impulses. What those holy bards said, all sane men found agreeable and true.—*Address to Divinity Students.*

> For Nature ever faithful is
> To such as trust her faithfulness.
>
> *Woodnotes.*

> Gentle pilgrim, if thou know
> The gamut old of Pan,
> And how the hills began,
> The frank blessings of the hill
> Fall on thee, as fall they will.
>
> *Monadnoc.*

He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base—and that is the one base thing in the universe—to receive favors and render none.—*Compensation.*

> Insect lover of the sun,
> Joy of thy dominion;
> Sailor of the atmosphere,
> Swimmer through the waves of air.
>
> *The Humble-bee.*

Jesus astonishes and overpowers sensual people. They cannot unite Him to history, or reconcile Him with themselves.—*History.*

> Knowest thou that wove yon wood-bird's nest
> Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
> Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
> Painting with morn each annual shell?
>
> *The Problem.*

Let a man control the habit of expense. Let him see that as much wisdom may be expended on a private economy as on an empire, and as much wisdom be drawn from it.—*Prudence.*

Man was made of solid earth,
Child and brother from his birth;
Tethered by a liquid cord
Of blood through veins of kindred poured.
The Celestial Love.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eyes is the object. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall never be the wiser.—*Spiritual Laws.*

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield
Which I gather in a song. *The Apology.*

People say sometimes, "See what I have overcome; see how cheerful I am; see how completely I have triumphed over these black events." Not if they still remind me of the black event.—*Circles.*

Queen of things! I dare not die
In Being's deeps past ear and eye;
Lest there I find the same deceiver
And be the sport of Fate forever.
Ode to Beauty.

River and rose and crag and bird,
Frost and sun and eldest night,
To me their aid preferred,
To me their comfort plight. *Hermione.*

Spartans, stoics, heroes, saints, and gods use a short and positive speech. They are never off their centers. As soon as they swell and paint and find truth not enough for them, softening of the brain has already begun.—*The Superlative.*

Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
No trace of age, no fear to die. *The Poet.*

Upborne and surrounded as we are by this all-creating nature, soft and fluid as a cloud or the air, why should we be such hard pedants and magnify a few forms?
History.

Virtue runs before the Muse,
And defies her skill;
She is rapt, and doth refuse
To wait a painter's will. *Loss and Gain.*

Wise, cultivated, genial conversation is the last flower of civilization, and the best result which life has to offer us,—a cup for gods, which has no repentance. Conversation is our account of ourselves.—*Woman.*

Extract from "Compensation."

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up-hill, to twist a rope of sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of flame; every prison, a more illustrious abode; every burned

book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities as to individuals, when the truth is seen, and the martyrs are justified.

The Concord Fight.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled.
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe has long in silence slept:
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When like our sires our sons are gone.

Extract from "Works and Days."

'Tis a fine fable for the advantage of character over talent, the Greek legend of the strife of Jove and Phœbus. Phœbus challenged the gods and said, "Who will outshoot the far-darting Apollo?" Zeus said, "I will." Mars shook the lots in his helmet, and that of Apollo leaped out first. Apollo stretched his bow and shot his arrow into the extreme west. Then Zeus arose, and with one stride cleared the whole distance, and said, "Where shall I shoot? There is no space left." So the bowman's prize was adjudged to him who drew no bow.

Art.

Give to barrows, trays, and pans
Grace and glimmer of romance;
Bring the moonlight into noon
Hid in gleaming piles of stone;
On the city's pavèd street
Plant gardens lined with lilac sweet,
Let spouting fountains cool the air,
Singing in the sun-baked square;
Let statue, picture, park, and hall,
Ballad, flag, and festival,
The past restore, the day adorn,
And make each morrow a new morn.
'Tis the privilege of Art
Thus to play its cheerful part.

The Rhodora.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.

Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self-same Power that brought me here, brought you.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Born Aug. 29, 1809.

Our Autocrat.

John G. Whittier.

His laurels fresh from song and lay,
Romance and art, so young withal
At heart, we scarcely dare to say
We keep his seventieth festival.

His still the keen analysis
Of men and moods, electric wit,
Free play of mirth, and tenderness
To heal the slightest wound from it.

And his the pathos touching all
Life's sins and sorrows and regrets,
Its hopes and fears, its final call
And rest beneath the violets.

His sparkling surface scarce betrays
The thoughtful tide beneath it rolled,
The wisdom of the latter days
And tender memories of the old.

Though now unnumbered guests surround
The table that he rules at will,
Its autocrat, however crowned,
Is but our friend and comrade still.

Long may he live to sing for us
The songs that stay the flight of time,
And like his Chambered Nautilus,
To holier heights of beauty climb.

Dec. 3, 1879.

I THINK that none of us can understand the meaning and scope of Dr. Holmes's writings unless we have observed that the main work of his life has been to study and teach an exact science, the noble science of anatomy. And let us honor him to-day, not forgetting, as they can never be forgotten, his poems, his essays, as a noble representative of the profession of the scientific student and teacher.—CHARLES W. ELIOT.

WHAT one does easily is apt to be his forte, though years may pass before he finds this out. Holmes's early pieces, mostly college-verse, were better of their kind than those of a better kind written in youth by some of his contemporaries. The humbler the type, the sooner the development. The young poet had the aid of a suitable habitat; life at Harvard was the precise thing to bring out his talent. There was nothing of the hermit-thrush in him; his temper was not of the withdrawing and reflective kind, nor moodily introspective,—it throve on fellowship, and he looked to his mates for an audience as readily as they to him for a toast-master.—FRANCES H. UNDERWOOD.

ONE finds nowhere in Holmes's volumes crude and unformed thoughts. He writes as clearly as he thinks. His sentences come from his pen clean-cut. The language of his prose is pure classical English. His style is simple, direct, forcible; affluent, in the sense that it apparently never fails to come spontaneously at need, and in the fittest form; but not exuberant to the obscuring of the thought. Whether he be discussing a medical thesis or reading a lyric to classmates and literary friends at an anniversary dinner, or sketching char-

acter in the romance, or playing the autocrat at the breakfast-table, it is sure to be found acting effectively on those who hear or read them.—Rev. Ray Palmer.

It is as a writer of humorous poetry that Holmes excels. His non-humorous poems are full of beautiful passages, as we shall see, but they have not the same unique flavor of originality. In one of the great London papers it was editorially stated, not long since, that no contemporary American writer had so amused and instructed the insular mind as Holmes had done. The one most charming feature of his printed and spoken conversation is that he establishes a relation of sympathy between himself and his listeners, by expressing for them those common, every-day thoughts that we all think but rarely say.—Wm. Sloane Kennedy.

The grace and gayety, the pathos and melody, the wit, the earnestness and shrewd sense of his writings, have given Holmes a place, and a sunny place, in the popular heart. On his happy birthday it was not Boston that sat at table, but the whole country. It was not a town meeting, but a national congress. The Autocrat is not a mayor, but an emperor, and the toast of the day was the toast of appreciative hearts and generous souls far beyond the sound of the Atlantic. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table; O king, live forever!" —Geo. Wm. Curtis.

A Holmes Alphabet.

Along its front no sabers shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banner bears the single line,
"Our duty is to save." *The Two Armies.*

Bring bellows for the panting winds,
Hang up a lantern by the moon;
And give the nightingale a fife,
And lend the eagle a balloon.
The Meeting of the Dryads.

Child of the plowshare, smile;
Boy of the counter, grieve not,
Though muses round thy trundle-bed
Their broidered tissue weave not.
The Poet's Lot.

Dear friends, who are listening so sweetly the while
With your lips double-reefed in a snug little smile,
I leave you two fables, both drawn from the deep,—
The shells you can drop, but the pearls you may keep.
Verses for After-dinner.

Each moment fainter wave the fields
And wider rolls the sea;
The mist grows dark,—the sun goes down,—
Day breaks,—and where are we?
Departed Days.

Flowers will bloom over and over again in poems as in the summer fields, to the end of time, always old and always new. Why should we be more shy of repeating ourselves than the spring be tired of blossoms or the night of stars?—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.*

God of all nations! Sovereign Lord!
In Thy dread name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky.

Army Hymn.

How patient Nature smiles at Fame!
The weeds that strewed the victor's way,
Feed on his dust to shroud his name,
Green where his proudest towers decay.

A Roman Aqueduct.

It is likely that the language will shape itself by larger forces than phonography and dictionary-making. You may spade up the ocean as much as you like, and harrow it afterward if you can, but the moon will still lead the tides, and the winds will form their surface.—*The Professor at the Breakfast-table.*

Joy smiles in the fountain,
Health flows in the rills,
As their ribbons of silver
Unwind from the hills.

Song for a Temperance Dinner.

Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.
Born there? Don't say so! I was too.

Parson Turrell's Legacy.

Let each unhallowed cause that brings
The stern destroyer cease,
Thy flaming angel fold his wings
And seraphs whisper Peace!

Parting Hymn.

Many ideas grow better when transplanted into another mind than in the one where they sprang up. That which was a weed in one intelligence becomes a

flower in the other. A flower, on the other hand, may dwindle down to a mere weed by the same change.—*The Poet at the Breakfast-table.*

None wept,—none pitied;—they who knelt
At morning by the despot's throne
At evening dashed the laureled bust
And spurned the wreaths themselves had strewn.
The Dying Seneca.

Over the hill-sides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Lexington.

Poor conquered monarch! though that haughty glance
Still speaks thy courage unsubdued by time,
And in the grandeur of thy sullen tread
Lives the proud spirit of thy burning clime.
To a Caged Lion.

Questioning all things: Why her Lord had sent her?
What were these torturing gifts, and wherefore lent her?
Scornful as spirit fallen, its own tormentor.
Iris, Her Book

Rain me sweet odors on the air
And wheel me up my Indian chair,
And spread some book not overwise
Flat out before my sleepy eyes.
Midsummer.

Scenes of my youth! awake, its slumbering fire!
Ye winds of Memory, sweep the silent lyre!
Ray of the past, if yet thou canst appear,
Break through the clouds of Fancy's waning year.
A Metrical Essay.

Trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields, where they are alive, holding their green sunshades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge but limited organisms.—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table.*

Unscathed, she treads the wreck-piled street
Whose narrow gaps afford
A pathway for her bleeding feet,
To seek her absent lord. *Agnes.*

Virtue—the guide that men and nations own ;
And Law—the bulwark that protects her throne;
And Health—to all its happiest charm that lends,—
These and their servants, man's untiring friends.
A Modest Request.

Wan-visaged thing ! thy virgin leaf
To me looks more than deadly pale,
Unknowing what may stain thee yet,—
A poem or a tale.
To a Blank Sheet of Paper.

"It ain't jest the thing to grease your ex with ile o' vitrul," said the Member.—*The Poet at the Breakfast-table.*

Ye know not,—but the hour is nigh;
Ye will not heed the warning breath;
No vision strikes your clouded eye,
To break the sleep that wakes in death.
The Last Prophecy of Cassandra.

" By Zhorzhe !" as friend Sales is accustomed to cry,
You tell me they're dead, but I know it's a lie;
Is Jackson not President ? What was't you said ?
It can't be; you're joking; what,—all of 'em dead ?
Once More.

Under the Washington Elm, Cambridge.

April 27, 1861.

Eighty years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do,—
Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington!
When the battle is fought and won,
What shall be told of you?

Hark!—'tis the south-wind moans,—
Who are the martyrs down?
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones
That sprinkled with blood the cursèd stones
Of the murder-haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?
What if the green leaves fall?
Better the crashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that gnawed below;
Trample them one and all!

Then, when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree!

The Two Streams.

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall
In rushing river-tides!

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends,—

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea.

International Ode.

OUR FATHERS' LAND.*

God bless our Fathers' Land!
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own!
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave People's Friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her Throne!

* Sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the public schools, at the visit of the Prince of Wales to Boston, October 18, 1860. Air, "God save the Queen."

Father, with loving care
Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,
Guide all his ways:
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days!

Lord, let War's tempest cease,
Fold the whole Earth in peace
Under thy wings!
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings!

James Russell Lowell's Birthday Festival.

We will not speak of years to-night,
For what have years to bring
But larger floods of love and light,
And sweeter songs to sing.

Enough for him the silent grasp
That knits us hand in hand,
And he the bracelet's radiant clasp
That locks our circling band.

Strength to his hours of manly toil,
Peace to his starlit dreams!
Who loves alike the furrowed soil,
The music-haunted streams!

Sweet smiles to keep forever bright
The sunshine on his lips,
And faith that sees the ring of light
Round nature's last eclipse.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Born Feb. 27, 1807. Died March 24, 1882.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

William W. Story.

A pure sweet spirit, generous and large
Was thine, dear poet. Calm, unturbulent,
Its course along Life's varying ways it went,
Like some broad river on whose happy marge
Are noble groves, lawns, towns—which takes the charge
Of peaceful freights from inward regions sent
For human use and help and heart's content,
And bears Love's sunlit sails and Beauty's barge.
So brimming, deepening ever to the sea
Through gloom and sun, reflecting inwardly
The ever-changing heavens of day and night,
Thy life flowed on, from all low passions free,
Filled with high thoughts, charmed into Poesy
To all the world a solace and delight.

Yes, we were warm friends. He was a delightful man and a great poet. Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, and myself were always friends. There were no jealousies between us, and each took a pride in the work and successes of the other. We would exchange notes upon our productions, and if one saw a kindly notice of the other it was always cut out and sent him.—John G. Whittier.

THE magnetism of Longfellow's touch lies in the broad humanity of his sympathy which commends his poetry to the universal heart. His artistic sense is so exquisite that each of his poems is a valuable literary study. Longfellow's mind takes a simple, childlike hold of life. His delightful familiarity with the pure literature of all languages and times must rank him among the learned poets.—GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

IT is a singular fact that Longfellow is more popular in England than Tennyson, the laureate. Yet perhaps it is not so very singular. He sings like one whose heart has been warmed at the hearth-stone. There is hardly a line of his but would rhyme with the chirp of the cricket; hearts are hearts whatever blood quickens them, and he has touched the heart as no other poet of his day has. Is there any one whose life is likely to remind us more forcibly of the sublimity of patience, truth, purity, and all the virtues than that of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow?—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

A POETICAL atmosphere, an aroma, hung about Longfellow as about no other of our poets. He was associated with memories of the early years of the republic; with the picturesque epoch of our national existence; with the dawn of democratic institutions, with the flushing hope which reddened the sky when the young nation committed itself so cordially to faith in man. His name was seldom spoken except in connection with charity and good-will. And when he died, the sorrow of the greatest and of the least was equally sincere.—REV. OCTAVIUS B. FROTHINGHAM.

CAN it be that a man like this is dead? I cannot believe it. Like a lark that sings and soars, and still sings fading out of sight in the blue heavens. I cannot believe that he has gone because he has disappeared from our view. A rounded life was his; his work was done. Where has he gone? We may not know as yet. So far as we are concerned, he has gone, to quote his own words, "into the silent land." We will rejoice that he has left behind him words that will sing their song of trust and hope for many a year to come.—REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

A LONGFELLOW ALPHABET.

AWAKE! arise! the hour is late!
Angels are knocking at thy door!
They are in haste and cannot wait,
And once departed come no more.

A Fragment.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Maidenhood.

Closed was the teacher's task, and with heaven in their hearts and their faces
Up rose the children all, and each bowed him, weeping full sorely,
Downward to kiss that reverend hand.

Children of the Lord's Supper.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair. *Resignation.*

Each heart has its haunted chamber,
Where the silent moonlight falls!
On the floor are mysterious footsteps,
There are whispers along the walls!

The Haunted Chamber.

"Farewell!" the portly landlord cried;
"Farewell!" the parting guests replied,
But little thought that never more
Their feet would pass that threshold o'er.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires;
Gone the abbot, stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars.

Oliver Basselin.

How many centuries has it been
About those deserts blown!
How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
How many histories known!

Sand of the Desert.

It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of peace,
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp,
And hold it up and shake it like a fleece.

The Lighthouse.

Just above yon sandy bar,
As the day grows faint and dimmer,
Lonely and lovely, a single star
Lights the air with a dusky glimmer.

Chrysaor.

Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children, a crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree. This was their rural chapel.

Evangeline.

Left to myself, I wander as I will,
And as my fancy leads me, through this house;
Nor could I ask a dwelling more complete,
Were I indeed the goddess that he deems me.
The Masque of Pandora.

Month after month passed away, and in autumn the ships of the merchants
Came with kindred and friends, with cattle and corn for the Pilgrims. *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*

Nine sisters, beautiful in form and face,
Came from their convent on the shining heights
Of Pierus, the mountain of delights,
To dwell among the people at its base.
The Nine Muses.

"O Cæsar, we who are about to die
Salute you!" was the gladiators' cry
In the arena, standing face to face
With death and with the Roman populace.
Morituri Salutamus.

Peradventure of old, some bard in Ionian Islands,
Walking alone by the sea, hearing the wash of the waves,
Learned the secret from them of the beautiful verse elegiac.
Elegiac Verse.

Quiet, close, and warm,
Sheltered from all molestation,
And recalling by their voices
Youth and travel.
To an Old Danish Song-book.

River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!
To the River Charles.

Sudden and swift, a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill.

Killed at the Ford.

Thou standest, like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domains.

Autumn.

Up soared the lark into the air,—
A shaft of song, a winged prayer,
As if a soul, released from pain,
Were flying back to heaven again.

The Sermon of St. Francis.

Visions of the days departed, shadowy phantoms filled my brain;
They who live in history only seemed to walk the earth again.

The Belfry of Bruges.

Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood;
Who has it has much trouble and care;
Who once has had it has despair.

Poetic Aphorisms.

"Excelsior!"

Excelsior.

Youth is lovely, age is lonely,
Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
You bring back the days departed,
And the beautiful Wenonah.

Hiawatha.

Zeal was stronger than fear or love.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Musings.

[An early poem, not usually published.]

I sat by my window one night,
And watched how the stars grew high,
And the earth and skies were a splendid sight
To a sober and musing eye.

From heaven the silver moon shone down,
With a gentle and mellow ray,
And beneath, the crowded roofs of the town
In broad light and shadow lay.

A glory was on the silent sea,
And mainland and island too,
Till a haze came over the lowland lea,
And shrouded the beautiful blue.

Bright in the moon the autumn wood
Its crimson scarf unrolled,
And the trees like a splendid army stood,
In a panoply of gold!

I saw them waving their banners high,
As their crests to the night wind bowed;
And a distant sound on the air went by,
Like the whispering of a crowd.

Then I watched from my windows how fast
The lights around me fled,
As the wearied man to his slumber passed,
And the sick one to his bed.

All faded save one; that burned
With a distant and steady light;
But that, too, went out, and I turned
When my own lamp within shone bright!

Thus, thought I, our joys must die;
Yes, the brightest from earth we win;
Till each turns away, with a sigh,
To the lamp that burns brightly within.

The City and the Sea.

The panting City cried to the Sea,
"I am faint with heat,—O breathe on me!

And the Sea said, "Lo, I breathe! but my breath
To some will be life, to others death!"

As to Prometheus, bringing ease
In pain, come the Oceanides,

So to the City, hot with flame
Of the pitiless sun, the east wind came.

It came from the heaving breast of the deep,
Silent as dreams are, and sudden as sleep.

Life-giving, death-giving, which will it be,
O breath of the merciful, merciless Sea?

Loss and Gain.

When I compare
What I have lost with what I have gained,
What I have missed with what attained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly spent;
How like an arrow the good intent
Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise?
Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

CHARLES SUMNER.

GARLANDS upon his grave,
And flowers upon his hearse,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

His was the troubled life,
The conflict and the pain,
The grief, the bitterness of strife,
The honor without stain.

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.

But in the dark unknown
Perfect their circles seem,
Even as a bridge's arch of stone
Is rounded in the stream.

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Born Feb. 22, 1819.

James Russell Lowell.

[HARVARD COMMENCEMENT POEM.]

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

This is your month, the month of perfect days,
Birds in full song and blossoms all ablaze;
Nature herself your earliest welcome breathes,
Spreads every leaflet, every bower in wreaths;
Carpets her paths for your returning feet,
Puts forth her best your coming steps to greet;
And Heaven must surely find the earth in tune
When Home, sweet Home, exhales the breath of June.
These blessed days are waning all too fast,
And June's bright visions mingling with the past;
Lilacs have bloomed and faded, and the rose
Has dropped its petals, but the clover blows
And fills its slender tubes with honeyed sweets;
The fields are pearled with milk-white margarites;
The dandelion, which you sang of old,
Has lost its pride of place, its crown of gold,
But still displays its feathery-mantled globe,
Which children's breath or wandering winds unrobe.
These were your humble friends; your opened eyes
Nature had trained her common gifts to prize;
Not Cam or Isis taught you to despise
Charles, with his muddy margin, and the harsh,
Plebeian grasses of the reeking marsh.

New England's home-bred scholar, well you knew
Her soil, her speech, her people, through and through,
And loved them ever with the love that holds
All sweet, fond memories in its fragrant folds.
Though far and wide your winged words had flown,
Your daily presence kept you all our own,
Till with a sorrowing sigh, a thrill of pride,
We heard your summons, and you left our side
For larger duties and for tasks untried.

Atlantic Monthly.

We have been under the necessity of telling some unpleasant truths about American literature from time to time; and it is with hearty pleasure that we are now able to own that the Britishers have been, for the present, utterly and apparently hopelessly beaten by a Yankee in one important department of poetry. The tyranny of a vulgar public opinion and the charlatanism which is the price of political power, are butts for the shafts of the satirist which European poets may well envy Mr. Lowell.—*North British Review.*

Though eminent and able in many ways, Lowell remains absolutely a poet in feeling. His native genius was fostered by the associations of a singularly beautiful home; nourished by the works of the dramatists, by the ideal pictures of poets and novelists, by the tender solemnity of the discourses of his father, and of Channing and others of his father's friends. Though he was not a rhyming prodigy like Pope, lisping in numbers, his first effusions as he came to manhood were in poetic form.—Frances H. Underwood.

Lowell is a remarkable man and poet. That he is one of the first poets of this age, no man will deny. He is sincerely a reformer; his sympathies are entirely with the oppressed and down-trodden. Some of his poems are exceedingly beautiful, while others are full of grand thoughts which strike upon the ear and heart like the booming cannon-shot, which tells that an ardently desired conflict has commenced.—David W. Bartlett.

The most characteristic and most essential happens to be the most salient quality of Mr. Lowell's style. It is a wit that is as omnipresent and as tireless as electricity itself. The effect is quite indescribable. We are sure that no other equal amount of literature could be produced that would yield to a competent assay a larger net result of pure wit. Generally the spirit of the wit is humane and gracious.—W. C. Wilkinson.

Mr. Lowell says somewhere that the art of writing consists largely in knowing what to leave in the ink-pot. How many volumes of Lowell's prose works if not in the waste-basket are almost as effectually buried in papers and magazines? What his working life has given to the world will give the reader some notion of what the world has not got, and will serve to call attention to the condensed wealth contained in "Among my Books" and "My Study Windows."—Rev. H. R. Haweis.

A Lowell Alphabet.

Another star 'neath Time's horizon dropped
To gleam o'er unknown lands and seas;
Another heart that beat for freedom stopped,—
What mournful words are these!

To the Memory of Hood.

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air.

A Parable.

Care, not of self, but of the common weal,
Had robbed their eyes of youth, and left instead
A look of patient power and iron will.

A Glance behind the Curtain.

Dear, common flower, that grow'st beside the way
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May.

To the Dandelion.

Each man is some man's servant; every soul
Is by some other's presence quite discrowned;
Each owes the next through all the imperfect round.

The Pioneer.

For mankind are one in spirit,
And an instinct bears along,
Round the earth's electric circle,
The swift flash of right or wrong.

The Present Crisis.

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

The Fountain.

He could believe the promise of to-morrow
And feel the wondrous meaning of to-day;
He had a deeper faith in holy sorrow
Than the world's seeming loss could take away.
Ode.

It is God's day. It is Columbus's,
A lavish day! One day, with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world.
Columbus.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving.
The Vision of Sir Launfal.

Knew you what silence was before?
Here is no startle of dreaming bird
That sings in his sleep, or strives to sing.
Pictures from Appledore.

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field.
Commemoration Ode.

My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,
Danced in the leaves; or, floating in the cloud,
Saw its white double in the stream below.
Under the Willows.

Not always unimpeded can I pray,
Nor, pitying saint, thine intercession claim.
Sea-weed.

O realm of silence and of swart eclipse,
The shapes that haunt thy gloom
Make signs to us, and move thy withered lips
Across the gulf of doom.
To the Past.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long,
The fairies dance each full-mooned night,
Would we but doff our lenses strong,
And trust our wiser eyes' delight.

The Foot-path.

Quite spent and out of breath he reached the tree,
And, listening fearfully, he heard once more
The low voice murmur "Rhoecus," close at hand.

Rhoecus.

Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly perfect may be,
But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.

A Fable for Critics.

Since first I heard our North wind blow,
Since first I saw Atlantic throw
On our fierce rocks his thunderous snow,
I loved thee, Freedom!

Ode to France.

Thine is music such as yields
Feelings of old brooks and fields,
And, around this pent-up room,
Sheds a woodland, free perfume.

To Perdita, Singing.

Untremulous in the river clear,
Towards the sky's image, hangs the imaged bridge;
So still the air that I can hear
The slender clarion of the unseen midge.

Summer Storm.

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?

Song.

Wrong ever builds on quicksands, but the Right
To the firm center lays its moveless base.

Prometheus.

Extemp'ry mammoth turkey-chick for a Fejee Thanksgivin'.

The Biglow Papers.

Yet sets she not her soul so steadily
Above that she forgets her ties to earth.

Irene.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

The Courtin'.

The First Snow-fall.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roof'd with Carrara
Came Chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff sails were softened to swan's down,
And still flutter'd down the snow.

I stood and watch'd by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn
  Where a little head-stone stood;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
  As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
  Saying, "Father, who makes it snow?"
And I told of the good All-father
  Who cares for us here below.

Again I look'd at the snow-fall,
  And thought of the leaden sky
That arch'd o'er our first great sorrow,
  When that mound was heap'd so high.

I remember'd the gradual patience
  That fell from that cloud like snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
  The scar of our deep-plung'd woe.

And again to the child I whisper'd,
  "The snow that husheth all,
Darling, the merciful Father
  Alone can make it fall!"

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kiss'd her;
  And she, kissing back, could not know
That my kiss was given to her sister,
  Folded close under deepening snow.

Abraham Lincoln.

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.
For him her Old World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will,
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind—
Broad prairie, rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind.
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

Wendell Phillips.

He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide
The din of battle and of slaughter rolled;
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes;
Many there were who made great haste and sold
Unto the cunning enemy their swords.

He scorned their gifts of fame, and flower, and gold,
And underneath their soft and flowery words
Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part.
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the wide-spread veins of endless good.

FREEDOM.

MEN!—whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are ye truly free and brave?
If ye do not feel the chain
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed—
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true Freedom but to break
Fetters for our own dear sake,
And, with leathern hearts, forget
That we owe mankind a debt?
No!—true freedom is to share
All the chains our brothers wear,
And with heart and hand to be
Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Born Dec. 17, 1807.

To John G. Whittier.

James Russell Lowell.

New England's poet, rich in love as years,
Her hills and valleys praise thee, and her brooks
Dance to thy song; to her grave sylvan nooks
Thy feet allure us, which the wood-thrush hears
As maids their lovers, and no treason fears.
Through thee her Merrimacks and Angloochooks,
And many a name uncouth, win loving looks,
Sweetly familiar to both England's years.
Peaceful by birthright as a virgin lake
The lily's anchorage which no eyes behold
Save those of stars, yet for thy brother's sake
That lay in bonds, thou blew'st a blast as bold,
As that wherewith the heart of Roland brake
Far heard through Pyrennean valleys cold.

If there is any one in our age whom all men will admit to have been born a poet, it is Whittier. He is less indebted to art, to scholastic culture, to the influences of literary companionship, than any of his brethren. He is a fiery apostle of human brotherhood, and has chanted anathemas against war, and every form of cruelty and superstition. He is eminently a national poet. His mind is in full sympathy with the progressive ideas of the New World.—Frances H. Underwood.

MUCH of Whittier's work has been in the form of contributions to journals which he has edited, and the two volumes which now constitute his collected prose writings have been gathered from these occasional papers. Himself of Quaker descent and belief, he has touched kindly but firmly the changing life of the day which culminated in the witchcraft delusion and displayed itself in the persecution of the Quakers. The carelessness of literary fame which Whittier has shown may be referred to the sincerity of his devotion to that which literature affects, and he has written and sung out of a heart very much in earnest to offer some help, or out of the pleasure of his work. The careful student of his writings will always value most the integrity of his life.—HORACE E. SCUDDER.

WHITTIER'S genius is Hebrew—more so than that of any other poet now using the English language. He is a flower of the moral sentiment in its masculine rigor, climbing like a forest pine. In this respect he affiliates with Wordsworth, and, going farther back, with Milton, whose tap-root was Hebrew. The man and the poet are one and the same.—REV. DAVID A. WASSON.

WHITTIER is in some respects the most American of all the American poets. It is safe to say that he has been less influenced by other literatures than any of our poets, with the exception, perhaps, of Bryant. The affectionate simplicity of Whittier's nature is seen in the poems which he addressed to his personal friends and to those whose life-pursuits ran in the same channels as his own moral sympathies.—RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

I HAVE not seen John Greenleaf Whittier, but I have had correspondence with him and have great affection for him. During the American war an eminent citizen of Massachusetts told me he thought there was no man in the United States whose writings at that time, and for some years before then, had had such great influence on public opinion as the writings of Whittier. If God gives a real poet to the people at a time like that, does He not verily speak to the people and ask them to return to the ways of mercy and righteousness ?—JOHN BRIGHT.

A WHITTIER ALPHABET.

A COTTAGE hidden in the wood,
Red through its seams a light is glowing,
On rock and bough and tree-trunk rude
A narrow luster throwing.

Mogg Megone.

But welcome, be it old or new,
The gift which makes the day more bright,
And paints upon the ground of cold
And darkness warmth and light.

Flowers in Winter.

Cheerily then, my little man,
Live and laugh as boyhood can !
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

The Barefoot Boy.

Down on my native hills of June
And home's green quiet, hiding all,
Fell sudden darkness like the fall
Of midnight upon noon !

The Rendition.

Early hath the spoiler found thee,
Brother of our love,
Autumn's faded earth around thee,
And its storms above!

On the Death of S. O. Torrey.

Father, to Thy suffering poor
Strength and grace and faith impart,
And with Thy own love restore
Comfort to the broken heart.

The Familists' Hymn.

God's stars and silence taught thee
As His angels only can,
That the one sole sacred thing beneath
The cope of heaven is Man.

The Branded Hand.

How hushed the hiss of party hate,
The clamor of the throng!
How old, harsh voices of debate
Flow into rhythmic song!

My Birthday.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

My Playmate.

Just then I felt the deacon's hand
In wrath my coat-tail seize on;
I heard the priest cry, "Infidel!"
The lawyer mutter, "Treason!"

A Sabbath Scene.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes?

A Visit to Washington.

Lift again the stately emblem
On the Bay State's rusted shield;
Give to Northern winds the Pine Tree
On our banner's tattered field.

The Pine Tree.

More than clouds of purple trail
In the gold of setting day;
More than gleams of wing or sail
Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

The Vanishers.

No perfect whole can our nature make,
Here or there the circle will break;
The orb of life as it takes the light
On one side, leaves the other in night.

The Preacher.

O friends whose hearts still keep their prime,
Whose bright example warms and cheers,
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,
And set to music all his years.

The Laurels.

Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown
Like the calm Sphinxes, with their eyes of stone
Questioning the centuries from their veils of sand.

Trust.

Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary laborer left his plow,
The milkmaid caroled by her cow.

Pentucket.

Rivermouth Rocks are fair to see,
By dawn or sunset shone across,
When the ebb of the sea has left them free
To dry their fringes of gold-green moss.

The Wreck of Rivermouth.

So shall the Northern Pioneer go joyful on his way
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay.

The Crisis.

Thank God that I have lived to see the time
When the great truth begins at last to find
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,
Earnest and clear, that all Revenge is Crime!

Abolition of the Gallows.

Unchanged by our changes of spirit and frame
Past, now, and henceforward the Lord is the same;
Though we sink in the darkness, His arms break our fall,
And in death as in life He is Father of all!

The Quaker Alumni.

Vain pride of star-lent genius!—vain
Quick fancy and creative brain,
Unblest by prayerful sacrifice,
Absurdly great or weakly wise!

The Chapel of the Hermits.

Wherever Freedom shivered a chain God speed, quoth I;
To Error amidst her shouting train I gave the lie.

My Soul and I.

Ximena, speak and tell us
Who has lost, and who has won?
Nearer came the storm and nearer,
Rolling fast and frightful on.

The Angels of Buena Vista.

Yon mountain's side is black with night,
While, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown,
The moon, slow rounding into sight,
On the hushed, inland sea looks down.

Summer by the Lakeside.

Zephyr-like o'er all things going
When the breath divine is flowing,
All my yearnings to be free
Are as echoes answering Thee.

Hymn from the French.

The Moral Warfare.

John G. Whittier.

When Freedom on her natal day
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood;
And through the storm which round her swept
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung;
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone:
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapon He has given—
The light, and truth, and love of heaven.

Recently a number of school-children of Girard, Pa., wrote a letter to John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, telling him that they had learned to recite "The Barefoot Boy," "The Huskers," and "Maud Muller," and closing thus: "If it would not be too much trouble, please

write a verse for us—something that we could learn and always remember as having been written by you especially for us." In response he sent the following:

"Faint not and falter not, nor plead
Your weakness. Truth itself is strong;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

"Your nature, which, through fire and blood,
To place or gain can find its way,
Has power to seek the highest good,
And duty's holiest call obey."

The Light that is Felt.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"O mother; take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee.

TEMPERANCE SELECTIONS.

Water.

Sweet, beautiful water! clear, pure, refreshing! that never brings sorrow to those who use it. Pour but a drop of this upon the drooping flower, and it will lift its head, as if to bless you. Apply but a drop of man's distilling, and the flower withers and dies.

Bestow but a cup of this on the famishing traveler in the sun-parched desert, and how gladly would he return it with overflowing gold! for he is dying with thirst, and the poisonous, intoxicating draught is but mockery now.

Sweet, beautiful water! brewed in the running brook; the rippling fountain; and the laughing rill! brewed in the sparkling dew-drop! brewed in yonder mountain top, which glitters like gold bathed in the morning sun!

Sweet, beautiful water! brewed in the clouds of Heaven; in the white-topped wave of the wide, wide ocean; driven by the storm, breathing its terrible anthem to the God of the sea! brewed in the fleecy foam and whitened spray, as it hangs like a speck over the distant cataract!

Sweet, beautiful water! no poison bubbles at its fountain! its foam brings not madness and murder! no blood stains its liquid glass! no pale and starving orphans weep burning tears in its clear depths! no

drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of despair!

The Great National Scourge.

However viewed, and wherever found, intemperance, in its beginning, its progress, and its end, is everywhere marked by desolation and woe. Alcohol, both in name and in truth, is the poison of our species. Chemical analysis and physiological experiment have established beyond controversy that alcohol, received into the stomach, remains unchanged—unassimilated—and as such travels with the blood, through the various arteries, veins, and organs of the system, not as blood nor as its fit companion, but as a murderous associate, a treacherous highwayman, charged with poison and commissioned to destroy.

In its journey round it feeds upon the liver, corrodes the lungs, burns the stomach, ruins the appetite, impairs digestion, discolors and vitiates the blood, defiles the breath, crimsons the nose, parches the lips, blisters the tongue, scalds the throat, husks the voice, bloats the face, dims the eye, wastes the muscles, palsies the limbs, deranges the nerves, and consumes the heart; and, as though its warrant was not yet fully executed, a detached portion of it aims at the head, breaks through its delicate vessels, crowds out reason, and takes up its poisonous, sacrilegious residence in the brain, and fears not to profane Divinity's earthly temple.

But even now its baneful work is hardly begun. Having thus undermined the health, and prepared the system for the ravages of disease, it strikes at the

moral and intellectual powers of man. It enfeebles the understanding, impairs the judgment, effaces the memory, extinguishes sensibility, pollutes the imagination, depraves the taste, stupefies conscience, annihilates honor, prostrates self-respect, debases the social affections, sours the disposition, inflames the wicked passions, dethrones the reason, and contaminates the heart, and thus quenches rational life and blots out the moral image of Deity's handiwork. Why, therefore, must not the intemperate man become a human fiend? Who is safe where he is?

And yet its march of ruin is onward still! It reaches abroad to others, invades the family and social circle, and spreads woe and sorrow all round. It cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It contemns law, spurns order, and loves mobs. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary.

It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, rev-

erences fraud, and honors infamy; it defames benevolence, hates love, accuses virtue, and slanders innocence.

It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes votes, disqualifies voters, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. It poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor; then curses the world and laughs at its ruins.

Words of Cheer.

Thomas H. Barker.

The signs of the times are full of promise and redolent with hope. We are not fighting as those who beat the air. We are on high vantage ground. Our many battles through the last fifty years have been victorious advances.

The temperance reformation is not a movement that can go backward. It is from the people, by the people, and for the people; and such a movement cannot but eventually succeed.

The people in a constitutionally governed country are the source of political power, and no institution, traffic, monopoly, privilege, or vested interest, that is seen to be unjust and against the public weal, against the conscience and common-sense of the people, can continue to be defended and upheld. Before the voice

and the vote and the determined will of the sovereign people, the liquor traffic must give way and be abolished. A thousand Liberty and Property Defense Leagues cannot uphold it, when the people vote against it.

Temperance Reformers! your cause is good and true and must prevail. Your case against the liquor traffic is fully proved—its facts are so strong, its principles and aims so just, and its arguments are so invincible and conclusive, that no impartial mind can examine and fail to be convinced. Your motives are so patriotic, and your objects so beneficent, that true and noble souls must be won over to your side, and help to win the future and final victory. Let us not be weary in well-doing, but let us march forward against the enemy and into the battlefield. Let us respond to the clear, ringing bugle-note now calling us to action and duty. Pause not and waver not, but stand to your guns. Have the courage of your convictions. Be heroic in the strife, worthy of your good cause, and worthy of your brave leaders and champions who are always to the front, and close by you in the thick of the fight, leading you on to assured victory, and to a grand triumph for home and country, for God and humanity!

It Is Coming.

M. Florence Mosher.

Do you hear an ominous muttering, as of thunder gath'ring round?
Do you hear the nation tremble as an earthquake shakes the ground?
'Tis the waking of a people—'tis a mighty battle sound.

Do you see the grand uprising of the people in their might?
They are girding on their armor, they are arming for the fight,
They are going forth to battle for the triumph of the Right.

For the power of Rum hath bound us, and the power of Rum hath reigned,
Till baptismal robes of Liberty are tarnished, torn, and stained;
Till the struggling nation shudders as its forces lie enchained.

It has filled the scales of justice with unhallowed, blood-stained gold,
And her sword to smite crime's minions now lies powerless in her hold;
For the serpent of the still hath wrapped around it, fold by fold.

It hath trampled o'er the hearthstone, and hath left it desolate;
It hath slain the wife and mother; it hath filled the world with hate;
It hath wrecked the noblest manhood, and hath laughed to scorn the great.

Shall it longer reign in triumph, longer wear its tyrant crown?
Shall it firmer draw its fetters, firmer bind the nation down?
Shall this grand young country longer bow and tremble 'neath its frown?

No! Let every heart re-echo; rouse, ye gallant men and true!
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers! See, the night is almost through;
Rouse ye, every man and woman—God is calling now for you.

The Temperance Pledge.

Thomas Francis Marshall.

It does appear to me that if the loftiest among the lofty spirits which move and act from day to day could hear the tales I have heard, and see the men I have seen, restored by the influence of a thing so simple as this temperance pledge, from a state of the most abject wretchedness to industry, health, comfort, and in their own emphatic language to "peace," he could not withhold his countenance and support from a cause fraught with such actual blessings to mankind. It is a thing of interest to see and to hear a free, bold, strong-armed, hard-fisted mechanic relate, in his own nervous and natural language, the history of his fall and recovery; and I have heard him relate how the young man was brought up to labor, and expecting by patient toil to support himself and a rising family, had taken to his bosom in his youth the woman whom he loved—how he was tempted to quit her side, and forsake her society for the dram-shop, the frolic, the midnight brawl—how he had resolved and broken his resolutions till his business forsook him, his friends deserted him, his funiture seized for debt, his clothing pawned for drink, his wife broken-hearted, his children starving, his home a desert, and his heart a hell. Then he will exultingly recount the wonders wrought in his conditions by this same pledge: "My friends have come back, I have good clothes on, I am at work again, I am giving food and providing comforts for my children; I am free, I am a man, I am at peace here. My children no longer shrink, cowering and huddling

together in corners or under the bed, for protection from the face of their own father. When I return at night they bound into my arms and nestle in my bosom. My wife, no longer, with a throbbing heart and agonized ear, counts my steps before she sees me, to discover whether I am drunk or sober; I find her singing and at work."

I say these things have an interest, a mighty interest, for me; and I deem them not entirely beneath the regard of the proudest statesman here. On my conscience, I speak the truth when I say that if, by taking this pledge, it were even probable that it would bring back one human being to happiness and virtue, recall the smile of hope and trust and love to the cheek of one wife, send one rosy child bounding to the arms of a parent whence drunkenness had exiled it long, I would dare all the ridicule of all the ridiculous people in the world, and thank God that I had not lived in vain. And I have had that pleasure.

Think not that I feel myself in a ridiculous position, and wish to divide it with others. By my honor as a gentleman, not so. That pledge, though confined to myself alone, and with reference only to its effect upon me,—my mind, my heart, my body,—I would not exchange for all earth holds of brighest and best. Let the banners of this temperance cause go forward or go backward; let the world be rescued from its degrading and ruinous bondage to alcohol or not; I, for one, shall never repent what I have done. I would not exchange the physical sensations, the mere sense of animal being which belongs to a man who totally refrains from all that can intoxicate his brain or derange his nervous structure—the elasticity with which he bounds from

his couch in the morning, the sweet repose it yields him at night, the feeling with which he drinks in through his clear eyes the beauty and the grandeur of surrounding nature; I say I would not exchange my conscious being as a strictly temperate man,—though poverty dogged me, though scorn pointed its slow finger at me as I passed, though want and destitution, and every element of earthly misery, save only crime, met my waking eye from day to day; not for all that time and earth can give would I cast from me this precious pledge of a liberated mind, this talisman against temptation, and plunge again into the dangers and horrors which once beset my path; so help me Heaven, as I would spurn beneath my very feet all the gifts the universe could offer, and live and die as I am—poor, but sober.

The Cry of Personal Liberty.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland.

No sooner is mention made of laws affecting the liquor traffic, than its cry of protest quickly reaches our ears. It speaks, it tells us, in the name of personal rights and personal liberty, violated by the laws which we would enforce or enact. Personal liberty! It ever was the fashion of wrong to bedeck itself with righteous name. Liberty is dear to the American people—so dear that the name is a passport to all hearts. But will we allow slavery and vice and death to borrow the precious name and to make their own the privileges and the rights of liberty? It is liberty herself that commands law to press down heavily to-day upon the liquor traffic. The first duty of the

liberty-loving citizen is to hold more precious than the apple of his eye the life of the Republic, the mother and the guardian angel of liberty, to war against its enemies—and the enemy of the Republic is not more he who opposes her flag on the battlefield than he who scatters moral poison through her town and villages, and defies in his daily avocation her laws and her law-making power. Liberty means the right of all men to enjoy without disturbance life and property; not a title for one portion of the community to prey as hungry beasts upon the other. Liberty, O sacred name! To what base service they chain thee! They ask for liberty to rob of soul and life the minor and the habitual drunkard; to break in with riot and shame upon the quietness of our Sunday; to track to his home and workshop the poor laborer, lest he bring bread to starving wife and children! They ask for liberty to trample underfoot the laws of the land, to level against the Republic death-dealing blows! Not more audacious would be the clamoring of the spirit of the furious waters of our great rivers demanding liberty to sweep away whole cities, and to engulf in the maddening abyss, hecatombs of human lives. No, no—we know and love liberty, but the cry of the traffic is not the cry of liberty.

THE SEASONS.

A Song of Waking.

Katharine Lee Bates.

The maple buds are red, are red,
The robin's call is sweet;
The blue sky floats above thy head,
The violets kiss thy feet.
The sun paints emeralds on the spray
And sapphires on the lake;
A million wings unfold to-day,
A million flowers awake.

Their starry cups the cowslips lift
To catch the golden light,
And like a spirit fresh from shrift
The cherry tree is white.
The innocent looks up with eyes
That know no deeper shade
Than falls from wings of butterflies
Too fair to make afraid.

With long, green raiment blown and wet
The willows, hand in hand,
Lean low to teach the rivulet
What trees may understand
Of murmurous tune and idle dance,
With broken rhymes whose flow
A poet's ear shall catch, perchance,
A score of miles below.

Across the sky to fairy realm
There sails a cloud-born ship;
A wind sprite standeth at the helm,
With laughter on his lip;
The melting masts are tipped with gold,
The 'broidered pennons stream;
The vessel beareth in her hold
The lading of a dream.

It is the hour to rend thy chains,
The blossom time of souls;
Yield all the rest to cares and pains,
To-day delight controls.
Gird on thy glory and thy pride,
For growth is of the sun;
Expand thy wings whate'er betide,
The Summer is begun.

The Spring.

Mary Howitt.

The Spring—she is a blessed thing;
She is the mother of the flowers;
She is the mate of birds and bees,
The partner of their revelries,
Our star of hope through wintry hours.

The many children, when they see
Her coming, by the budding thorn,
They leap upon the cottage floor,
They shout beside the cottage door,
And run to meet her night and morn.

They are soonest with her in the woods,
Peeping, the withered leaves among,
To find the earliest fragrant thing
That dares from the cold earth to spring,
Or catch the earliest wild bird's song.

The little brooks run on in light,
As if they had a chase of mirth;
The skies are blue, the air is balm;
Our very hearts have caught the charm
That sheds a beauty over earth.

Up! let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air;
The bird is building in the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health and love and peace are there.

The Voice of Spring.

Mrs. Hemans.

I come, I come! ye have called me long;
I come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And the ancient graves and the fallen fanes
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill in the wildwood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

An April Day.

Mrs. Southey.

All day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fullness down;
All day that soft gray mist hath wrapped
Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound to-day
To break the calm of Nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life or living creature;

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen;
Though every drooping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds
Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air,
Is all with fragrance rife;
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores,
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.

And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth, of amber light.

But yet behold! abrupt and loud
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

Bird's Song in April.

Clinton Scollard.

Perched upon a maple bough,
Sang a wren, "'Tis April now!"
And the while he tuned his trills,
Leaped the rills,
Flushed the hills,
And a hint of coming glory gleamed upon the mountain's brow.

Down beside the reedy mere
Piped a blackbird, "April's here!"
And the water murmured low,
In its flow,
"Soon will blow
Lovely golden-petaled lilies for the blushing maiden year."

Sweetly from the woodland's heart
With his ever-joyous art,
"April's come," a robin cried;
"March has died;
Winds that sighed,
Mourning, moaning round the gables, play a merry lover's part."

On an elm-tree branch asway,
Caroled forth a joyous jay;
Clear from his exuberant throat
Note on note
Seemed to float—
"Joy in sun and joy in shower—April ushers in the May!"

May.

May comes laughing, crowned with daffodils,
Her dress embroidered with blue violets,
So gracious and so sweet she scarcely lets
A thought return of all the winter's ills.

The orchards with enchanting wealth she fills;
In the green marshes golden cowslip sets,
And all the waking woodland spaces frets
With shy anemones. But ah, she wills
At times to frown in sudden wayward mood;
The violets shiver clinging to the ground,
She's cold and blustering where once she wooed,
And oftentimes in petulant tears is found;
But like sweet women, who sometimes are cross,
Her smiles come back the sweeter for their loss.

JUNE.

SHE sits all day plaiting a wild-rose wreath,
This daughter of the Sun, come from afar.
Sweeter is she than her bright sisters are
Who follow her across the flowery heath.
A daisy is her sign, and underneath
The meadow's foamy flow the clovers wear
Their uniforms of white and red, and bear
Their cups of sweet to scent their mistress' breath.
What dawns are thine, O dear, delicious June,
When at the drawing of thy curtain's fold
The birds awake and sing a marvelous tune
To the young Day that comes in rose and gold!
What twilights when the gray dusk hides thy face
That thou mayst come with more enchanting grace!

A SUMMER DAY.

OVER the fields the daisies lie,
With the buttercups, under the azure sky;
Shadow and sunshine, side by side,
Are chasing each other o'er meadows wide;
While the warm, sweet breath of the summer air
Is filled with the perfume of blossoms fair.

Ferns and grasses and wild vines grow
Close where the waters ripple and flow;
And the merry zephyrs the livelong day
With the nodding leaves are ever at play;
And birds are winging their happy flight
'Mongst all things beautiful, free, and bright.

There's a hum of bees in the drowsy air,
And a glitter of butterflies everywhere;
From the distant meadow—so sweet and clear—
The ring of the mower's scythe we hear,
And the voices of those who make their hay
In the gladsome shine of the summer's day.

Sing, little robin, sing, and wait
On the old rail fence for your tardy mate.
All hearts rejoice in the happiness
Of the perfect day. Like a sweet caress
It lies on our hearts, and fills our eyes
With the sunlight born of the tender skies.

Indian Summer.

John G. Whittier.

From gold to gray
Our mild sweet day
Of Indian summer fades too soon;
But tenderly
Above the sea
Hangs, white and calm, the hunter's moon.

In its pale fire
The village spire,
Shows like the zodiac's spectral lance,
The painted walls
Wheron it falls,
Transfigured stand in marble trance.

September, 1815.

William Wordsworth.

While not a leaf seems faded, while the fields,
With ripening harvests prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask, this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
His icy cimeter, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware,
And whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields."
For me, who, under kindlier laws, belong
To Nature's tuneful choir, this rustling dry,
Through the green leaves, and yon crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

October.

William Cullen Bryant.

Ay, thou art welcome, Heaven's delicious breath,
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny South, oh! still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh,
And, when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

Early Autumn.

Dart Fairthorne.

The country lanes are bright with bloom,
And gentle airs come stealing through,
Laden with native wild perfume
Of balm and mint and honey-dew,
And o'er the summer's radiant flush
Lies early autumn's dreamy hush.

In wayside nooks the asters gleam,
And frost-flowers dance above the sod,
While, lapsing by, the silent stream
Reflects the hue of golden-rod,
That flower which lights a dusky day
With something of the sun-god's ray.

The grape-vine clambers o'er the hedge
In golden festoons; sumacs burn
Like torches on the distant ledge,
Or light the lane at every turn,
And ivy riots everywhere
In blood-red banners on the air.

A purple mist of fragrant mint
Borders the fences, drifting out
Of fostering corners, and its tint,
As half of cheer and half of doubt,
Is like the dear, delightful haze
Which robes the hills these autumn days.

And strange wild growths are newly met;
Odd things but little prized of yore,
Like some old jewel well reset,
Take on a worth unseen before,
As dock, in spring a graceless weed,
Is brilliant in its autumn seed.

The cricket and the katydid
Pipe low their sad, prophetic tune,
Though airs pulse warm the leaves amid,
As played around the heart of June;
So minor strains break on the heart,
Foretelling age as years depart.

The sweet old story of the year
Is spinning onward to its close,
Yet sounds as welcome on the ear
As in the time of op'ning rose.
May life for all as sweetly wane
As comes the autumn-time again!

An Autumn Day.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Like a jewel golden-rimmed;
Like a chalice nectar-brimmed;
Like a strain of music low,
Lost in some sweet long ago;
Like a fairy story old
By the lips of children told;
Like a rune of ancient bard;
Like a missal glory-starred—
Comes upon her winsome way
This enchanting Autumn Day.

O'er the hills the sunlight sleeps,
Through the vales the shadow creeps;
On the river's stately tides
Rich the silent splendor glides;
Where the bowery orchards be,
Perfumed breezes wander free;
Where the purple clusters shine
Through the network of the vine,
Fragrant odors fill the air;
Beauty shineth everywhere,

While upon her joyous way
Comes the lovely Autumn Day.

By the road's neglected banks
Rise the sumac's serried ranks;
Ragged hedge of thorn and brier
Sudden flames with living fire;
From the hard, unlovely sod
Springs the glancing golden-rod;
Light the level sunbeams sift
Through the violet aster-drift;
All her spears in proud array,
Comes the bannered Autumn Day.

Lifts the forest's lofty line,
Sceptered oak and solemn pine;
Shifting rainbow tints illume
All the depths of fronded gloom;
Through the vista'd aisles unroll
Sweeping robe and trailing stole—
Where, superbly on her way,
Comes the royal Autumn Day.

Heart of mine, be glad and gay;
Wear thy festival array;
Sing thy song for gathered fruit;
Why shouldst thou alone be mute,
When the winds from sea to sea
Ring in chords of jubilee?
After waiting, after prayer,
After pain and toil and care,
After expectation long—
Lo! the bright fulfillments throng;
Gleam the apples through the leaves;
Thickly stand the golden sheaves;
Earth is all in splendor dressed;
Queenly fair, she sits at rest,
While the deep delicious day
Dreams its happy life away.

Faded Leaves.

Alice Cary.

The hills are bright with maples yet;
But down the level land
The beech-leaves rustle in the wind
As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red
Along the hilltops glow,
And in the still sharp air the frost
Is like a dream of snow.

The berries of the brier rose
Have lost their rounded pride,
The bitter-sweet chrysanthemums
Are drooping heavy-eyed.

The cricket grows more friendly now,
The dormouse sly and wise,
Hiding away in disgrace
Of nature from men's eyes.

The pigeons in black and wavering lines
Are swinging toward the sun;
And all the wide and withered fields
Proclaim the summer done.

His store of nuts and acorns now
The squirrel hastes to gain,
And sets his house in order for
The winter's dreary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books, to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

Talking in Their Sleep.

Edith M. Thomas.

"You think I am dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show—
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my feet."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive, and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers!"

November.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last;
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast,
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past
And makes a little summer where it grows,
In the chill sunbeam of the faint, brief day.
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks confine,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with somber ivy-twine.

Winter.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

A WRINKLED, crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as gray
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue-lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth,
Old Winter, seated in thy great armed chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
Or circled by them as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the moldering fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright.

December.

Louisa Parsons Hopkins.

Blow, northern winds!
To brace my fibers, knit my cords,
To gird my soul, to fire my words,
To do my work—for 'tis the Lord's—
To fashion minds.

Come, tonic blasts!
Arouse my courage, stir my thought,
Give nerve and strength that as I ought
I give my strength to what is wrought
While duty lasts.

Glow, arctic light!
And let my heart with burnished steel
That bright magnetic flame reveal
Which kindles purpose, faith, and zeal
For truth and right.

Shine, winter skies!
That when each brave day's work is done
I wait in peace from sun to sun,
To meet unshamed, through victory won,
Your starry eyes.

JANUARY.

ROSALINE E. JONES.

WHO can love you, January?
You are gruff and ugly—very.
How you roar!
And a sorry tale you utter,
In a maniacal mutter,
At my door.

Then you sob and sigh and pine,
In a mindless, minor whine,
And again
A wild, grewsome ditty slips
From your frozen, rigid lips,
Fierce as pain.

Like some creature strung to hate,
Wrestling with its cruel fate,
Conquering
Only as you flee apace,
Glaring back with grim, wry face,
Mimicking.

Hush your savage minstrelsy
To a mellower symphony,
Soft and deep.
Know you no mellifluous rune?
No low, lulling cradle croon,
Wooing sleep?

No soft breath from slumbrous isles,
Where eternal summer smiles
Halcyon?
Beat your tattoo for your raids,
And decamp for Hadean shades.
Pray begone!

Frost Work.

Mary E. Bradley.

No fairies left? You need not tell me so,
For in the night upon my window pane
Grew wondrous things that made me surely know
The fairies are at their old tricks again.

O wonder working spirit! if I could
But learn of you the secret of the snow—
How frost is given by the breath of God,
And where the hidden water courses flow;

And where begotten is the dew that strings
Her lovely pearls upon the meanest weed,
And what sweet animating influence brings
The blossom splendid from the trivial seed;

Could I but ride the south wind and the north,
And fathom all the mysteries they hold,
See how the lightning, leaping wildly forth,
And how the turbulent thunder is controlled,

I would no more be fretted by the greed
And selfishness of men; their puny spite,
Nor any worldly loss or cross indeed,
My lifted soul could evermore affright.

And wherefore now? The laughing fairy seems
To mock at me the spangled window through;
And I laugh also, waking from my dreams
To take up daily loss and cross anew.

But with a sense of things divinely planned,
That makes me sure I need not fear disdain,
From One who holds the thunder in his hand,
Yet stoops to trace the frost work on the pane.

FLOWERS.

No Flowers.

How bleak and drear the earth would seem
  Were there no flower faces
To give the hills, the woods and fields
  Their pleasing charms and graces!
Could spring be spring without a flower
  To smile at April's weeping?
Would robins trill so gay a song,
  Or May day be worth keeping?

And only think how bare the hedge
  Would look without its posies!—
How queer 'twould be to have a June
  That did not smell like roses!
No dandelions on the sward
  For childhood's busy fingers;
No morning-glories, drinking dew,
  While golden sunrise lingers!

No violets, with hoods of blue,
  To nod at mild spring's coming;
No clover blossoms—would we hear
  The busy bees' soft humming?
And were there no forget-me-nots,
  No buttercups or daisies,
The children would be lost for sports,
  The poet lost for phrases.

No flowers, with their refining power
  No wafts from yon sweet heaven—
No tokens of a love divine
  To erring mortals given!
Ah, flowers your smiling faces prove
  The Source of all our pleasures
Would not pronounce creation good
  Without thee, floral treasures!

Flower Dreams.

The sleeping earth, with thick white veil,
  By winter's hand is covered o'er;
She waits in slumber still and pale,
  Till spring awaken her once more.

As without care the weary child
  Nestles upon its mother's breast,
So sleep the flowers, earth's children mild,
  Close to her frost-bound bosom pressed.

They dream of breezes blowing fair,
  Of sunshine and of sparkling dews,
Of fragrant odors sweet and rare,
  Of waving woods and springtime hues.

Each dreaming flower lifts up its head
  To view the splendor far and near;
When lo! the lovely dream has fled.
  And, verily, the spring is here!

Ferns.

Ferns, beautiful ferns,
By the side of the running waters,
Lovely and sweet and fresh,
As the fairest of earth-born daughters;
Under the dreamy shade
Of the forest's mighty branches,
Curving their graceful shapes
To the playful wind's advances.

Ferns, delicate ferns,
Neighbors of emerald mosses,
Having no thought or care
For worldly attainments or losses.
Children of shadow serene,
Fresh at the heart through the summer,
Over the cool springs they lean,
Where the sunbeam is rarely a comer.

Ferns, feathery ferns,
Delicate, slender and frail,
Nursed by the streamlet, whose song
Is music for hillside and vale.
Purity, modesty, grace,
Emblems of these to the mind,
Loving the quietest place
That ever a sunbeam will find.

The Message of the Snowdrop.

Courage and hope, true heart!
Summer is coming though late the spring,
Over the breast of the quiet mold,
With an emerald shimmer—a glint of gold,
Till the leaves of the regal rose unfold
At the rush of the swallow's wing.

Courage and hope, true heart!
Summer is coming though spring be late;
Wishing is weary and waiting is long,
But sorrow's day hath an even-song,
And the garlands that never shall fade belong
To the soul that is strong to wait.

The Wild Violet.

Hannah F. Gould.

Violet, violet, sparkling with dew,
Down in the meadow-land wild where you grew,
How did you come by the beautiful blue
With which your soft petals unfold?
And how do you hold up your tender young head,
When rude, sweeping winds rush along o'er your bed,
And dark, gloomy clouds, ranging over you, shed
Their waters so heavy and cold?

No one has nursed you or watched you an hour,
Or found you a place in the garden or bower;
And no one can yield me so lovely a flower
As here I have found at my feet.
Speak, my sweet violet! answer and tell
How you have grown up and flourished so well,
And look so contented where lowly you dwell,
And we thus by accident meet!

"The same careful hand," the violet said,
"That holds up the firmament, holds up my head;
And He who with azure the skies overspread
Has painted the violet blue.
He sprinkles the stars out above me by night,
And sends down the sunbeams at morning with light,
To make my new coronet sparkling and bright,
When formed of a drop of his dew."

"I've naught to fear from the black, heavy cloud,
Or the breath of the tempest that comes strong and loud,
Where, born in the lowland, and far from the crowd,
I know and I live but for One.
He soon forms a mantle, about me to cast,
Of long silken grass, till the rain and the blast,
And all that seemed threatening, have harmlessly passed
As the clouds scud before the warm sun!"

Daffodils.

Robert Herrick.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth, to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

To the Dandelion.

James Russell Lowell.

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer blooms may be,

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'Tis the Spring's largess which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart and heed not space or time;
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summerlike, warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows in the grass,—
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,—
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind,—or waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap,—and of a sky above
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee.
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from Heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears,
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

Thou art the type of those meek charities
  Which make up half the nobleness of life;
Those cheap delights the wise
  Pluck from the dusty wayside of earth's strife;
Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes,
  Love's smallest coin, which yet to some may give
  The morsel that may keep alive
A starving heart, and teach it to behold
Some glimpse of God where all before was cold.

Thy winged seeds, whereof the winds take care,
  Are like the words of poet and of sage
Which through the free Heaven fare,
  And, now unheeded, in another age
Take root, and to the gladdened future bear
  That witness which the present would not heed,
  Bringing forth many a thought and deed,
And, planted safely in the eternal sky,
Bloom into stars which earth is guided by.

Full of deep love thou art, yet not more full
  Than all thy common brethren of the ground,
Wherein, were we not dull,
  Some words of highest wisdom might be found;
Yet earnest faith from day to day may cull
  Some syllables, which, rightly joined, can make
  A spell to soothe life's bitterest ache,
And ope Heaven's portals, which are near us still,
Yea, nearer ever than the gates of Ill

How like a prodigal doth Nature seem,
  When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
  More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
  Of Heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
  Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

But let me read thy lesson right or no,
Of one good gift from thee my heart is sure;
Old I shall never grow
While thou each year dost come to keep me pure
With legends of my childhood; ah! we owe
Well more than half life's holiness to these
Nature's first lowly influences,
At thought of which the heart's glad doors burst ope,
In dreariest days, to welcome peace and hope.

The Daisy.

John Mason Good.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove that God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud;

Mold its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within;

And fling it, unrestrained and free,
O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see
At every step the stamp of God!

Sweet Peas.

Oh, what is the use of such pretty wings
If one never, never can fly?
Pink and fine as the clouds that shine
In the delicate morning sky.
With a perfume sweet as the lilies keep
Down in their vases so white and deep.

The brown bees go humming aloft;
The humming-bird soars away;
The butterfly blows like the leaf of a rose.
Off, off in the sunshine gay;
While you peep over the garden wall,
Looking so wistfully after them all.

Are you tired of the company
Of the balsams so dull and proud?
Of the coxcombs bold and the marigold,
And the spider-wort wrapped in a cloud?
Have you not plenty of sunshine and dew,
And crowds of gay gossips to visit you?

How you flutter, and reach, and climb!
How eager your wee faces are!
Aye, turned to the light till the blind old night
Is led to the world by a star.
Well, it surely is hard to feel one's wings,
And still be prisoned like wingless things.

"Tweet, tweet," then says Parson Thrush,
Who is preaching up in a tree;
"Though you never may fly while the world goes by,
Take heart, little flowers," says he;
"For often, I know, to the souls that aspire
Comes something better than their desire!"

The Trailing Arbutus.

John G. Whittier.

I wandered lone where the pine trees made
Against the east their barricade;
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found within a narrow dell
The trailing spring flower, tinted like a shell,
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
Moaned ceasless overhead, the blossoming vines
Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees
His feathers, ruffled by chill sea breeze,
And snowdrifts lingered under April skies.

As, pausing, o'er the lowly flowers I bent,
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

A Bunch of Cowslips.

In the rarest of English valleys
A motherless girl ran wild,
And the greenness and silence and gladness
Were soul of the soul of the child.
The birds were her gay little brothers,
The squirrels her sweethearts shy;
And her heart kept tune with the raindrops,
And sailed with the clouds in the sky;
And angels kept coming and going,
With beautiful things to do;
And wherever they left a footprint,
A cowslip or primrose grew.

She was taken to live in London—
So thick with pitiless folk—
And she could not smile for its badness,
And could not breathe for its smoke;
And now as she lay on her pallet,
Too weary and weak to rise,
A smile of ineffable longing
Brought dews to her faded eyes;
"Oh, me! for a yellow cowslip,
A pale little primrose dear!
Won't some kind angel remember,
And pluck one and bring it here?"

They brought her a bunch of cowslips;
She took them with fingers weak,
And kissed them, and stroked them, and loved them,
And laid them against her cheek.
"It was kind of the angels to send them;
And now I'm too tired to pray,
If God looks down at the cowslips,
He'll know what I want to say."
They buried them in her bosom;
And when she shall wake and rise,
Why may not the flowers be quickened,
And bloom in her happy skies?

Ragged Sailors.

O ragged, ragged Sailors!
I pray you answer me:
What may you all be doing
So far away from sea?

"We're loitering by the roadsides,
We're lingering on the hills,
To talk with pretty Daisies
In stiff and snowy frills.

"And though our blue be ragged,
Right welcome still are we
To tell the nodding lasses
Long tales about the sea!"

Roses.

It is summer, says a fairy,
Bring me tissue light and airy;
Bring me colors of the rarest,
Search the rainbow for the fairest
Sea-shell, pink and sunny yellow,
Kingly crimson, deep and mellow;
Faint red in Aurora beaming,
And the white in pure pearl gleaming.

Bring me diamonds from the spaces
Where the air the earth embraces;
Bring me gold-dust by divining
Where the humming-bird is mining;
Bring me sweets as rich as may be
From the kisses of a baby;
With an art no fay discloses
I am going to make some roses.

Golden-rod.

Lucy Larcom.

Midsummer music in the grass—
The cricket and the grasshopper;
White daisies and red clover pass;
The caterpillar trails her fur
After the languid butterfly;
But green and spring-like is the sod

Where autumn's earliest lamps I spy—
The tapers of the golden-rod.

This flower is fuller of the sun
Than any our pale North can show;
It has the heart of August won,
And scatters wide the warmth and glow
Kindled at summer's mid-noon blaze,
Where gentians of September bloom
Along October's leaf-strewn ways,
And through November's paths of gloom.

As lavish of its golden light
As sunshine's self, this blossom is;
Its starry chandeliers burn bright
All day; and have you noted this—
A perfect sun in every flower,—
Ten thousand thousand fairy suns,
Raying from new disks hour by hour,
As up the stalk the life-flash runs?

Because its myriad glimmering plumes
Like a great army's stir and wave,
Because its gold in billows blooms,
The poor man's barren walks to lave;
Because its sun-shaped blossoms show
How souls receive the light of God,
And unto earth give back that glow—
I thank Him for the golden-rod.

Oh, Golden-Rod.

W. L. Jaquith.

The pale primrose her petals fain would hide
When thou dost stand anear, oh, Golden-rod!
And all the radiant sisterhood beside,
Whatever blooms deck autumn's quiet sod—

Asters in white and royal purple brave,
Crimson gerardias by the wayside sown,
Gentians with hue the dear sky stooped and gave—
All yield to thee thy due, the season's crown.

Slight was the prelude to thy regal state;
Who could divine the splendid mystery,
Or read the hidden promise of thy fate
From the first pages of thy history?
Thy tiny buds in formless masses cast,
Obedient to the voice of Nature old,
Found each its place in serried ranks at last,
While burning noontides kissed the green to gold.

Even so thy dower of shining stars was given,
Thickset o'er all thy branching, bending lines;
Yet further still has life within thee striven
To reach the destiny thy doom assigns;
For clustered stars have burned to molten gold,
And with full hands thou hold'st the treasure out,
While o'er thee hovers many a plunderer bold,
Wanton in boisterous glee and wassail rout.

In gracious mood, with highest joy elate,
Thou flingest golden largess everywhere,
With lavish hands, as fits thy royal state,—
Thy generous bounty fills the autumn air;
Yet while I praise, oh, Golden-rod, thy pride,
I know such splendor well I could resign
If in thy place the violet would hide,
Or summer's roses once again were mine.

Yet still I mourn that autumn wanes apace
And soon thou must resign thy golden crown;
That soon thine own pale ghost shall fill thy place,
And the bare fields stretch desolate and brown;
When fast before the wind the dead leaves fly,
When skies are dark and barren woods are drear,
Surely shall come the unavailing cry,
"Oh, that the vanished Golden-rod were here!"

Lord of the seasons' bounty, hear my prayer!
Grant in thy mercy dear this simple grace—
Clear-seeing eyes to find the good and fair,
A heart that knows thy hand in every place,
That finds the present gift sufficient store
For daily need and daily happiness,
Nor ever counts the wished-for blessing more,
The living joy, the certain sweetness, less.

A September Violet.

We were sitting idly gazing on the varied scene before us,
Overhead a tree with mellow fruit was lowly bending down,
Near us vines with juicy clusters of the luscious grapes were hanging,
And we heard the ripe nuts dropping on the dead leaves sere and brown.
The bitter-sweets were twining round the cedars lithe and slender;
The cardinal flowers bloomed gayly in the shallow, rippling brook,
While the asters, royal purple, and all the garnered sunshine
Of the golden-rod was brightening every walk and wayside nook.

Soft, white clouds with filmy mantles half concealed the sun's bright presence,
While we chatted of the splendor that, though brilliant, always grieves;
And we turned from autumn's beauty to the child that flitted near us,
Now catching at the sunbeams, now dancing with the leaves.
As we thought, for her the landscape has no shade of sadness o'er it,
No token of decay in its grandeur can she see,

Through the aftermath she hastened with one dimpled hand behind her,
And her bonny black eyes shining with a merry, childish glee.

"I have something, oh, so pretty!" rang the eager voice with gladness;
"Something, oh, so very pretty! you must guess what I have found."
"Is it a bit of rock moss-covered, or a stone as clear as crystal,
Or a bird's nest quaintly woven that has fallen to the ground?
Well, perhaps, a snowy fern-leaf whitened by the frost's cool kisses.
No? well then, dear, you must tell us." Then she held a violet up.
What a tender, sweet reminder of the early vanished spring-time,
Was the faint, delicious odor of its sapphire-tinted cup!

What had tempted this wee blossom from its bed among the grasses?
Had the south wind whispered falsely that again it was the May?
Had its little heart grown weary waiting ever in the shadow?
Was it glad to yield its small life just to once more see the day?
Who could tell us? Not the floweret, nestling in the dark brown tress,
Where amidst her curls we placed it with a tender, mute caress;
"Little one," we whispered softly, as we wandered slowly homeward,
"In thy autumn, too, may tokens of the spring be found to bless."

The Golden Flower.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

When Advent dawns with lessening days,
  While Earth awaits the angels' hymn;
When bare as branching coral sways
  In whistling winds each leafless limb;
When spring is but a spendthrift's dream,
  And summer's wealth a wasted dower,
Nor dews nor sunshine may redeem,—
  Then autumn coins his Golden Flower.

Soft was the violet's vernal hue,
  Fresh was the rose's morning red,
Full-orbed the stately dahlia grew,—
  All gone! their short-lived splendors shed.
The shadows, lengthening, stretch at noon;
  The fields are stripped, the groves are dumb;
The frost-flowers greet the icy moon,—
  Then blooms the bright chrysanthemum.

The stiffening turf is white with snow,
  Yet still its radiant disks are seen
When soon the hallowed morn will show
  The wreath and cross of Christmas green;
As if in autumn's dying days
  It heard the heavenly song afar,
And opened all its glowing rays,
  The herald lamp of Bethlehem's star.

Orphan of summer, kindly sent
  To cheer the fading year's decline,
In all that pitying Heaven has lent
  No fairer pledge of hope than thine.
Yes! June lies hid beneath the snow,
  And winter's unborn heir shall claim
For every seed that sleeps below
  A spark that kindles into flame.

Thy smile the scowl of winter braves,
  Last of the bright-robed, flowery train,
Soft sighing o'er the garden graves,
  "Farewell! farewell! we meet again!"
So may life's chill November bring
  Hope's Golden Flower, the last of all,
Before we hear the angels sing
  Where blossoms never fade and fall!

Chrysanthemums.

Mrs. Mary E. Dodge.

Bravest of brave sweet blossoms in all of the garden-row;
Fair, when most of the flowers shrink from the winds that blow;
Gay, when the dismal north wind wails through the tree-tops dumb;
Breathing a breath of gladness is the brave Chrysanthemum.

One is of tawny color; another of cardinal glow,
As the cheek of a sun-warmed maiden and reddest of wine will show;
While some are of gorgeous yellow, like gold in a monarch's crown,
And some of a royal purple, dusted with softest down.

Some of a creamy whiteness, touched to a rosy blush,
As the snow of the lovely Jungfrau glows with a sunset flush;
Some flame at the heart, pearl-petaled; and lavender-hued are some;
Yet each of them, crude or cultured, just a brave Chrysanthemum.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY.

Abraham Lincoln's Place in History.

Bishop John P. Newman.

Human glory is often fickle as the winds, and transient as a summer day; but Abraham Lincoln's place in history is assured. All the symbols of this world's admiration are his. He is embalmed in song, recorded in history, eulogized in panegyric, cast in bronze, sculptured in marble, painted on canvas, enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and lives in the memories of mankind. Some men are brilliant in their times, but their words and deeds are of little worth to history; but his mission was as large as his country, vast as humanity, enduring as time. No greater thought can ever enter the human mind than obedience to law and freedom for all. Some men are not honored by their contemporaries, and die neglected. Here is one more honored than any other man while living, more revered when dying, and destined to be loved to the last syllable of recorded time. He has this threefold greatness,—great in life, great in death, great in the history of the world. Lincoln will grow upon the attention and affections of posterity, because he saved the life of the greatest nation, whose ever widening influence is to bless humanity. Measured by

this standard, Lincoln shall live in history from age to age.

Great men appear in groups, and in groups they disappear from the vision of the world; but we do not love or hate men in groups. We speak of Gutenberg and his coadjutors, of Washington and his generals, of Lincoln and his cabinet; but when the day of judgment comes, we crown the inventor of printing, we place the laurel on the brow of the father of his country, and the chaplet of renown upon the head of the saviour of the Republic.

Some men are great from the littleness of their surroundings, but he is only great who is great amid greatness. Lincoln had great associates,—Seward, the sagacious diplomatist; Chase, the eminent financier; Stanton, the incomparable Secretary of War; with illustrious senators and soldiers. Neither could take his part nor fill his position. And the same law of the coming and going of great men is true of our own day. In piping times of peace, genius is not aflame, and true greatness is not apparent; but when the crisis comes, then God lifts the curtain from obscurity and reveals the man for the hour.

Lincoln stands forth on the page of history, unique in his character and majestic in his individuality. Like Milton's angel, he was an original conception. He was raised up for his times. He was a leader of leaders. By instinct the common heart trusted in him. He was of the people and for the people. He had been poor and laborious; but greatness did not change the tone of his spirit, or lessen the sympathies of his nature. His character was strangely symmetrical. He was temperate, without austerity; brave, without rashness;

constant, without obstinacy. He put caution against hope, that it might not be premature; and hope against caution, that it might not yield to dread or danger. His marvelous hopefulness never betrayed him into impracticable measures. His love of justice was only equaled by his delight in compassion. His regard for personal honor was only excelled by love of country. His self-abnegation found its highest expression in the public good. His integrity was never questioned. His honesty was above suspicion. He was more solid than brilliant; his judgment dominated his imagination; his ambition was subject to his modesty, and his love of justice held the mastery over all personal considerations. Not excepting Washington, who inherited wealth and high social position, Lincoln is the fullest representative American in our national annals. He had touched every round in the human ladder. He illustrated the possibilities of our citizenship. We are not ashamed of his humble origin. We are proud of his greatness.

We are to judge men by their surroundings, and measure their greatness by the difficulties which they surmounted. Every age has its heroes, every crisis its master. Lincoln came into power in the largest and most violent political convulsion known to history. In nothing is the sagacity and might of Lincoln's statesmanship more apparent than in his determination to save the Union of these States. This was the objective point of his administration. He denied State Sovereignty as paramount to National Sovereignty. States have their rights and their obligations; and their chief obligation is to remain in the Union. Some political philanthropists clamored for

the overthrow of slavery, and advocated the dissolution of the Union rather than live in a country under whose government slavery was tolerated. But Lincoln was a wiser and a better philanthropist than they. He would have the Union, with or without slavery. He preferred it without, and his preference prevailed. How incomparably worse would have been the condition of the slave in a Confederacy with a living slave for its corner stone than in the Union of the States! Time has vindicated the character of his statesmanship, that to preserve the Union was to save this great nation for human liberty, and thereby advance the emancipated slave to education, thrift, and political equality.

Lincoln.

James Russell Lowell.

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is fate;
But then to stand beside her
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield—
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.
Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,

Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote;
For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the inexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined.
Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,
Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still;
Ere any name of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface
And thwart her gentle will;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he;
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American

The Religious Character of President Lincoln.

From the funeral address delivered on the occasion of the obsequies of President Lincoln, April 19, 1866, by the Rev. P. D. Gurley, D. D., who was pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Washington, which Mr. Lincoln attended.

Probably no man since the days of Washington was ever so deeply enshrined in the hearts of the American people as Abraham Lincoln. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it all. He deserved it by his character, by the whole tenor, tone, and spirit of his life. He was simple, sincere, plain, honest, truthful, just, benevolent, and kind. His perceptions were quick and clear, his judgments calm and accurate, purposes good and pure beyond all question. Always and everywhere he aimed both to the right and

to do right. His integrity was all-pervading, all-controlling, and incorruptible. As the chief magistrate of a great and imperiled people, he rose to the dignity and momentousness of the occasion. He saw his duty, and he determined to do his whole duty, seeking the guidance and leaning upon the arm of Him of whom it is written, "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

I speak what I know when I affirm that His guidance was the prop on which he humbly and habitually leaned. It was the best hope he had for himself and his country. When he was leaving his home in Illinois, and coming to this city to take his seat in the Executive Chair of a disturbed and troubled nation, he said to the old and tried friends who gathered tearfully around him and bade him farewell, "I leave you with this request,—pray for me." They did pray for him, and millions of others prayed for him. Nor did they pray in vain. Their prayers were heard. The answer shines forth with a heavenly radiance in the whole course and tenor of his administration, from its commencement to its close.

God raised him up for a great and glorious mission. He furnished him for his work and aided him in its accomplishment. He gave him strength of mind, honesty of heart, and purity and pertinacity of purpose. In addition to these He gave him also a calm and abiding confidence in an overruling Providence, and in the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness through the power and blessing of God. This confidence strengthened him in his hours of anxiety and toil, and inspired him with a calm and cheerful hope when others were despondent.

Never shall I forget the emphasis and the deep emotion with which, in this very room, he said to a company of clergymen, who had called to pay him their respects, in the darkest hour of our civil conflict, "Gentlemen, my hope of success in this great and terrible struggle rests on that immutable foundation, the justice and goodness of God. Even now, when the events seem most threatening, and the prospects dark, I still hope that, in some way which man cannot see, all will be well in the end, and that as our cause is just, God is on our side."

Such was his sublime and holy faith. It was an anchor to his soul both sure and steadfast. It made him firm and strong. It emboldened him in the rugged and perilous pathway of duty. It made him valiant for the right, for the cause of God and humanity. It held him in steady, patient, and unswerving adherence to a policy which he thought, and which we all now think, both God and humanity required him to adopt.

We admired his child-like simplicity, his freedom from guile and deceit, his stanch and sterling integrity, his kind and forgiving temper, and his persistent, self-sacrificing devotion to all the duties of his eminent position. We admired his readiness to hear and consider the cause of the poor, the humble, the suffering, and the oppressed, and his readiness to spend and be spent for the attainment of that great triumph, the blessed fruits of which shall be as wide-spreading as the earth, and as enduring as the sun.

All these things commanded the admiration of the world, and stamped upon his life and character the unmistakable impress of true greatness. More sublime

than all these, more holy and beautiful, was his abiding confidence in God, and in the final triumph of truth and righteousness through him and for his sake. The friends of liberty and the Union will repair to his consecrated grave, through ages yet to come, to pronounce the memory of its occupant blessed, and to gather from his ashes and the rehearsal of his virtues fresh incentives to patriotism, and there renew their vows of fidelity to their country and their God.

Lincoln's Birthday.

Ida Vose Woodbury.

Again thy birthday dawns, O man beloved,
Dawns on the land thy blood was shed to save,
And hearts of millions, by one impulse moved,
Bow and fresh laurels lay upon thy grave.

The years but add new luster to thy glory,
And watchmen on the heights of vision see
Reflected in thy life the old, old story,
The story of the Man of Galilee.

We see in thee the image of Him kneeling
Before the close-shut tomb, and at the word
"Come forth," from out the blackness long concealing
There rose a man; clearly again was heard

The Master's voice, and then, his cerements broken,
Friends of the dead a living brother see;
Thou, at the tomb where millions lay, hast spoken:
"Loose him and let him go!"—the slave was free.

And in the man so long in thraldom hidden
We see the likeness of the Father's face,

Clod changed to soul; by thy atonement bidden,
We hasten to the uplift of a race.

Spirit of Lincoln! Summon all thy loyal;
Nerve them to follow where thy feet have trod,
To prove, by voice as clear and deed as royal,
Man's brotherhood in our one Father—God.

Abraham Lincoln, the Martyr.

Henry Ward Beecher.

Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed, now, with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth: "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe."

Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children and your children's children shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his

memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and conqueror. I swear you by the memory of this martyr to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the field throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort them? O thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort Thy people of old, to Thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged, and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live

dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome!

Your sorrows, O people! are his peace. Your bells, and bands, and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Wail and weep here! Pass on!

Four years ago, O Illinois! we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies!

In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

Abraham Lincoln.

James A. Garfield.

In the great drama of the rebellion there were two acts. The first was the war, with its battles and sieges, its victories and defeats, its sufferings and tears. Just as the curtain was lifting on the second and final act, the restoration of peace and liberty, the evil spirit of the rebellion, in the fury of despair, nerved and directed the hand of an assassin to strike down the chief character in both. It was no one man who

killed Abraham Lincoln; it was the embodied spirit of treason and slavery, inspired with fearful and despairing hate, that struck him down in the moment of the nation's supremest joy.

Sir, there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from the immortals, time from eternity, and men from God that they can almost hear the beatings and pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed.

When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor, through that thin veil, to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyr President to the company of those dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men. Awe-stricken by his voice, the American people knelt in tearful reverence and made a solemn covenant with him and with each other that this nation should be saved from its enemies, that all its glories should be restored, and, on the ruins of slavery and treason, the temples of freedom and justice should be built, and should survive forever.

It remains for us, consecrated by that great event and under a covenant with God, to keep that faith, to go forward in the great work until it shall be completed. Following the lead of that great man, and obeying the high behests of God, let us remember that:

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Address of Abraham Lincoln

At the Dedication of Gettysburg Cemetery.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived or so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Washington's Fame.

Asher Robbins.

It is the peculiar good fortune of this country to have given birth to a citizen whose name everywhere produces a sentiment of regard for his country itself. In other countries, whenever and wherever this is spoken of to be praised, it is called the country of Washington. I believe there is no people, civilized or savage, in any place however remote, where the name of Washington has not been heard, and where it is not respected with the fondest admiration. We are told that the Arab of the desert talks of Washington in his tent, and that his name is familiar to the wandering Scythian. He seems, indeed, to be the delight of human kind, as their beau ideal of human nature. No American, in any part of the world, but has found the regard for himself increased by his connection with Washington, as his fellow-countryman; and who has not felt a pride, and has occasion to exult, in the fortunate connection?

A century and more has now passed away since he came upon the stage, and his fame first broke upon the world; for it broke like the blaze of day from the rising sun—almost as sudden, and seemingly as universal. The eventful period since that era has teemed

with great men, who have crossed the scene and passed off. Some of them have arrested great attention—very great. Still Washington retains his pre-eminent place in the minds of men; still his peerless name is cherished by them in the same freshness of delight as in the morn of its glory. History will keep a record of his fame; but history is not necessary to perpetuate it. In regions where history is not read, where letters are unknown, it lives, and will go down from age to age, in all future time, in their traditionary lore. Who would exchange this fame, to common inheritance of our country, for the fame of any individual which any country of any time can boast? I would not; with my sentiments I could not.

The Twenty-Second of February.

William Cullen Bryant.

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings, in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield,
Calmly the mighty Hudson flows!

By snow-clad fell and frozen field,
Broadening, the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame,
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

WASHINGTON.

WE are met to testify our regard for him whose name is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was a power to rally a nation in the hour of thick-thronging public disasters and calamities; that name shone amid the storm of war, a beacon light to cheer and guide the country's friends; its flame, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name in the days of peace was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spread over the whole earth and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will forever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by everyone in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

Washington stands at the commencement of a new era as well as at the head of the New World. A cen-

tury from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theater on which a great part of that change has been wrought, and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders, and of both he is the chief.

It is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society has assumed a new character; it has raised itself from beneath governments to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men, and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established on foundations never hereafter to be shaken its competency to govern itself.

Washington's Birthday.

Margaret E. Sangster.

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;

To live so bravely and purely
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps its thought of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few.
And now, when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of wrong:
To live so proudly and purely
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thought of your natal day.

The Birthday of Washington.

Rufus Choate.

The birthday of the "Father of his Country"! May it ever be freshly remembered by American

with great men, who have crossed the scene and passed off. Some of them have arrested great attention—very great. Still Washington retains his pre-eminent place in the minds of men; still his peerless name is cherished by them in the same freshness of delight as in the morn of its glory. History will keep a record of his fame; but history is not necessary to perpetuate it. In regions where history is not read, where letters are unknown, it lives, and will go down from age to age, in all future time, in their traditionary lore. Who would exchange this fame, to common inheritance of our country, for the fame of any individual which any country of any time can boast? I would not; with my sentiments I could not.

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Thy courage upheld us, thy judgment sustained,
Thy spirit stood proof when discouragement reigned,
Thy justice unerring all bias withstood,
Thy thought never self, but thy loved country's good.
And thy country will never, till time is no more,
Cease to cherish the sleeper on yon river's shore;
And ev'ry fair daughter and ev'ry brave son
She will tell of the greatness of her Washington.

O hero immortal! O spirit divine!
What glory eternal, what homage is thine!
Forever increasing will be thy renown,
With the stars of Columbia that gleam in thy crown.
The God who guards liberty gave thee to earth,
Forever we'll honor the heaven-sent birth.
E'en heaven itself has one gladness the more
That our hands shall clasp thine on eternity's shore.

Then sleep, sweetly sleep, by the river's calm run;
Thy fame will live on in the land thou hast won;
To Potomac's soft music then slumber serene,
The spirit of freedom will keep the spot green;
And so long as time echoes the hour of thy birth,
We will pay loving tribute and praise to thy worth,
And pledge to keep spotless the freedom you gave,
And the land that is hallowed by Washington's grave.

The Faith of Washington.

Frederic R. Coudert.

We are gathered here to-day in honor of the founder of our nation, or, as we prefer in filial reverence to call him, the Father of our Country. Our jealous love for him will allow no other statue a place on the same pedestal; none other shall stand as a rival

in his claim to our devotion. For his light shone in the dark days as the only star that meant hope; his steadfastness kept the tottering young nation from despair; his genius and serenity, his faith and his courage, inspired and strengthened those who were fighting the great fight. But for him and his inspiration, who will venture to say that the freemen of to-day would not have been the defeated rebels of the past? Who will study the fearful odds and dispute his claim to our gratitude so long as we remain one people? Overwhelming odds tested his genius, treason wrung his heart, jealousies and rivalries baffled his plans, but the serenity of his soul was undisturbed.

As though a ray of divine inspiration had touched his spirits he looked beyond the trials, perplexities, and cares of each day, and saw the visions which others were blind to enjoy. He could remain firm without the encouragement of victory; he could accept defeat without despondency; he made stepping stones of disaster, and amazed the world by his fortitude. Benedict Arnold might wound his heart, but even that cruel wound could not open the way to despair. His half-clad and half-fed troops might leave the track of bloody feet in the snows of New Jersey, but the radiant vision never melted from his sight. His powerful enemies might send veteran troops in huge bodies to crush the struggling rebels, but his faith never faltered. The day would surely come when the dreams would become reality, and after great tribulation, trial, and suffering a new child would be born into the family of nations—a child destined to become a giant strong enough to fear no enemy but itself.

Crown Our Washington.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

Arise—'Tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
Forever let Youth tell the patriot's story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun'
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

He gave us a nation; to make it immortal
He laid down for Freedom the sword that he drew,
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall gleam,
Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Whose honor was gained by his service to man!

O Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers!
The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.
We follow thy counsels,
O hero eternal!

To highest achievement the school leads the van,
And, crowning thy brow with the evergreen vernal,
We pledge thee our all to the service of man!

Washington's Training.

Charles Wentworth Upham.

Among the mountain passes of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies, a youth is seen employed in the manly and invigorating occupation of a surveyor, and awakening the admiration of the backwoodsmen and savage chieftains by the strength and endurance of his frame and the resolution and energy of his character. In his stature and conformation he is a noble specimen of a man. In the various exercises of muscular power, on foot, or in the saddle, he excels all competitors. His admirable physical traits are in perfect accordance with the properties of his mind and heart; and over all, crowning all, is a beautiful, and, in one so young, a strange dignity of manner, and of mien—a calm seriousness, a sublime self-control, which at once compels the veneration, attracts the confidence, and secures the favor of all who behold him. That youth is the Leader whom Heaven is preparing to conduct America through her approaching trial.

As we see him voluntarily relinquishing the enjoyments, luxuries, and ease of the opulent refinement in which he was born and bred, and choosing the perils and hardships of the wilderness; as we follow him fording swollen streams, climbing rugged mountains, breasting the forest storms, wading through

snow-drifts, sleeping in the open air, living upon the coarse food of hunters and of Indians, we trace with devout admiration the divinely appointed education he was receiving to enable him to meet and endure the fatigues, exposures, and privations of the War of Independence.

Soon he was called to a more public sphere of action; and we again follow him in his romantic adventures as he travels the far-off wilderness, a special messenger to the French commander on the Ohio, and afterwards, when he led forth the troops of Virginia in the same direction, or accompanied the ill-starred Braddock to the blood-stained banks of the Monongahela. Everywhere we see the hand of God conducting him into danger, that he might extract from it the wisdom of an experience not otherwise to be obtained, and develop those heroic qualities by which alone danger and difficulty can be surmounted; but all the while covering him with a shield.

When we think of him, at midnight and in midwinter, thrown from a frail raft into the deep and angry waters of a wide and rushing western river, thus separated from his only companion, through the wilderness with no aid for miles and leagues about him, buffeting the rapid current and struggling through driving cakes of ice; when we behold the stealthy savage, whose aim against all other marks is unerring, pointing his rifle deliberately at him, and firing, over and over again; when we see him riding through showers of bullets on Braddock's fatal field, and reflect that never, during his whole life, was he ever wounded, or even touched by a hostile force—do we not feel that he was guarded by an unseen

hand, warding off every danger? No peril by flood or field was permitted to extinguish a life consecrated to the hopes of humanity and to the purposes of Heaven.

For more than sixteen years he rested from his warfare, amid the shades of Mount Vernon; ripening his mind by reading and reflection, increasing his knowledge of practical affairs, entering into the whole experience of a citizen, at home, and on his farm, and as a delegate to the Colonial Assembly. When, at last, the war broke out and the unanimous voice of the Continental Congress invested him, as the exigency required, with almost unbounded authority, as their Commander-in-Chief, he blended, although still in the prime of his life, in the mature bloom of his manhood, the attributes of a sage with those of a hero. A more perfectly fitted and furnished character has never appeared on the theater of human action than when, reigning up his war-horse beneath the majestic and venerable elm, still standing at the entrance of the Watertown road to Cambridge, George Washington unsheathed his sword and assumed the command of the gathered armies of American Liberty.

The Unselfishness of Washington.

Robert Treat Paine.

To the pen of the historian must be resigned the more arduous and elaborate tribute of justice to those efforts of heroic and political virtue which conducted the American people to peace and liberty. The vanquished foe retired from our shores, and left to the

controlling genius who repelled them the gratitude of his own country and the admiration of the world. The time had now arrived which was to apply the touchstone to his integrity, which was to assay the affinity of his principles to the standard of immutable right.

On the one hand, a realm to which he was endeared by his services almost invited him to empire; on the other, the liberty to whose protection his life had been devoted was the ornament and boon of human nature.

Washington could not depart from his own great self. His country was free. He was no longer a general. Sublime spectacle! more elevating to the pride of virtue than the sovereignty of the globe united to the scepter of the ages! Enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen, the gorgeous pageantry of prerogative was unworthy the majesty of his dominion. That effulgence of military character which in ancient states has blasted the rights of the people whose renown it had brightened was not here permitted, by the hero from whom it emanated, to shine with so destructive a luster. Its beams, though intensely resplendent, did not wither the young blossoms of our Independence; and Liberty, like the burning bush, flourished, unconsumed by the glory which surrounded it.

To the illustrious founder of our Republic it was reserved to exhibit the example of a magnanimity that commanded victory, of a moderation that retired from triumph. Unlike the erratic meteors of ambition, whose flaming path sheds a disastrous light on the pages of history, his bright orb, eclipsing the luminaries among which it rolled, never portended "fear-

ful change" to religion, nor from its "golded tresses" shook pestilence on empire.

What to other heroes has been glory, would to Washington have been disgrace. To his intrepidity, it would have added no honorary trophy, to have waded, like the conqueror of Peru, through the blood of credulous millions, to plant the standard of triumph at the burning mouth of a volcano. To his fame, it would have erected no auxiliary monument to have invaded, like the ravager of Egypt, an innocent though barbarous nation, to inscribe his name on the pillar of Pompey.

George Washington.

Only a baby, fair and small,
Like many another baby son,
Whose smiles and tears came swift at call;
Who ate, and slept, and grew, that's all—
The infant Washington.

Only a boy, like other boys,
With tasks and studies, sports and fun;
Fond of his books and games and toys;
Living his childish griefs and joys—
The little Washington.

Only a lad, awkward and shy,
Skilled in handling a horse or gun;
Mastering knowledge that, by and by,
Should aid him in duties great and high—
The youthful Washington.

Only a man of finest bent,
Hero of battles fought and won;
Surveyor, General, President,
Who served his country, and died content—
The patriot Washington.

Only—ah! what was the secret, then,
Of his being America's honored son?
Why was he famed above other men?
His name upon every tongue and pen—
The illustrious Washington.

A mighty brain, a will to endure,
Passions subdued, a slave to none,
A heart that was brave and strong and sure,
A soul that was noble and great and pure,
A faith in God that was held secure—
This was George Washington.

Original Maxims of George Washington.

I.

Commerce and industry are the best mines of a nation.

II.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one.

III.

Ingratitude, I hope, will never constitute a part of my character, nor find a place in my bosom.

IV.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

V.

To persevere is one's duty, and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.

VI.

I never wish to promise more than I have a moral certainty of performing.

VII.

I shall never attempt to palliate my own foibles by exposing the error of another.

VIII.

It is a maxim with me not to ask what, under similar circumstances, I would not grant.

IX.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those be well tried before you give them your confidence.

X.

Associate with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

XI.

A good character is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but virtuous.

XII.

I am resolved that no misrepresentations, falsehoods, or calumny shall make me swerve from what I conceive to be the strict line of duty.

Washington a Model for Youth.

Timothy Dwight.

To Americans the name of Washington will be forever dear—a savor of sweet incense, descending to every succeeding generation. The things which he has done are too great, too interesting, ever to be for-

gotten. Every object which we see, every employment in which we are engaged, every comfort which we enjoy, reminds us daily of his character.

Every ship bears the fruit of his labors on its wings and exultingly spreads its streamers to his honor. The student meets him in the still and peaceful walk; the traveler sees him in all the smiling and prosperous scenes of his journey; and our whole country, in her thrift, order, safety, and morals, bears inscribed in sunbeams, on all her hills and plains, the name and glory of Washington.

By him are our rulers at the present time, and at every future period, taught how to rule. The same conduct will ever produce substantially the same effects, the same public well-being, the same glory, the same veneration. To be wise and good; to forget or restrain the dictates of passion and obey those of duty; to seek singly the public welfare, and lose in it personal gratification; to resist calmly and firmly the passions, and only pursue the interests of a nation, is the greatest secret of ruling well.

The youth of our country who wish to become great, useful, and honorable will here find the best directions and the most powerful incitements. To be great, useful, and honorable they must resemble him. Let them remember that greatness is not the result of mere chance or genius; that it is not the flash of brilliancy, nor the desperate sally of ambition; that it is, on the contrary, the combined results of strong mental endowments, vigorous cultivation, honorable design, and wise discretion. It is not the glare of a meteor, glittering, dazzling, consuming, and vanishing, but the steady and exalted splendor of the sun,—a

splendor which, while it shines with pre-eminent brightness, warms, also, enlivens, adorns, improves, and perfects the objects on which it shines; glorious indeed by its luster, but still more glorious in the useful effects produced by its power. Of this great truth the transcendent example before us is a most dignified exhibition.

Let our youth imitate, therefore, the incessant attention, the exact observation, the unwearied industry, the scrupulous regard to advice, the slowness of decision, the cautious prudence, the nice punctuality, the strict propriety, the independence of thought and feeling, the unwavering firmness, the unbiased impartiality, the steady moderation, the exact justice, the unveering truth, the universal humanity, and the high veneration for religion and for God always manifested by this great man.

Then will future Washingtons arise to bless our country.

The Memory of Washington.

E. Everett.

To us, citizens of America, it belongs above all others to show respect to the memory of Washington by the practical deference which we pay to those sober maxims of public policy which he has left us—a last testament of affection in his Farewell Address. Of all the exhortations which it contains, I scarce need say to you that none are so emphatically uttered, none so anxiously repeated, as those which enjoin the preservation of the union of these States.

On this, under Providence, it depends, in the judg-

ment of Washington, whether the people of America shall follow the Old World example, and be broken up into a group of independent military powers, wasted by eternal border wars, feeding the ambition of petty sovereigns on the life-blood of wasted principalities,—a custom house on the bank of every river, a fortress on every frontier hill, a pirate lurking in the recesses of every bay,—or whether they shall continue to constitute a federal republic, the most extensive, the most powerful, the most prosperous in the long line of ages.

No one can read the Farewell Address without feeling that this was the thought and this the care which lay nearest and heaviest upon that noble heart; and if—which Heaven forbid—the day shall ever arrive when his parting counsels on that head shall be forgotten, on that day, come it soon or come it late, it may as mournfully, as truly be said that Washington has lived in vain. Then the vessels, as they ascend and descend the Potomac, may toll their bells with new significance as they pass Mount Vernon; they will strike the requiem of constitutional liberty for us—for all nations.

But it cannot, shall not be; this great woe to our beloved country, this catastrophe for the cause of national freedom, this grievous calamity for the whole civilized world, it cannot, shall not be. No, by the glorious 19th of April, 1775; no, by the precious blood of Bunker Hill, of Princeton, of Saratoga, of King's Mountain, of Yorktown; no, by the undying spirit of '76; no, by the sacred dust enshrined at Mount Vernon; no, by the dear, immortal memory of Washington—that sorrow and shame shall never be.

A great and venerated character like that of Washington, which commands the respect of an entire population, however divided on other questions, is not an isolated fact in history to be regarded with barren admiration—it is a dispensation of Providence for good. It was well said by Mr. Jefferson in 1792, writing to Washington to dissuade him from declining a renomination:

"North and South will hang together while they have you to hang to." Washington in the flesh is taken from us; we shall never behold him as our fathers did; but his memory remains, and I say, let us hang to his memory. Let us make a national festival and holiday of his birthday; and ever, as the 22d of February returns, let us remember that, while with these solemn and joyous rites of observance we celebrate the great anniversary, our fellow-citizens on the Hudson, on the Potomac, from the Southern plains to the Western lakes, are engaged in the same offices of gratitude and love.

Nor we, nor they alone—beyond the Ohio, beyond the Mississippi, along that stupendous trail of immigration from East to West, which, bursting into States as it moves westward, is already treading the Western prairies, swarming through the portals of the Rocky Mountains and winding down their slopes, the name and the memory of Washington on that gracious night will travel with the silver queen of heaven through sixty degrees of longitude, nor part company with her till she walks in her brightness through the Golden Gate of California, and passes serenely on to hold midnight court with her Australian stars. There, and there only, in barbarous archipelagoes, as yet un-

trodden by civilized man, the name of Washington is unknown; and there, too, when they swarm with enlightened millions. new honors shall be paid with ours to his memory.

The Character of Washington.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

For many years I have studied minutely the career of Washington, and with every step the greatness of the man has grown upon me; for analysis has failed to discover the act of his life which, under the conditions of the time, I could unhesitatingly pronounce to have been an error. Such has been my experience, and, although my deductions may be wrong, they at least have been carefully and slowly made. I see in Washington a great soldier, who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him; a great statesman, who did more than all other men to lay the foundations of a republic which has endured in prosperity for more than a century. I find in him a marvelous judgment which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequaled strength of patriotic purpose. I see in him, too, a pure and high-minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. Such he was in truth. The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the instinct of mankind will not fail. The real hero needs not books to give him worshippers. George Washington will always receive

the love and reverence of men, because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity.

The Washington Monument.

Robert C. Winthrop.

Let us seize this occasion to renew to each other our vows of allegiance and devotion to the American Union, and let us recognize in our common title to the name and fame of Washington, and in our veneration for his example and advice, the all-sufficient centripetal power which shall hold the thick-clustering stars of our confederacy in one glorious constellation forever. Let the column we are about to construct be at once a pledge and an emblem of perpetual union. Let the foundations be laid, let the superstructure be built up and cemented, let each stone be laid and riveted, in a spirit of national brotherhood. And may the earliest rays of the rising sun, till that sun shall set to rise no more, draw forth from it daily, as from the fabled statue of antiquity, a strain of national harmony which strikes a responsive chord in every heart throughout the Republic.

Proceed, then, with the work for which you have assembled. Lay the corner-stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his Country. Build it to the skies—you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles. Found it upon the massive and eternal rock—you cannot make it more enduring than his fame. Construct it of the peerless Parian marble—you cannot make it purer

than his life. Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art—you cannot make it more proportionate than his character.

But let not your homage to his memory end here. Think not to transfer to a tablet or a column the tribute which is due from yourselves. Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example. He has built his own monument. We, and those who come after us in successive generations, are its appointed privileged guardians.

The widespread Republic is the true monument to Washington. Maintain its independence; uphold its Constitution; preserve its Union; defend its liberty. Let it stand before the world in all its original strength and beauty; securing peace, order, equality, and freedom to all within its boundaries, and shedding light and hope and joy upon the pathway of human liberty throughout the world, and Washington needs no other monument. Other structures may fitly test our veneration for him; this, this alone can adequately illustrate his services to mankind. Nor does he need even this. The Republic may perish, the wide arch of our ranged Union may fall; star by star its glories may expire, stone by stone its column and its capitol may crumble, all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten; but, as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead for a true, rational, constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame of George Washington.

ARBOR DAY.

Arbor Day History.

K. G. Wells.

Arbor Day, which is here regarded as a public observance of pleasing sentiment, a kind of reversion to the tree-worship of unknown ancestors, originated in Nebraska, as a matter of economic importance. Rain must be induced to shed itself on the sterile plains (Dr. Dyrenforth's experiments were then unknown); trees must be cultivated to be consumed, when full grown, as fuel, or to be utilized as timber; the severity of the climate must be lessened; so legislation was tried, and became effective.

On January 4, 1872, Hon. J. Sterling Morton, at the annual meeting of the State Board of Agriculture, held in Lincoln, Nebraska, introduced a resolution in favor of an Arbor Day, whereupon April 10 was "set apart and consecrated for tree-planting." A premium was offered by the society to the county which should plant the largest number of trees on that day, and a "farm library" of twenty-five books to the person who should plant the greatest number of trees. The West has always been famous for its bounties—it works upon self-interest. Millions of trees consequently were set out that year.

In 1885, the climate not yet having realized its

moral responsibility and changed its character, as was expected, the date of Arbor Day was postponed to April 22, as being a more favorable time for successful tree-planting; and the day was honored by being made a legal holiday. In Nebraska, whenever such holiday occurs on Sunday, the Monday following is the holiday and "observed as the Sabbath," as far as regards the presentation of bills of exchange, etc., for payment or acceptance. Arbor Day was, therefore, elevated to the same rank as other public holidays; bills becoming due and payable on the day following it, rather than on the day itself. Nature, now appeased by the homage offered her, did her best to aid legislative enactment, and the trees grew rapidly.

Yet no one was willing to pay higher taxes because of the arboreal productiveness of his land, so a clause was added to the State constitution providing that "the increased value of lands by reason of live fences, fruit and forest-trees grown and cultivated thereon, shall not be taken into account in the assessment thereof." After this everything prospered. In the spring of 1888 three firms alone had orders for over $10,000,000 worth of forest-tree seedlings, to say nothing of other varieties ordered; 2,673,000,000 "tree claims," or 700,000 acres of trees, were planted by human hands.

As newspapers cannot afford to be outdone by nature, the Nebraska City Daily Press issued that year a special edition in honor of the founder of the day, Mr. Morton. It published letters received from men all over the country, who spoke eulogistically and poetically. James Russell Lowell wrote: "I willingly confess to so great a partiality for trees as tempts me

to respect a man in exact proportion to his respect for them. I am glad to join in this tribute of friendly gratitude to the inventor of Arbor Day." Boyle O'Reilly called the observance of the day "one of the loveliest practices of the country and century." Francis Parkman congratulated the West on its discovery. (Boston had begun to lose its prestige.) Edward E. Hale, with the prevision characteristic of him, advised the "State to invest a considerable sum annually from its sinking fund, in forests."

Kansas, Iowa, Michigan, and other States soon followed the example of Nebraska in appointing Arbor Day. Joaquin Miller celebrated the first Arbor Day of California, in 1887, by a poem in which he alluded to the gold mania and its victims of '49:

"God gave us Mother Earth full blest
With robes of green in healthful fold;
We tore the green robes from her breast,
We sold our mother's robes for gold.

"We sold her garments fair, and she
Lies shamed and naked at our feet!
In penitence we plant a tree;
We plant the cross and count it meet.
. . . . . .

"We plant the cross, the Christian cross,
The Crusade Cross of Arbor Day."

The Michigan Legislature, believing that the individual counts the present cost to himself of all he does for posterity, passed an act crediting every man twenty-five cents on his highway-tax whenever he planted trees on the road bordering his own property, under certain restrictions.

The valleys of Idaho have suffered so much from the destruction of timber and the melting snow from the mountains, which comes down in torrents, that the State has inaugurated Arbor Day to foster the planting of trees; that their roots may catch each drop of water and that the trees, when grown, may check the wasting injury of the spring floods.

Some of the Western States have urged the setting out of vineyards on Arbor Day, and yet the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is said to be a more potent influence in the West than in the East.

Various States have adopted special methods for "booming" the day. In Illinois prominent State officials planted trees, each choosing a different growth. A curious bit of Iowa forestry has an interest for old Bostonians. Its town of Sigourney was so named by an earlier settler after the New England poetess, Lydia H. Sigourney, whose relatives are among Boston's "four hundred." Though her now almost forgotten name makes us wonder if we, in turn, shall forget the poetesses of our day, the Westerner has, for ages to come, signalized his gratitude for her poesy. She, in return for his public expression of interest in her literary work, furnished trees for the public square in 1860, and paid so generously for their care during the first three years of transplanted life that nearly all are now living.

The first "memorial groves" ever planted in America were in Ohio, at its second celebration of Arbor Day, in 1884, in memory of authors, statesmen, pioneers, and others. Tablets for epitaphs, so to speak, were affixed to the trees. Many of them were conglomerate memorials, like the trees, which were brought

from Valley Forge and, in a new Ohio grove, dedicated to the memory of Washington's heroes.

New York observed its first Arbor Day, May 3, 1889, when 5681 school districts planted 24,166 trees. Official attention is now thoroughly aroused to the injury caused to immense areas of surface by the large and careless destruction of the Adirondack forests.

In Florida, Arbor Day outstrips the North, and comes on February 14, on which day "many church premises and cemeteries were cleaned up." Missouri first observed the day in 1886, and "thousands of trees, vines, and shrubs have been planted in the school yards."

The day is now established in twenty-seven States and Territories, either by act of the Legislature, or by proclamation of the Governor, or by both agencies combined. In some States it is a legal holiday, and agricultural and horticultural societies look after the arboreal festivities. They urge the planting of native plants in home and school grounds, by roadsides and on barren hills and pastures.

In Massachusetts the principles of Arbor Day began thirty years ago, by the covering of 10,000 acres with trees; the then barren plains of Cape Cod being now thriving planted forests. So proud are we of man's agency that we hardly realize that it was also the sun and rain which made these trees grow. The resolve establishing the day was first officially approved April 9, 1886. On the last Saturday of that month Governor Robinson and Mayor O'Brien, with a retinue of boys, halted in their official walk on Boston Common, midway between the State House and the City Hall. Where once were whipping-posts and an

almshouse, the two dignitaries planted twin elms. What mattered it that the boys joked about the Governor's shovel having been made by the Lieutenant Governor, or that "Robinson," he being a countryman, spaded it better than the urban Mayor, if the day received official sanction?

Not until recently has the State Board of Education taken action upon the day. On petition of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Hon. J. W. Dickinson, secretary of the Board of Education, has prepared a printed course of exercises which have been distributed among the schools. The society, having inserted the wedge of its petition, also stated that natural sciences, including botany, horticulture, forestry, and entomology, should be more fully taught in the schools.

The utility and significance of the day have been overlaid with ornate programmes and sentimental effusions. What with Arbor Day exercises, flags flying, reading, manuals, scripture selections, proclamations ("on this day above all other days," etc.), acrostics, flowers, dialogues, references to Plato's emotions in the grove of the Academy, and reflections upon the duty of State boards,—Arbor Day is surfeited with printed matter. To encourage patriotism, children vote for the kind of tree to be planted, and decide in the same manner the variety which should be termed the tree of State. In spite of the forced sentiment and the interlarding of exercises, the day is nobly, wisely, and more widely observed each year. To find an ideally practical use of it an explorer should go to the Worcester State Normal Schoool, perched on a rocky hill,

and see how the perennial lessons of horticulture have transformed the barren summit into picturesque groups of trees, pockets of wild flowers, trails of running vines and spots of brilliant color. Divided into squads, and armed with hoes, rakes and spades, trundling wheelbarrows of loam, the pupils are the gardeners of the school. As teachers they have in their turn repeated their lessons to their village scholars, till many a village improvement society owes its initiative to a normal graduate. The moral significance of the day has, too, its importance; for, as Lucy Larcom, the genial-hearted woman and poet, sings:

"He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope."

Song of Arbor Day.

Sarah J. Pettinos.

We have come with joyful greeting,
Songs of gladness, voices gay,
Teachers, friends, and happy children,
All to welcome Arbor Day.
Here we plant the tree whose branches,
Warmed by breath of summer days,
Nourished by soft dews and showers,
Soon shall wave in leafy sprays.

Gentle winds will murmur softly,
Zephyrs float on noiseless wing;
'Mid its boughs shall thrush and robin
Build their nests and sweetly sing.
'Neath its sheltering arms shall childhood,
Weary of the noontide heat,
In its cool, inviting shadow
Find a pleasant, safe retreat.

Plant we, then, throughout our borders,
O'er our lands so fair and wide,
Treasures from the leafy forest,
Vale and hill and mountain-side.
Rooted deep, oh, let them flourish;
Sturdy giants may they be!
Emblems of the cause we cherish—
Education broad and free.

The Little Brown Seed in the Furrow.

Ida W. Benham.

A little brown seed in the furrow
Lay still in its gloomy bed,
While violets blue and lilies white
Were whispering overhead.
They whispered of glories strange and rare,
Of glittering dew and floating air,
Of beauty and rapture everywhere,
And the seed heard all they said.

Poor little brown seed in the furrow;
So close to the lilies' feet,
So far away from the great glad day,
Where life seemed all complete!
In her heart she treasured every word,
And she longed for the blessings of which she heard;
For the light that shone and the air that stirred
In that land so wondrous sweet.

The little brown seed in the furrow
Was thrilled with a strange unrest;
A warm new life beat tremblingly
In the tiny, heaving breast;
With her two small hands clasped close in prayer,
She lifted them up in the darkness there,
Up, up, through the dark, toward sun and air,
Her folded hands she pushed.

O little brown seed in the furrow!
At last you have pierced the mold,
And quivering with a life intense,
Your beautiful leaves unfold
Like wings outspread for upward flight;
And slowly, slowly, in dew and light
A sweet bud opens—till, in God's sight,
You wear a crown of gold.

Plant a Tree.

Lucy Larcom.

He who plants a tree,
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree,
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace.
Under its green curtain jargons cease;
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.

Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries, in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love.
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest.
Plant; Life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

The Song of the Pine.

James Buckham.

A wind of April softly stole
Over the forest's soul,
And, like a harp in the casement hung,
The boughs and the little leaves began
To sing their songs to the soul of man;
Each as God made it, so it sung.

The sturdy beech of its triumphs told;
The birches sang of the strength of youth;
The willow murmured with pensive gold;
And the oak tree cried, "I stand like truth!"
But the song that braced my soul like wine
Was the song of the pine.

There he stood, in his cloak and plume,
Robed and wrapped in a stately gloom.
In the passing wind his branches rang,
And this is the song that the pine tree sang:

"Life is no play-day,
Revel, or heyday!
Virtue and right—to battle for these,
Wake, O strong soul, from thy dreams and thine ease!
Here, then, stand I,
Sworn to a cause one should live for or die.
I change not my mail by day or by night;
I stand in the wood like a challenging knight,
Till the world swears allegiance to virtue and right!"

Then the fitful wind sank, and the forest was still,
Save a brook, leaping down like a child from the hill.
But I heard in my soul that deep, challenging tone—
"For virtue—for right—till the world is thine own!"

Three Trees.

Charles H. Crandall.

The pine tree grew in the wood,
Tapering, straight, and high;
Stately and proud it stood,
Black-green against the sky.
Crowded so close, it sought the blue,
And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak tree stood in the field,
Beneath it dozed the herds;
It gave to the mower a shield,
It gave a home to the birds.
Sturdy and broad, it guarded the farms,
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple tree grew by the wall,
Ugly and crooked and black;
But it knew the gardener's call,
And the children rode on its back.
It scattered its blossoms upon the air,
It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood!
Come, live with the forest band.
Our comrades will do you good,
And tall and straight you will stand."
And he swung his boughs to a witching sound,
And flung his cones like coins around.

"Oho!" laughed the sturdy oak;
"The life of the field for me.
I weather the lightning-stroke;
My branches are broad and free.
Grow straight and slim in the wood, if you will—
Give me the sun and the wind-swept hill."

And the apple tree murmured low:
"I am neither straight nor strong;
Crooked my back doth grow
With bearing my burdens long."
And it dropped its fruit as it dropped a tear,
And reddened the ground with fragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the harvest heard,
And He said: "I have use for all;
For the bough that shelters a bird,
For the beam that pillars a hall;
And, grow they tall, or grow they ill,
They grow but to wait their Master's will."

So a ship of the oak was sent
Far over the ocean blue,
And the pine was the mast that bent
As over the waves it flew,

And the ruddy fruit of the apple tree
Was borne to a starving isle of the sea.

Now, the farmer grows like the oak,
And the townsman is proud and tall,
And city and field are full of folk—
But the Lord has need of all.
And who will be like the apple tree,
That fed the starving over the sea?

The Pine Tree.

A handful of moss from the woodside,
Dappled with gold and brown,
I borrowed to gladden my chamber
In the heart of the dusty town;
And here, in the flickering shadows
Traced by my window-vine,
It has nursed into life and freshness
The germ of a giant pine.

I turn from the cool-bosomed lilies,
Dewy the whole day through;
From the flaunting torches of tulips,
Flame-like in form and hue;
From the gorgeous geraniums' glory,
From the trellis where roses twine,
To welcome this sturdy stranger,
This poor little alien pine.

Out of this feeble seedling
What wonders the years may bring!
Its stem may defy the tempest,
Its limbs in the whirlwind sing;
For age, which to men comes laden
With weakness and sure decline,
Will add only growth and beauty
And strength to this tiny pine.

Hark! is it an airy fancy?
The war of its storm-wrung limbs,
Then the sigh of its tender tassels
To the twilight zephyr-hymns;
The rain on its thick, soft greenness,
When the spring skies weep and shine—
Oh, many and mighty the voices
Haunting this tiny pine!

Shops, and the jar of machinery,
Mills, and the shudder of wheels,
Wharves, and the bustle of commerce,
Ships, and the rushing of keels;
Town, and the hurry of living,
The murmur which none may define,
I hear and see as I listen,
Watching this tiny pine.

I will take it again to the woodside,
That, safe with its kindred there,
Its evergreen arms may broaden
Yearly more strong and fair.
And long after weeds and brambles
Grow over this head of mine,
The wild birds will build and warble
In the boughs of my grateful pine.

Every-Day Botany.

Katherine H. Perry.

Who doubts there are classes
Of men, like the grasses
And flowers, subdivided in many a way?
You've seen them, I've seen them,
We've jostled between them,
These manifold specimens—day after day.

You've met nettles that sting you,
And roses that fling you
Their exquisite incense from warm, hidden hearts,
And bright morning-glories
That tell their own stories,
With round honest faces rehearsing their parts.

Sometimes an old thistle
Will bluster and bristle,
When chance or necessity leads you his way;
But do not upbraid him—
He's just as God made him;
Perchance some small good he has done in his day.

The poppies think sleeping
Far better than weeping,
And never let worry usurp a good nod;
They'll laugh and grow fatter
O'er any grave matter,
When sensitive plants would sink under the sod.

Frail harebells will flourish
With little to nourish
Their delicate fibers but sunshine and rock;
But plant there a lily,
Or daffydowndilly,
Or orchid, how soon would they feel their death-shock!

The hollyhocks greet you,
Whenever they meet you,
With stiffest of bows, or a curt little phrase;
But never a mullein,
Was haughty or sullen,
And warm are their hand-shakes, if awkward their ways.

Ah! never a flower,
Blooming wild or in bower,
But lives in Humanity's flora anew;
May I ask, in conclusion,
'Mid all this confusion,
What flower we shall find if we analyze you?

The Cedars of Lebanon.

Letitia E. Landon.

Ye ancients of the earth, beneath whose shade
Swept the fierce banners of earth's mightiest kings,
When millions for a battle were arrayed,
And the sky darkened with the vultures' wings.

Long silence followed on the battle cries;
First the bones whitened, then were seen no more;
The summer grasses sprang for summer skies,
And dim tradition told no tales of yore.

The works of peace succeeded those first wars,
Men left the desert tents for marble walls;
Then rose the towers from whence they watched the stars,
And the vast wonders of their kingly halls.

And they are perished; those imperial towers
Read not amid the midnight stars their doom;
The pomp and art of all their glorious hours
Lie hidden in the sands that are their tomb.

And ye, ancestral trees, are somewhat shorn
Of the first strength that marked earth's earlier clime·
But still ye stand, stately and tempest-worn,
To show how nature triumphs over time.

Much have ye witnessed—but yet more remains;
The mind's great empire is but just begun;
The desert beauty of your distant plains
Proclaims how much has yet been left undone.

Will not your giant columns yet behold
The world's old age, enlightened, calm, and free;
More glorious than the glories known of old—
The spirit's placid rule o'er land and sea?

All that the past has taught is not in vain—
Wisdom is garnered up, from centuries gone;
Love, hope and mind prepare a nobler reign
Than ye have known—Cedars of Lebanon!

Song of the Maple.

R. M. Streeter.

Maple, from the leafy wildwood,
Where thine early years have sped,
Emblem of our happy childhood,
To the past forever fled—
Here, with radiant spring adorning
Banks and braes with buds and flowers,
We, in life's hope-lighted morning,
Leave thee to the sun and showers.

Infant leaves, unclasp your fingers;
Sunshine, kiss their tender palms;
Evening wind, as twilight lingers,
With our maple in thine arms,
Sway and sing, "O dews of evening,
Daily, as ye sink to rest,
May ye see that nearer heaven
Grows the nestling on my breast."

On the early dawning morrow,
In the garden-world of care,
We must meet the joy and sorrow
That await our coming there.
O brave hearts! when restful evening
Finds our daily duty o'er,
May it find us nearer heaven
Than we were the day before!

The Forest Trees.

Eliza Cook.

Up with your heads, ye sylvan lords!
Wave proudly in the breeze;
For our cradle-bands and coffin-boards
Must come from the forest trees.

We bless ye for your summer shade,
When our weak limbs fail and tire;
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
When we pile the bright log fire.

Oh! where would be our rule on the sea
And the fame of the sailor band,
Were it not for the oak and cloud-crowned pine,
That spring on the quiet land?

When the ribs and masts of the good ship live,
And weather the gale with ease,
Take his glass from the tar who will not give
A health to the forest trees.

Ye lend to life its earliest joy,
And wait on its latest page;
In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,
And the easy chair for age.

The old man totters on his way,
With footsteps short and slow;
But without the stick for his help and stay,
Not a yard's length could he go.

The hazel twig in the stripling's hand
Hath magic power to please;
And the trusty staff and slender wand
Are plucked from the forest trees.

Ye are seen in the shape of the old hand-loom,
And the merry ringing flail;
Ye shine in the dome of the monarch's home
And the sacred altar rail.

In the rustic porch, the wainscoted wall,
In the gay triumphal car;
In the rude-built hut, or the banquet hall,
No matter—there ye are!

Then up with your heads, ye sylvan lords!
Wave proudly in the breeze;
From our cradle-bands to our coffin-boards,
We're in debt to the forest trees.

The Trees' Choice.

Grace B. Carter.

Down in the valley were gathered, one day,
All the trees of the neighborhood round;
For they were to decide, without more delay,
Which one should be king of the ground.

"I choose the Elm," said the Maple, in front;
"For he is so graceful and fair.
If there's anyone here more fit to be king,
Will someone come forth and declare?"

"The Vine is my choice," spoke up a weak voice
From the Ivy around the trees twined;
"For, though he depends on the trees for support,
Yet he's useful to all of mankind."

"I have listened to all you have said, and now,
If I be permitted a choice,"
Said the pale, drooping Willow, so patient and sad,
Who had not to her thoughts given voice;

"Of all the grand trees most suited for king,
The Oak, to me, should stand first—
The majestic, towering, mighty Oak,
Which once from a small acorn burst.

"For our Oak hath traveled o'er land and sea,
Hath shielded princes, and freedom's laws;
Hath builded our ships, our bulwarks, our homes,
And of victories' palms been the cause."

"The Oak is our choice, the brave old Oak!"
They cry, with a full joyous ring;
"And we pledge to him our homage and trust—
Yes, the Oak is our King, the Oak is our King!"

What do We Plant when We Plant the Tree?

Henry Abbey.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee,
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be,
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

DECORATION DAY.

Ode for Decoration Day.

Henry Peterson.

Bring flowers, to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead—our glorious dead!
Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime,
And wild war-music bring anew the time
  When they who sleep beneath
  Were full of vigorous breath,
And in their lusty manhood sallied forth,
  Holding in strong right hand
  The fortunes of the land,
The pride and power and safety of the North!
It seems but yesterday
The long and proud array—
But yesterday when e'en the solid rock
Shook as with earthquake shock—
As North and South, like two huge icebergs, ground
Against each other with convulsive bound,
And the whole world stood still
  To view the mighty war,
  And hear the thunderous roar,
While sheeted lightnings wrapped each plain and hill.

Alas! how few came back
From battle and from wrack!
Alas! how many lie
Beneath a Southern sky,

Who never heard the fearful fight was done,
And all they fought for, won!
Sweeter, I think, their sleep,
More peaceful and more deep,
Could they but know their wounds were not in vain;
Could they but hear the grand triumphal strain,
And see their homes unmarred by hostile tread.
Ah! let us trust it is so with our dead—
That they the thrilling joy of triumph feel,
And in that joy disdain the foeman's steel.

We mourn for all, but each doth think of one
More precious to the heart than aught beside—
Some father, brother, husband, or some son,
Who came not back, or, coming, sank and died;
In him the whole sad list is glorified!
"He fell 'fore Richmond, in the seven long days
When battle raged from morn till blood-dewed eve,
And lies there," one pale widowed mourner says,
And knows not most to triumph or to grieve.
"My boy fell at Fair Oaks," another sighs;
"And mine at Gettysburg," his neighbor cries,
And that great name each sad-eyed listener thrills.
I think of one who vanished when the press
Of battle surged along the Wilderness,
And mourned the North upon her thousand hills.

O gallant brothers of the generous South!
Foes for a day, and brothers for all time,
I charge you by the memories of our youth,
By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's clime,
Hold our dead sacred; let them quietly rest
In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best!
Your vines and flowers learned long since to forgive,
And o'er their graves a broidered mantle weave;
Be you as kind as they are, and the word
Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,
And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake
Responsive to your kindness, and shall make

Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye, O Northmen! be ye not outdone
  In generous thought and deed.
We all do need forgiveness, every one;
  And they that give shall find it in their need.
Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
  Who died for a lost cause;
A soul more daring, resolute, and brave
  Ne'er won a world's applause!
(A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.)
For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,
Some wife or mother looked, with longing eyes,
Through the sad days and nights, with tears and sighs—
Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share;
Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

Yes, bring fresh flowers, and strew the soldier's grave,
  Whether he proudly lies
  Beneath our Northern skies,
Or where the Southern palms their branches wave.
Let the bells toll, and wild war-music swell,
  And for one day the thought of all the past—
  Full of those memories vast—
Come back and haunt us with its mighty spell!
Bring flowers then, once again,
And strew with fragrant rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead.

The Soldier's Burial.

Caroline Norton.

Hark to the shrill trumpet calling!
It pierceth the soft summer air;
Tears from each comrade are falling,
For the widow and orphan are there.

The bayonets earthward are turning,
And the drum's muffled breath rolls around;
But he hears not the voice of their mourning,
Nor awakes to the bugle's sad sound.

Sleep, soldier! though we weep o'er thee
Who stand by thy cold bier to-day,
Soon shall the kindest forget thee,
And thy name from the earth pass away.

The man thou didst love as a brother,
A friend in thy place will have gained;
Thy dog shall keep watch for another,
And thy steed by a stranger be reined.

Hearts that now mourn for thee sadly
Soon joyous as ever shall be,
And thy bright orphan boy will laugh gladly
As he sits on some kind comrade's knee.

But one friend shall still pay the duty
Of tears for the true and the brave,
As when first, in the bloom of her beauty,
She wept by the soldier's grave.

Our Comrades.

The slant sun falls at shut of day
On patriot graves, whereon we lay

Our wreaths of laurel and of bay,
To wither till the next year's May
Brings forth fresh leaves and flowers.

Within these graves our comrades sleep,
While softened skies above them weep,
And God's dear stars their vigils keep,
High o'er the sod, 'neath which, down deep,
They pass th' unconscious hours.

No more the ringing battle cry,
The charging squadrons thundering by,
The shouts of victory swelling high,
The mortal groan, the expiring sigh
Disturb their deep repose.

A deep repose we may not share;
Beyond our lovingness and care;
Beyond our passion and our prayer;
Unheeding, too, the blooms we bear
Of laurel or of rose.

We little reck from whence they came;
If known to fortune or to fame,
Or, if oblivion hide a name
Whose hurting healed the nation's shame
All one, our comrades they.

By their green graves, to us so dear,
We answer roll-call one more year,
And drop the tribute of a tear
Above each loyal comrade's bier,
This Decoration Day.

A Ballad of Heroes.

Austin Dobson.

Because you passed, and now are not—
  Because in some remoter day
Your sacred dust in doubtful spot
  Was blown of ancient airs away—
  Because you perished—must men say
Your deeds were naught, and so profane
  Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

Though it may be, above the plot
  That hid your once imperial clay,
No greener than o'er men forgot
  The unregarding grasses sway;
  Though there no sweeter is the lay
Of careless bird; though you remain
  Without distinction of decay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

No, for while yet in tower or cot
  Your story stirs the pulse's play,
And men forget the sordid lot—
  The sordid cares—of cities gray;
  While yet they grow for homelier fray
More strong from you, as reading plain
  That Life may go, if Honor stay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

Envoy.

  Heroes of old! I humbly lay
    The laurel on your graves again;
  Whatever men have done, men may—
    The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

Our Honored Heroes.

S. F. Smith.

Strew the fair garlands where slumber the dead,
Ring out the strains like the swell of the sea;
Heartfelt the tribute we lay on each bed;
Sound o'er the brave the refrain of the free,
Sound the refrain of the loyal and free,
Visit each sleeper and hallow each bed;
Waves the starred banner from seacoast to sea;
Grateful the living and honored the dead.

Dear to each heart are the names of the brave;
Resting in glory, how sweetly they sleep!
Dewdrops at evening fall soft on each grave,
Kindred and strangers bend fondly to weep;
Kindred bend fondly, and drooping eyes weep
Tears of affection o'er every green grave;
Fresh are their laurels and peaceful their sleep;
Love still shall cherish the noble and brave.

Peace o'er this land, o'er these homes of the free,
Brood evermore with her sheltering wing;
God of the Nation, our trust is in Thee—
God, our Protector, our Guide, and our King;
God, our Protector, our Guide, and our King,
Thou art our refuge—our hope is in Thee;
Strong in Thy blessing and safe 'neath Thy wing,
Peace shall encircle these homes of the free.

Between the Graves.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Where blood once quenched the camp-fire's brand,
On every sod throughout the land
The silver showers slip softly down;
On every sod some growing stem
Lifts to the light a shining crown.

For underneath her bending blue,
With leaf and sunshine, moon and dew,
Glad Nature gilds the graveside gloom,
Nor asks what passions stirred the dust
Through which her pulses spring to bloom.

While from the gardens of the South,
Like blessings blown from some warm mouth,
The wooing wind steals all day long—
Steals lingeringly from grave to grave,
With breath of blossom, breath of song.

A common flag, breeze, showers and flowers,
Are weaving all these sunny hours,
Where broken hearts and hopes are hid,
And the great mother on each bed
Lays it, a fragrant coverlid.

You, who with garlands go about,
As the tree-tilting bird pours out
O'er either mound his singing bliss,
Oh, kind as birds and breezes, leave
A flower on that grave, and on this!

For, lo, the eternal truce of death
Was called upon the passing breath,
And all the phantom hates, that shed
Their shadows round us as they stalked,
Have no remembrance with the dead!

O Martyrs Numberless.

Once more we gather under skies of May,
When lilac blossoms, and when violet blows,
And on these grassy graves we weave a spray
Of Northern lily and of Southern rose.

Once more we hear the bluebird's song afloat,
The thrush's piping in the dewy dell;
We thrill to hear the Northern robin's note,
And stand ensnared by Southern mock-bird's spell.

Once more the winds through odorous orchards blow,
The creamy hawthorns through the fences twine;
Lo! all the sunrise splendors are aglow,
Like cataracts of red and golden wine.

We bring a wreath, O martyrs numberless,
Who perished that your country still might live;
Who fought and bled the unborn babe to bless,
That we should still be brothers, and forgive.

But now we come, not as in bygone years,
When anger poisoned sorrow through and through;
When no one cried, through blended love and tears,
"Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Thank God! those days have now forever passed,
With all their strife of party, clique, and clan;
The Northerner, the Southerner, at last,
Is simply, solely, an American.

On Santiago summits we unite
The grizzled foes of Chickamauga's day;
The hatreds of a Shiloh sink from sight
Beneath the waters of Manila Bay.

Above your graves exultant anthems swell,
When Peace and love have healed the battle's blows;
We flush with pride to think those fought so well
With these, so brave to overcome such foes.

Peace be to Lee, whose honor shall not cease;
To Stonewall, of the valor-vibrant name;
Peace be to Grant, who longed so much for peace,
To Lincoln, of the everlasting fame!

The Red, the White, the Blue.

Kate B. Sherwood.

O comrades, on each lonely grave we place one flower to-day,
More sweet than any that shall bloom upon the heart of May;
More flush in blue and crimson, with starry splendor crowned,
Because the thunders raged above, the darkness hemmed around;
The flower that our fathers saw, a hundred years before,
A tiny tendril springing by the lonely cabin door;
'Twas sown in fears, 'twas wet with tears, till, lo! it burst in view,
The symbol of a nation's hopes—the Red, the White, the Blue.

Ah! not in anger, not in strife, we come with laden hands;
The crimson retinues of war are off in other lands;
We bring the blossoms we have nursed, to shed their honeyed breath
Where erst the reeling ranks of wrath unbarred the gates of death;
We lift the dear dead faces of our heroes to the light,
We raise the pallid hands of theirs, we clasp and hold them tight;
We say: O brothers, rise and see the peace you helped to woo,
Whose snowy pinions hover o'er the Red, the White, the Blue.

Not yours, O silent comrades, the ecstasy of strife,
The haughty exaltation that rounds the hero's life;
Not yours the flash of sabers, the shouts of the advance,
The gleam of thrusting bayonets that shiver as they glance;
Not yours upon the parapet your banner to unfurl,
To die with victory on your lips, as back your feet they hurl;

The whisper of a kindling hope, while gayly over you
The silken folds are dancing out—the Red, the White, the Blue.

Nay, to your homesick vision the mask of Death was up;
His icy breath was round you, his draught was in the cup;
A terror walks at noonday; the dreams that throng the night
But take the wings of morning, and vanish ere the light.
But, oh! our fallen heroes, one gleam of heaven shines
Upon the ghastly phalanxes, along the ragged lines;
And eyes grown dim with watching are lit with courage new—
They've heard the tramp of comrades, with the Red, the White, the Blue.

O comrades of the prison, ye have not died in vain,
For lo! the march of harvests where War has trod the plain!
And lo! the breath of lilies and of rose beyond compare,
And the sound of children chanting where the cannon rent the air!
We clasp our hands above you with tearful hearts to-day—
Your brothers who have worn the blue, your brothers of the gray;
Our hearts are one forever, whatever men may do,
And over all the glory of the Red, the White, the Blue.

Ah! not in strife, nor anger, nor idle grief, we come,
With thrill and throb of bugle, with clamor of the drum.
We've heard the wings of healing above the war's surcease;
And lo! the Great Commander has set the watchword, "Peace!"
Peace to the free-born millions who live to do and dare,
Peace in each brave endeavor, in whatever lot they share!
Above the triune colors, so dear to me and you,
The splendid flower that Freedom guards—the Red, the White, the Blue.

Flowers for the Fallen Heroes.

E. W. Chapman.

Once again the flowers we gather,
On these sacred mounds to lay;
O'er the tombs of fallen heroes
Float the Stars and Stripes to-day.

From the mountain, hill, and valley
Issued forth a noble throng,
With heroic valor fighting
Till was heard the victor's song.

But these brave men now are sleeping,
While their deeds in memory live,
And the tribute we are bringing
'Tis the nation's joy to give.

Bring we here the gold and purple,
Scarlet, blue, and lily white,
Tassels from the silver birches,
And the tulips gay and bright.

Swords no more are brightly flashing,
Foes no more our land molest;
Slumb'ring in the green-clad valley,
Low and peaceful is their rest.

Earth to them was full of promise,
Home and friends and life were dear;
But when loud the war-cry echoed,
Quick the answer, "We are here!"

Swiftly now the years are rolling,
While the honor and the fame
Of the valiant brave increases,
And more dear each noble name.

Bring bright flowers the graves to garland,
Let the sweetest music rise,
Let the Stars and Stripes be waving,
O'er their generous sacrifice.

Little Nan.

The wide gates swung open,
The music softly sounded,
And loving hands were heaping the soldiers' graves with flowers;
With pansies, pinks, and roses,
And pure gold-hearted lilies,
The fairest, sweetest blossoms that grace the spring-time bowers;

When down the walk came tripping
A wee, bare-headed girlie,
Her eyes were filled with wonder, her face was grave and sweet;
Her small brown hands were crowded
With dandelions yellow—
The gallant, merry blossoms that children love to greet.

O, many smiled to see her,
That dimple-cheeked wee baby,
Pass by with quaint intentness, as on a mission bound;
And, pausing oft an instant,
Let fall from out her treasures
A yellow dandelion upon each flower-strewn mound.

The music died in silence,
A robin ceased its singing,
And in the fragrant stillness a bird-like whisper grew,
So sweet, so clear and solemn,
That smiles gave place to tear-drops:
"Nan loves 'oo darlin' soldier; an' here's a f'ower for 'oo."

Army of the Potomac.

O remnant of that perished host,
Rise up! Recross that ghostly shore!
Advance! Pass in each proud outpost
And conquer! Conquer as before!
Aye, conquer, so that nevermore

May arm or army dare uprise
Beneath these star-strewn bannered skies!
Aye, conquer! So that cycles through
All earth would sooner lift high hand
To cleave God's starry blue
Than the banner of this land.

And conquer all with love! With hands
Outstretched as eager brothers reach
When stormy seas and trackless lands
Have long divided them, let each
Man slay his man with love. Aye, teach
The world the art of war; to know
That love beats down the bravest foe,
And that hate shall cease forever,
And wars forever cease;
Teach marshaled, piteous Europe
The victory of peace.

To you, brave men, Peace makes appeal,
To you, who know the awful woe
Of studied war, who bore the steel
Above that noblest, bravest foe
That ever fell; saw lifted there
Pale boyish faces, touched white hands
That dropped the sword to lift in prayer
And die along the blood-soaked lands.
To you Peace makes appeal for peace;
For only he who bears a scar
Can know the awful agonies
That track the trade of war.

Grim heroes of an age, the dream
Of Calvary behooves the brave,
When next your battle banners gleam
In glad reunion let them wave
Beyond Potomac's storied stream.
Recross and meet again the gray!
Meet there as you meet here to-day.

As June to May, blend blue and gray!
  Strike hands, and hold as honored guest
Each brave and battered hero
  You last met breast to breast.

Sleep, Comrades, Sleep.

H. W. Longfellow.

Sleep, comrades, sleep and rest
  On this Field of the Grounded Arms,
Where foes no more molest,
  Nor sentry's shot alarms!

Ye have slept on the ground before,
  And started to your feet
At the cannon's sudden roar,
  Or the drum's redoubling beat.

But in this camp of Death
  No sound your slumber breaks;
Here is no fevered breath—
  No wound that bleeds and aches.

All is repose and peace;
  Untrampled lies the sod;
The shouts of battle cease:
  It is the Truce of God!

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
  The thoughts of men shall be
As sentinels to keep
  Your rest from danger free.

Your silent tents of green
  We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
  The memory shall be ours.

The Heroes' Day.

Through the long bending grass
The white-robed maidens pass,
With tender faces, and with footsteps soft and slow,
Upon each lowly grave,
Where sleeps the true and brave,
Dropping red roses and wan lilies as they go.

Flowers for the patriot band
Who loved their native land:
Sweet rosemary, and purple pansies, and pale pinks;
Green leaves from budding trees
Make sweet the passing breeze—
Sweet as the elegy the grateful nation thinks.

For who would not prolong
With flowers and scent and song
The memory of those who fell in freedom's fight?
From the sweet month of May,
Then choose the fairest day,
And crown it for the honored dead with all things bright.

Then say: "O singing birds,
Echo these tender words:
While bosoms nobly throb, and women's eyes are wet,
While roses bud and blow,
While stars at evening glow,
While daylight breaks for us, we never will forget.

"As long as men shall stand
For home and native land,
And while our starry flag flies o'er the true and free,
Honor and love and truth
Shall give immortal youth,
And we'll remember you upon the land and sea."

The Silent Grand Army.

E. M. H. C.

Now bring we sweet flowers, bring lilies and roses,
  Bring evergreen wreaths and forget-me-nots blue;
Bring "pansies for thoughts" of our dearly loved comrades;
  Bring laurels for heroes who ever were true.
We scarcely can see for our eyes dim with weeping,
  Sad thoughts and sad memories are crowding each breast;
But we heap high the flowers, the beautiful flowers,
  Where the silent Grand Army is lying at rest.

We are reading the name on some family tombstone;
  Alas! of the number one green mound they lack,
And under one name we read this simply graven:
  "He went to the war, and he never came back."
And far, far away, from all friends and all kindred,
  'Neath a desolate mound with green grasses o'ergrown,
He sleeps; a plain headstone the lonely spot marking,
  With the mournful inscription, black-lettered, "Unknown."

Some on the battlefield, where they had fallen,
  Gave their lives—what more could anyone give?
Others in prison-pens, gloomy and loathsome,
  Slowly were starved, that the nation might live.
All did their work, and it was well done,
  Whether in prison or in battle's wild din;
They died for the Union their forefathers fought for—
  The silent Grand Army has mustered them in.

O silent Grand Army, though scattered so widely,
  The grass grows above you like a green velvet pall;
The sunshine by day shines upon you all brightly,
  The same moon and stars by night shine on you all.
So we in our hearts hold you all, O Grand Army!
  Though silent, and numbered on earth with the dead,
Your deeds still live on, and will not be forgotten,
  While our glorious banner still floats overhead.

Red, like the blood which you spilled to defend it;
White as your faces when laid 'neath the sod,
Blue as the dome of the heaven you entered
When your sorely tried spirits returned to their God.

The years are fast flying, O silent Grand Army!
Not long ere the last who is living to-day
Will be cradled so gently in Mother Earth's bosom,
And the living Grand Army shall have all passed away.
Will you meet us, old comrades, when "over the river"
The old angel Death shall have carried us all?
Aye! we'll join in the ranks, true comrades forever,
When we all answer "Here!" at the final roll-call.

Decoration Hymn.

William H. Randall.

Soldiers! who freely for our country's glory
Upheld our flag on Southern hill and plain,
Long may your deeds be told in grateful story,
Ye have not lived in vain!

Brothers! who fought for more than empty honor
That all our land united might be free,
May shine for evermore upon our banner
Each star for liberty.

Heroes! who toiled through all the dusty marches,
And life surrendered on those shot-plowed fields,
To ye who fled where the blue sky o'erarches,
Tribute a nation yields.

Your spirits, watching from out heaven's dominions,
Shall not see lost what ye so dearly bought;
The shackles that once clogged the eagle's pinions
Shall not again be wrought.

And now with garlands decorate each dwelling
Where all that earth could claim serenely sleeps;
While love, like perfume from the flower upwelling
Grateful remembrance keeps.

Memorial Day.

Margaret Sidney.

A little window-garden plot,
Blooming in dusty street,
Adown which poured the travel
Of many weary feet;
A cheery spot of brightness
Blooming for all to see.
Oh, that was Blossom's garden-bed,
Who loved it tenderly.

At morn, at noon, at even,
She dealt out faithful care;
And many buds and flowerets sweet
Came out with fragrance rare.
And now, this May-day morning,
She stood in wealth of bloom
That beautified and perfumed all
The quaint, old-fashioned room.

When suddenly the door was thrown
Ajar, and there stood Ray.
"Give us your flowers, do, Blossom, do,
For Decoration Day."
She looked around with pretty flush
Of hurt surprise: "Ah, no;
You know not what you ask, if you
Would wish to rob me so."

"To *rob* you?" Master Ray in scorn
Flashed out, then turned away;
"The soldiers gave their all for *you:*
You *owe* them flowers to-day."

"I '*owe* them flowers.' Ah, true, indeed!
Dear brother, please forgive.
Those brave men died on battle-fields
That we at home might live;

And I not lay a flower upon
Their graves in memory sweet!
Oh, selfish heart! I have to mourn
Ingratitude complete.
Forgive me, Lord. They shall have all;
Yes, glad I am to make
My buds and blossoms into wreaths
For those dear patriots' sake."

The May-day sun shone brilliantly;
All Nature smiled to see
The honors given to those who died
In the cause of Liberty;
But the sweetest gift from loving hands
Was the bud, and flower, and spray,
From the little child who gave her all
On that Memorial Day.

Our Heroes' Graves.

When Nature, from her lavish urn,
Pours forth the fullness of her wealth,
And flowers in every valley burn,
Like roses on the cheek of health;
And when the blossom-laden air
By springtime's latest breeze is fanned,
And floats its incense everywhere,
In billowy fragrance o'er the land—
We deck the graves of those who bled
To keep this heritage of ours,
And for the unforgotten dead
We dress this festival of flowers.

Rose-wreaths for heroes' deeds we pay,
And garlands for their deadly strife;
We deck their graves with flowery spray,
And give a lily for a life.
The quiet blossoms from the meads
Crown well the fever of their deeds,
While Nature clasps in endless rest
Her strong-armed darlings to her breast.

They did their mighty work full well,
And left it for the years to praise,
And ages hence our bards shall tell
Of heroes of those golden days.
And jealously we guard their fame,
And pass their shining virtues down,
As children worthy of their name,
And heritors of their renown.
And long shall rise, in hours of need,
Or when a threatening fate draws near,
Men of the same strong-hearted breed,
With untamed souls that know not fear.
And while are hearts of equal worth
That love of land or glory stirs,
Freedom shall dwell upon the earth,
Amid her loving worshippers;
And rule in sceptered peace afar,
From rising sun to evening star,
A land untrod by foot of slaves,
But white with blooms on heroes' graves.

Decoration Day.

Wallace Bruce.

We deck to-day each soldier's grave,
We come with garlands pure and white
To bind the brows of those who gave
Their all, to keep our honor bright.

We cannot pay the debt we owe;
They gave their lives that we might live;
Our warmest words fall far below
The worship that we fain would give.

O country, fairest of the free!
Columbia! name forever blest;
O lost "Atlantis" of the sea,
Securely anchored in the West,

Unfold the flag their hands have borne!
The shreds of many a well-fought field;
The stripes alone are rent and torn,
The stars are there, our sacred shield.

Those stars are ours because they died;
The blue is dearer for their sake,
Who sleep on many a green hillside
In rank that never more would break.

For well they wore the color true
That holds our constellation fair,
And evermore the "Boys in Blue"
Shall have a day of rest and prayer.

Yes, martyred heroes of the free,
We kneel beside your mounds and pray
That God our nation's guard may be,
And comrades' hope from day to day.

O day baptized in blood and tears!
The blood was theirs, the tears are ours;
And children's children, through the years,
Shall strew their graves with sweetest flowers.

And May-day garlands all in bloom
Will quicken other verse than mine,
And decorate the soldier's tomb
From Southern palm to Northern pine.

Flowers for the Brave.

Celia Thaxter.

Here bring your purple and gold,
Glory of color and scent!
Scarlet of tulips bold,
Buds blue as the firmament.

Hushed is the sound of the fife
And the bugle piping clear:
The vivid and delicate life
In the soul of the youthful year.

We bring to the quiet dead,
With a gentle and tempered grief;
O'er the mounds so mute we shed
The beauty of blossoms and leaf.

The flashing swords that were drawn
No rust shall their fame destroy!
Boughs rosy as rifts of dawn,
Like the blush on the cheek of joy.

Rich fires of the gardens and meads,
We kindle these hearts above.
What splendor shall match their deeds;
What sweetness can match our love?

For Our Dead.

Clinton Scollard.

Flowers for our dead!
The delicate wild roses, faintly red;
The valley lily bells, as purely white
As shines their honor in the vernal light;
All blooms that be
As fragrant as their fadeless memory!
By tender hands entwined and garlanded,
Flowers for our dead!

Praise for our dead!
For those that followed and for those that led,
Whether they felt death's burning accolade,
When brothers drew the fratricidal blade,
Or closed undaunted eyes
Beneath the Cuban or Philippine skies!
While waves our brave, bright banner overhead,
Praise for our dead!

Love for our dead!
O hearts that droop and mourn, be comforted!
The darksome path through the abyss of pain,
The final hour of travail not in vain!
For freedom's morning smile
Broadens across the seas from isle to isle.
By reverent lips let this fond word be said:
Love for our dead!

FLAG DAY.

The Flag of Our Country.

Robert C. Winthrop.

There is the national flag. He must be cold indeed who can look upon its folds, rippling in the breeze, without pride of country. If he be in a foreign land, the flag is companionship and country itself, with all its endearments.

Who, as he sees it, can think of a state merely? Whose eyes, once fastened upon its radiant trophies, can fail to recognize the image of the whole nation? It has been called a "floating piece of poetry," and yet I know not if it have an intrinsic beauty beyond other ensigns. Its highest beauty is in what it symbolizes. It is because it represents all, that all gaze at it with delight and reverence.

It is a piece of bunting lifted in the air; but it speaks sublimely, and every part has a voice. Its stripes of alternate red and white proclaim the original union of thirteen states to maintain the Declaration of Independence. Its stars of white on a field of blue, proclaim that union of states constituting our national constellation, which receives a new star with every new state. The two together signify union past and present.

The very colors have a language which was officially recognized by our fathers. White is for purity, red

for valor, blue for justice; and all together—bunting, stripes, stars, and colors, blazing in the sky—make the flag of our country to be cherished by all our hearts, to be upheld by all our hands.

I have said enough, and more than enough, to manifest the spirit in which this flag is now committed to your charge. It is the national ensign, pure and simple, dearer to all hearts at this moment, as we lift it to the gale and see no other sign of hope upon the storm cloud which rolls and rattles above it, save that which is its own radiant hues—dearer, a thousand fold dearer to us all than ever it was before, while gilded by the sunshine of prosperity and playing with the zephyrs of peace. It will speak for itself far more eloquently than I can speak for it.

Behold it! Listen to it! Every star has a tongue; every stripe is articulate. There is no speech nor language where their voices are not heard. There is magic in the web of it. It has an answer for every question of duty. It has a solution for every doubt and every perplexity. It has a word of good cheer for every hour of gloom or of despondency.

Behold it! Listen to it! It speaks of earlier and of later struggles. It speaks of victories and sometimes of reverses, on the sea and on the land. It speaks of patriots and heroes among the living and among the dead; and of him, the first and greatest of them all, around whose consecrated ashes this unnatural and abhorrent strife has been so long raging. But, before all and above all other associations and memories,—whether of glorious men, or glorious deeds, or glorious places,—its voice is ever of Union and Liberty, of the Constitution and of the Laws.

Our Cherished Flag

Montgomery.

Oh, flag of a resolute nation;
Oh, flag of the strong and free,
The cherished of true-hearted millions,
We hallow thy colors three!
Three proud floating emblems of glory,
Our guide for the coming time;
The red, white, and blue, in their beauty—
Love gives them a meaning sublime.

Thy red is the deep crimson life-stream
Which flowed on the battle plain,
Redeeming our land from oppression,
And leaving no servile stain.
Thy white is a proud people's honor,
Kept spotless and clear as light;
A pledge of unfaltering justice,
A symbol of truth and right.

Thy blue is our nation's endurance,
And points to the blue above;
The limitless, measureless azure,
A type of our Father's love.
Thy stars are God's witness of blessing,
And smile at the foeman's frown;
They sparkle and gleam in their splendor,
Bright gems in the great world's crown.

The American Flag.

Henry Ward Beecher.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads

chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it has streamed abroad, men have seen daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men have rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white, striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and no fierce eagle; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of Dawn; it means *Liberty.*

Consider the men who devised and set forth this banner; they were men who had taken their lives in

their hands, and consecrated all their worldly possessions—for what? For the doctrine, and for the personal fact, of liberty—for the right of all men to liberty.

If anyone, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him—it means just what Concord and Lexington meant; what Bunker Hill meant; which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known—the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

The history of this banner is all on the side of liberty. Under it, rode Washington and his armies; before it, Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered those valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned unto day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York and in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over the soldiers' heads at Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of this nation. And when the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington, while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

How glorious, then, has been its origin! How

glorious has been its history! How divine its meaning! In all the world is there another banner that carries such hope, such grandeur of spirit, such soul-inspiring truth, as our dear old American flag? Made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once, in all the earth made to stoop to despotism!

Accept it, then, in its fullness of meaning. It is not a painted rag. It is a whole national history. It is the Constitution. It is the Government. It is the free people that stand *in* the Government, *on* the Constitution. Forget not what it means; and, for the sake of its meaning, be true to your country's flag.

Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissues of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and, looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas, and amidst the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

The Flag.

Henry Lynden Flash.

Up with the banner of the free!
Its stars and stripes unfurl,
And let the battle beauty blaze
Above a startled world.
No more around its towering staff
The folds shall twine again,
Till falls beneath its righteous wrath
The gonfalon of Spain.

That flag, with constellated stars,
Shines ever in the van!
And, like the rainbow in the storm,
Presages peace to man;
For still, amid the cannon's roar,
It sanctifies the fight,
And flames along the battle-lines,
The emblem of the right.

It seeks no conquest, knows no fear;
Cares not for pomp or state;
As pliant as the atmosphere,
As resolute as Fate.
Where'er it floats, on land or sea,
No stain its honor mars;
And Freedom smiles, her fate secure
Beneath its steadfast stars.

"Rally Round the Flag!"

A. L. Stone.

Ringed about with the flame and smoke of rebel batteries, one solitary flag went down, torn and scathed, on the blackened and battered walls of Sumter. Then the slumberous fire burst forth and blazed

up from the hearts of the people. The painted symbol of the national life, under which our populations of city and country had walked to and fro with tranquil footstep, stirring its peaceful folds with no shouts of chivalrous and romantic deference, had been torn down and trodden under the feet of traitors. Every shred and thread of that mangled symbol was taken into the tender baptism of the nation's heart, and hallowed by the stern vow of the nation's consecration. It was torn down from a single flagstaff, and as the tidings of that outrage swept, ringing and thrilling through the land, ten thousand banners were run up, on every hilltop and in every vale, on church towers and armed fortress and peaceful private homes, till the heavens over us looked down upon more stars than they kept in their own nightly vault, and more stripes, white with wrath and red with vengeance, than ever flamed in the east of breaking day.

And then the cry went forth, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and every instrument of martial music took up the strain, and church-bells pealed it forth, and church choirs sang it as Miriam and Deborah sang of old, and mothers chanted it to their sons, and young wives gave it forth with dewy eyes and quivering lips, and sisters and sweethearts breathed it as a tender adieu to the brave lads than whom nothing was dearer to them but God and country, and the voices gathered into a mighty chorus that swept over the New England hills and across the breadth of midland prairies, and dashed its waves over the summits of the mountains, and down these Western slopes, till they met and mingled with the waves of the Pacific—the full unison echoing here through all your streets

and homes: "Rally round the flag, boys; rally once again!"

How well they followed the flag through four fateful years; how high they lifted it amid the tempest of battle; how often they baptized it with brave young blood and blessed it, dying; how they bore it on to full and final victory, and planted it where we think no hand of man shall ever assail it again, is a story we need not tell to-day.

It has been blackened and torn on many a field and in many a hurtling storm, but never dishonored. It is all the dearer and more sacred for its rents and its wounds. And though so mangled and torn, it is still one whole flag. All the stars are there. Some of them, with mad centrifugal movement, sought to break from their orbit and dismember the glorious constellation. But the centripetal force was mightier yet, and held them fast in that indivisible stellar union. And coming through such peril of loss, and waving above us to-day so restored and complete, it has for us and mankind lessons of warning and of hope, of fidelity and duty, which are the war's legacy to the nation and to history, and which we shall do well to learn and to remember.

No Slave Beneath the Flag.

George Lansing Taylor.

No slave beneath that starry flag,
The emblem of the free!
No fettered hand shall wield the brand
That smites for liberty!

No tramp of servile armies
  Shall shame Columbia's shore,
For he who fights for freedom's rights
  Is free for evermore!

No slaves beneath these glorious folds
  That o'er our fathers flew,
When every breath was dark with death,
  But every heart was true!
No serfs of earth's old empires
  Knelt 'neath its shadow then;
And they who now beneath it bow
  For evermore are men!

. . . .

Go tell the brave of every land,
  Where'er that flag has flown—
The tyrant's fear, the patriot's cheer,
  Through every clime and zone—
That now no more forever
  Its stripes are slavery scars;
No tear-drops stain its azure plain,
  Nor dim its golden stars!

No slave beneath that grand old flag!
  Forever let it fly,
With lightning rolled in every fold,
  And flashing victory!
God's blessing breathe around it!
  And, when all strife is done,
May freedom's light, that knows no night,
  Make every star a sun!

The Stars and Stripes.

There is now no nation which is not familiar with the Stars and Stripes. In the seaports of ancient

China the star-spangled ensign is known as "the flower-flag," its brilliant dyes suggesting to the fanciful Chinese a ready figure of speech. So the wandering Americans are sometimes spoken of as "the flower-flag people." To millions of men in other lands it is an emblem of popular liberty and human rights. To us it now means more than ever. It means a flag saved from dishonor, a nation preserved from disunion. The good Lincoln used to say during the war that though he saw that flag every day, he never regarded it for a moment steadfastly without emotion. To him it represented a republic in danger. So, to-day, as it floats in sunny splendor from numberless spires and spars, on land and sea, in pompous folds or in the tiny leaflet of the children, we may well regard it fondly, as bringing back the wonderful history of a hundred years. It glitters on the proudest frigate as it glittered first on the "Ranger" of Paul Jones. It floats peacefully from Maine to Alaska, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, as it waved amid shot and shell on the fields where the Republic was born and our right to a national flag was established. We do well to cherish a sentiment of passionate devotion to the Old Flag. No star is blotted, no stripe erased. It is the glory of countless homes.

> And when the wanderer—lonely, friendless—
> In foreign harbors shall behold
> That flag unrolled,
> 'Twill be as a friendly hand
> Stretched out from his native land,
> Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless.

The Flower of Liberty.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land;
O tell us what its name may be—
Is this the flower of liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry flower of liberty!

In savage nature's far abode
Its tender seeds our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown flower of liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry flower of liberty!

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of brâided light—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern rose,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister stars of liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry flower of liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free;
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry flower of liberty!

Thy sacred leaves, fair freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew;
And God love us as we love thee—
Thrice holy flower of liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry flower of liberty!

Our Flag.

Henry Ward Beecher.

In 1777, within a few days of one year after the Declaration of Independence, the Congress of the Colonies assembled and ordained this glorious national flag which we now hold and defend, and advanced it full high, before God and all men, as the flag of liberty.

It was no holiday flag, emblazoned for gayety or vanity. It was a solemn national signal. When that banner first unrolled to the sun, it was the symbol of all those holy truths and purposes which brought together the Colonial American Congress. Our flag means, then, all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the Colonies and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea—*divine right of liberty in man.* Every color means liberty; every

thread means liberty; every form of star and beam, or stripe of light, means liberty; not lawlessness, not license; but organized, institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty.

Ode to the American Flag.

Joseph Rodman Drake.

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
  Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
  And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light,
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
  Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
  When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
  To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
  The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! Thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on
(Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet),
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy meteor glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall!
There shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! On ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
And fixed as yonder orb divine,
That sow thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world.

Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us,
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

JULY FOURTH.

The Principles of the Revolution.

Josiah Quincy.

When we speak of the glory of our fathers, we mean not that vulgar renown to be attained by physical strength; nor yet that higher fame, to be acquired by intellectual power. Both often exist without lofty thought, pure intent, or generous purpose. The glory which we celebrate was strictly of a moral and religious character: righteous as to its ends; just as to its means.

The American Revolution had its origin neither in ambition, nor avarice, nor envy, nor in any gross passion; but in the nature and relation of things, and in the thence-resulting necessity of separation from the parent state. Its progress was limited by that necessity. Our fathers displayed great strength and great moderation of purpose. In difficult times they conducted, with wisdom; in doubtful times, with firmness; in perilous times, with courage; under oppressive trials erect; amidst temptations, unseduced; in the dark hour of danger, fearless; in the bright hour of prosperity, faithful.

It was not the instant feeling and pressure of despotism that roused them to resist, but the principle on which that arm was extended. They could have paid

the impositions of the British government, had they been increased a thousand-fold; but payment acknowledged right, and they spurned the consequences of that acknowledgment. But, above all, they realized that those burdens, though light in themselves, would, to coming ages—to us, their posterity—be heavy, and probably insupportable. They preferred to meet the trial in their own times, and to make the sacrifices in their own persons, that we and our descendants, their posterity, might reap the harvest and enjoy the increase.

Generous men, exalted patriots, immortal statesmen! For this deep moral and social affection, for this elevated self-devotion, this bold daring, the multiplying millions of your posterity, as they spread backward to the lakes, and from the lakes to the mountains, and from the mountains to the western waters, shall annually, in all future time, come up to the temple of the Most High, with song and anthem, and thanksgiving; with cheerful symphonies and hallelujahs, to repeat your names; to look steadfastly on the brightness of your glory; to trace its spreading rays to the points from which they emanate; and to seek in your character and conduct a practical illustration of public duty in every occurring social exigency.

The Nation's Birthday.

Mary E. Vandyne.

Ring out the joy bells! Once again,
With waving flags and rolling drums,
We greet the Nation's Birthday, when,
In glorious majesty, it comes.
Ah, day of days! Alone it stands,
While, like a halo round it cast,
The radiant work of patriot hands,
Shines the bright record of the past.

Among the nations of the earth,
What land hath story like our own?
No thought of conquest marked her birth;
No greed of power was ever shown
By those who crossed the ocean wild,
That they might plant upon her sod
A home for Peace and Virtue mild,
And altars rear to Freedom's God.

How grand the thought that bade them roam!
Those pilgrim bands, by Faith inspired—
That bade them leave their cherished home,
And, with the martyr's spirit fired,
Guide their frail vessels o'er the main
Upon the glorious mission bound
On alien soil a grave to gain,
Or else a free-born nation found.

What land has heroes like to ours?
Their names are as the lightning's gleams,
When, on the darkling cloud that lowers,
In blinding majesty it streams.
Great Washington, the man of faith,
Who conquered doubt with patient might;
Warren and Putnam, true till death,
The "Swamp Fox," eager for the fight.

See Major Molly's woman hand
  Drive home the murderous cannon-ball;
How bravely Lydia Darrach planned,
  For home and country risking all.
A glorious list, and without end;
  Forgotten were both sex and age;
Their names in radiant luster blend,
  And shine like stars on history's page.

Like stars to light the firmament,
  And show the world what men may do
Who, as God's messengers, are sent
  And to their mission still are true.
No end had they to seek or gain;
  Their work was there before their sight;
There lay their duty, stern and plain,
  To dare and suffer for the right.

The right that conquered, and whose power
  Is shown in our broad land to-day;
Shown in this bright and prosperous hour,
  When peace and plenty gild our way;
Shown in the glorious song that swells
  The hearts of men from South to North,
And in its rapturous accents tells
  The story of our glorious Fourth.

A New National Hymn.

Francis Marion Crawford.

Hail, Freedom! thy bright crest
And gleaming shield, thrice blest,
  Mirror the glories of a world thine own.
Hail, heaven-born Peace! our sight,
Led by thy gentle light,
  Shows us the paths with deathless flowers strewn.
Peace, daughter of a strife sublime,
Abide with us till strife be lost in endless time.

Her one hand seals with gold
The portals of night's fold,
  Her other the broad gates of dawn unbars;
O'er silent wastes of snows,
Crowning her lofty brows,
  Gleams high her diadem of northern stars;
While, clothed in garlands of warm flowers,
Round Freedom's feet the South her wealth of beauty showers.

Sweet is the toil of peace,
Sweet is the year's increase,
  To loyal men who live by Freedom's laws;
And in war's fierce alarms
God gives stout hearts and arms
  To freemen sworn to save a rightful cause.
Fear none, trust God, maintain the right,
And triumph in unbroken Union's might.

Welded in war's fierce flame,
Forged on the hearth of fame,
  The sacred Constitution was ordained;
Tried in the fire of time,
Tempered in woes sublime,
  An age was passed and left it yet unstained.
God grant its glories still may shine,
While ages fade, forgotten, in time's slow decline!

Honor the few who shared
Freedom's first fight, and dared
To face war's desperate tide at the full flood;
Who fell on hard-won ground,
And into Freedom's wound
Poured the sweet balsam of their brave hearts' blood.
They fell; but o'er that glorious grave
Floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.

In radiance heavenly fair,
Floats on the peaceful air
That flag that never stooped from victory's pride;
Those stars that softly gleam,
Those stripes that o'er us stream,
In war's grand agony were sanctified;
A holy standard, pure and free,
To light the home of peace, or blaze in victory.

Father, whose mighty power
Shields us through life's short hour,
To Thee we pray: Bless us and keep us free;
All that is past forgive;
Teach us, henceforth, to live
That, through our country, we may honor Thee;
And, when this mortal life shall cease,
Take Thou, at last, our souls to Thine eternal peace.

Freedom's Natal Day

Elizabeth M. Griswold.

Wake her with the voice of cannon—give her colors to the morn!
Make the day right glorious that saw the nation born;
Born to a life supernal, like the bird of storied fame—
From the ashes of dead empires springs her altar's sacred flame.

How bright the skies above her! how fair her broad domains!
How rich the warm life-current that courses through her veins!
Her young brow fronts the nations with a promise half divine,
From the frozen hills of Norway to the land of oil and wine;
And Teuton, Celt, and Saxon, cowed down with toil and care,
With longing eyes look westward, and bless her unaware.
Wake her with the voice of cannon—fling her colors to the breeze,
From her mountains and her cities, and her ships upon the seas,
And wreathe her shrine with garlands, and crown her brow with ivy;
'Tis the nation's celebration—'tis freedom's natal day.

The Declaration of Independence.

John Quincy Adams.

The Declaration of Independence! The interest which in that paper has survived the occasion upon which it was issued; the interest which is of every age and every clime; the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes, is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration, by a nation, of the only legitimate foundation of civil government. It was the corner stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe. It demolished at a stroke the lawfulness of all governments founded upon conquest. It swept away all the rubbish of accumulated centuries of servitude. It announced in practical form to the world the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It proved that the social

compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union. From the day of this declaration the people of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an inexorable master in another hemisphere. They were no longer children, appealing in vain to the sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects, leaning upon the shattered columns of royal promises, and invoking the faith of parchment to secure their rights. They were a nation, asserting as of right, and maintaining by war, its own existence. A nation was born in a day.

> How many ages hence
> Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o'er
> In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

It will be acted o'er, but it never can be repeated. It stands, and must forever stand, alone; a beacon on the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn their eyes for a genial and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity, and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind. It stands forever, a light of admonition to the rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption to the oppressed. So long as this planet shall be inhabited by human beings, so long as man shall be of a social nature, so long as government shall be necessary to the great moral purposes of society, so long as it shall be abused to the purposes of oppression—so long shall this Declaration hold out to the sovereign and to the subject the extent and boundaries of their respective rights and duties, founded in the laws of nature and of nature's God.

"Fourth of July."

J. Pierpont.

Day of glory! welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
When a tyrant's thunder pealed
O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy "stars
On their courses" smite his cars,
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
Who for freedom died.

God of peace! whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmur of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er,
O let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones
Till there's war no more!

The New Liberty Bell.

H. B. C.

Those guests from many climes had often heard
How Liberty this land possessed,
And that the tongue of Independence Bell
Would never tire, could never rest,

Yet, lest its lesser size, these later years,
Should fail to reach all human kind,
A larger bell was cast, dispelling fears—
The tale to ever keep in mind.

As stripes in "starry banner" count thirteen,
Those first-born States to honor well,
That many "thousand-weight" was fitly seen
To rightly gauge in size the bell;
And, lest no bronze could fill the standard sought,
All relics prized, of arms or art,
With eager zest and will were quickly brought,
As tributes from the people's heart.

And now this sacred bell hath sounded clear,
"Strike, strike at will, ye people, all!"
And, "Winds, oh, quickly reach the Father's ear,
With humblest prayer and faintest call.
Sound deep within each anxious, waiting soul
That hence shall homeward quickly go,
And cheer its onward way to Freedom's goal,
Where streams of mercy ever flow."

Then let each soul, with faith, in earnest vow
For peace, fraternity, and right,
That all the earth, with joy, may humbly bow,
And pledge to Liberty their plight.
So shall each stroke on vocal, mellow bell
Give tone to life and strength to prayer;
The accents reach the skies, where angels dwell,
And God, who dwelleth everywhere.

As stricken wave, its motion, never lost,
Is felt on farthest shore;
As new-born star, its light forever speeds,
Though time shall be no more;
As thought, while body rests, outreaches space,
To grasp its destiny—
So shall thy strokes, O bell! be carried on
And ring eternally.

The Signing of the Declaration.

George Lippard.

It is a cloudless summer day; a clear blue sky arches and expands above a quaint edifice rising among the giant trees in the center of a wide city. That edifice is built of plain red brick, with heavy window frames, and a massive hall door.

Such is the State House of Philadelphia in the year of our Lord 1776.

In yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the summit of that red brick state house, stands an old man with snow-white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams as it is fixed on the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. By his side, gazing into his sunburnt face in wonder, stands a flaxen-haired boy, with laughing eyes of summer blue. The old man ponders for a moment upon the strange words written upon the bell, then, gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks: "Look here, my child; will you do this old man a kindness? Then hasten down the stairs, and wait in the hall below till a man gives you a message for me; when he gives you that word, run out into the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?" The boy sprang from the old man's arms and threaded his way down the dark stairs.

Many minutes passed. The old bell-keeper was alone. "Ah!" groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me." As the word was upon his lips a merry, ringing laugh broke on his ear. And there, among the crowd on the pavement, stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all

about his face, and, swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tiptoe, and shouted the single word, "Ring!"

Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? That old man is young again. His veins are filling with a new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell peals out; the crowds in the street hear it, and burst forth in one long shout. Old Delaware hears it, and gives it back on the cheers of her thousand sailors. The city hears it, and starts up from desk and workshop, as if an earthquake had spoken.

Under that very bell, pealing out at noonday, in an old hall, fifty-six traders, farmers, and mechanics had assembled to break the shackles of the world. The committee, who have been out all night, are about to appear. At last the door opens, and they advance to the front. The parchment is laid on the table. Shall it be signed or not? Then ensues a high and stormy debate. Then the faint-hearted cringe in corners. Then Thomas Jefferson speaks his few bold words, and John Adams pours out his whole soul.

Still there is a doubt; and that pale-faced man, rising in one corner, squeaks out something about "axes, scaffolds, and a gibbet." A tall, slender man rises, and his dark eye burns, while his words ring through the halls: "Gibbets! They may stretch our necks on every scaffold in the land. They may turn every rock into a gibbet, every tree into a gallows; and yet the words written on that parchment can never die. They may pour out our blood on a thousand altars, and yet, from

every drop that dyes the ax, or drips on the sawdust of the block, a new martyr to freedom will spring into existence. What! are there shrinking hearts and faltering voices here, when the very dead upon our battlefields arise and call upon us to sign that parchment, or be accursed forever?

"Sign! if the next moment the gibbet's rope is around your neck. Sign! if the next moment this hall ring with the echo of the falling ax. Sign! by all your hopes in life or death, as husbands, as fathers, as men! Sign your names to that parchment.

"Yes! were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity; were this voice choking in the last struggle, I would still, with the last impulse of that soul, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth: God has given America to the free. Yes! as I sink down in the gloomy shadow of the grave, with my last breath I would beg of you sign that parchment."

Our National Anniversary.

A. H. Rice.

We celebrate to-day no idle tradition—the deeds of no fabulous race; for we tread in the scarcely obliterated footsteps of an earnest and valiant generation of men, who dared to stake life, and fortune, and sacred honor, upon a declaration of rights, whose promulgation shook tyrants on their thrones, gave hope to fainting freedom, and reformed the political ethics of the world.

The greatest heroes of former days have sought renown in schemes of conquest, based on the love of

dominion or the thirst for war; and such had been the worship of power in the minds of men, that adulation had ever followed in the wake of victory. How daring then the trial of an issue between a handful of oppressed and outlawed colonists, basing their cause, under God, upon an appeal to the justice of mankind and their own few valiant arms. And how immeasurably great was he, the fearless commander, who, after the fortunes and triumphs of battle were over, scorned the thought of a regal throne for a home in the hearts of his countrymen. Amidst the rejoicings of this day, let us mingle something of gratitude with our joy—something of reverence with our gratitude—and something of duty with our reverence.

Let us cultivate personal independence in the spirit of loyalty to the State, and may God grant that we may always be able to maintain the sovereignty of the State in the spirit of integrity to the Union.

Whatever shall be the fate of other governments, ours thus sustained, shall stand for ever. As has been elsewhere said, nation after nation may rise and fall, kingdoms and empires crumble into ruin, but our own native land, gathering energy and strength from the lapse of time, shall go on and still go on its destined way to greatness and renown. And when thrones shall crumble into dust, when scepters and diadems shall have been forgotten, till heaven's last thunder shall shake the world below, the flag of the Republic shall still wave on, and its Stars, its Stripes, and its Eagle, shall still float in pride, and strength, and glory,

> **"Whilst the earth bears a plant,**
> **Or the sea rolls a wave."**

LABOR DAY.

Idleness a Crime.

Henry B. Carrington.

A fallacy lies at the root of the labor question; that is, the illogical admission that a man has a right to be idle, if he so prefer. The choice of employment and the right to demand a just wage for work done do not rest upon a dogma so pernicious. The law of labor is an inherent obligation, as well as a necessity. Personal self-support, to the extent of personal ability, is a duty. Individual support at the expense of others violates the principle that aggregated labor is essential to the public good. The aggregate of protection which society insures is the measure of the obligation which exacts willing industry, and makes voluntary idleness a crime. This is not a question of morals or ethics, but every just code of laws demands that every man should share in the protection of all, and in the protection of the rights of all, as well as his own. No citizen is exempt from a summons to the national defense. He is equally required to contribute to the common good, through the equally important ordinary relations with which everyday labor is allied.

Obedience to law is a paramount obligation, or anarchy ensues; and anarchy is simple madness. Optional

obedience to law is a senseless paradox. There is no right of choice here. At the instant a man says, "I will be idle, and take the consequences," he becomes dependent upon others, and forces them to do for him that which he is bound to do for himself. Even the readiness of the subject of law to bear the penalty of its infraction does not convert the wrong to right.

This position must not be misunderstood. Delay to work, pending terms and conditions, is a matter of judgment or contract, incident to the changing relations of labor and product; but it may be protracted until it becomes suicidal and ruinous. A margin must be conceded to reasonable competition, and the desire of all men to get the best out of the same relative labor; but a failure to reach the full measure of satisfaction desired must not efface the purpose to realize the best attainable results.

Innocent idleness is a practicable impossibility. To see a man drown, and decline to rescue, is, substantially, to drown him. Cessation of labor, for rest, or change of terms or conditions, is rational and honorable. In any other sense, idleness involves a condition of actual violence to all faithful workers. Mental faculties and physical forces will not lie dormant. Remove the incentives to labor for justly attainable ends, and at once all the animal elements, which have been softened and subjected through legitimate exercise, will assert their presence and their power to harm. The idle element will tear down, but never rebuild! Even if the popular fallacy that a man may work or not, at his pleasure, had a technical basis of merit, it loses all proper recognition when it asserts a claim to suspend other labor than his own. No despotism on

earth is so destructive as the sway of a multitude which asserts its voice, and demands recognition without the sanction of law. And this is equally true in all social grades. The idleness of those without means is matched by the profligacy of such as have abundant means, but live only for self and passion. Neither can excuse the mischief done, and neither can impart substantial good to individual or society.

The spirit of sound law is equally repressive of violent invasion of the rights of honest acquisition. The industrious will always save! The improvident will always waste! The motive to industry must be acquisition, for future use, or human life would be more abject than that of animal instinct. Accumulated resources are only to be valued for their uses, and enforced inactivity of those resources cripples many who live upon their distributions to society. It is not to be unnoticed that hoarded acquisitions rapidly segregate themselves in this country, so that the names once associated with large acquisitions are soon found at the beginning-point again. This harmonizes with the theory of free, honest, and patient labor. The highest type of social and domestic happiness, in any Christian civilization, is found among the classes whose prosperity depends upon faithful industry. False gauges are those which declare acquisition, for its own sake, to be the true test or measure of success. Uniformity of acquisition, or wage, is equally incompatible with the very type of mental and physical skill which energizes labor. No arbitrary wage relations can be made uniform, or independent of changing times and conditions. In no other country can national good and happiness be so directly secured to

individual effort. Emigrants do not realize at once that, as a rule, substantial independence is obtainable by honest industry, and that the acquisition is then safe. A changeable wage rate is unavoidable.

A wise adjustment will be proportionate to the harmony between realized labor and expectant labor. The former is simply capital. At sunset, the industrious man has realized capital, by the difference of the measure of profit over expense. The thriftless and idler are in arrears! The contrast will deepen daily; but the fact is only made more definite, that there will always be remunerative wage for all who work cheerfully and faithfully by and up to the measure of demand. Extraordinary conditions demand extraordinary and mutual fraternities, so that both capital and labor may adjust their relations to the highest security, order, peace, and happiness of all.

The Dignity of Labor.

The sun is setting, and the toiler halts.
Across the furrows, shadowed by the rays
That fleck the fields in lines of burnished gold,
The smoke from out his cottage chimney curls
In lazy clouds and fades away in air;
His hand drops from the plow; he waits a while
And lets the cool breath of the twilight blow
Across his face a moment, as he stands
Foot deep in stubble but that moment turned.
Then, starting off his horses to their hay,
Smiles and moves on to meet his welcome home.

And what a wealth of welcome! From the door
Two little ones, blue-eyed and flaxen-haired,

Leap out toward him, shouting all the while;
Within, the boarded kitchen walls throw back
A kindly glow, and, in the gleam, he sees
The table, with the simple supper spread;
And then his wife, lighting the evening lamp.
After the meal a happy hour goes by
With babies prattling gayly on his knees;
Later, to rest, a peaceful, dreamless sleep,
Until the rising sun proclaims the day.

The pomp of kings, the pride of place, and all
The cursed, madding race for wealth and power—
What mean they to this man? Himself a king,
Content to humbly earn his daily bread,
To watch the glow of health on childhood's cheek;
To note the love-light in a mother's eye;
Year in, year out, to plow his plot of earth.
No centuries of silence need he wait
To make reply to God, but daily thanks
His Maker for his manhood and his bread;
His place in life's grim struggle fixed and sure.

Away in those far cities, whose fierce hum
Dies to a feeble murmur in the fields,
The spirits of unrest in human shape
Flit through the caverns of despair and woe,
Frail leaves upon life's swollen, sullen stream,
No will for honest labor, and no hand
To help them to the pathway that they crave;
Drifting in aimless eddies, here and there,
Seeking in vain a glimpse of fortune's smile,
Making a false ambition take the place
Of love and hope, and so they live and die!

No Excellence without Labor.

William Wirt.

The moral and intellectual education of every individual must be chiefly his own work. Rely upon it that the ancients were right, that in morals and in intellect we give the final shape to our own fortunes. How else could it happen that young men who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies?

Differences of talent will not solve it, because that very difference is often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the halls of the same college,—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family,—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; and yet you shall see the former sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness, while, on the other hand, you shall observe the latter plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary that can open its portals to you can do no more than afford you the opportunity of instruction. It must depend, at last, upon yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your education. It may be declared as the result of observation that it is a settled truth that

there is no real excellence without great labor. This is a fiat from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around the candle, till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the mountains of Chimborazo above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. It is this capacity for high and continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and these long reaches of thought that:

> "Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
> Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
> And drag up honor by the locks."

This is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

Toil.

There's a never-dying chorus
  Breaking on the human ear;
In the busy town before us,
  Voices loud, and deep, and clear.
This is labor's endless ditty;
  This is toil's prophetic voice,
Sounding through the town and city,
  Bidding human hearts rejoice.

Sweeter than the poet's singing
Is that anthem of the free;
Blither is the anvil's ringing
Than the song of bird or bee.
There's a glory in the rattle
Of the wheels 'mid factory gloom;
Richer than e'er snatched from battle
Or the trophies of the loom.

See the skillful mason raising
Gracefully yon towering pile;
Round the forge and furnace blazing,
Stand the noble men of toil.
They are heroes of the people,
Who the wealth of nations raise;
Every dome, and spire, and steeple
Raise their heads in labor's praise.

Glorious men of truth and labor,
Shepherds of the human fold,
That shall lay the brand and saber
With the barbarous things of old.
Priests and prophets of creation,
Bloodless heroes in the fight,
Toilers for the world's salvation,
Messengers of peace and light.

Speed the plow and speed the harrow;
Peace and plenty send abroad;
Better far the spade and barrow
Than the cannon or the sword,
Each invention, each improvement,
Renders weak oppression's rod;
Every sign and every movement
Brings us nearer truth and God.

Opportunity to Labor.

Thomas Brackett Reed.

What seemed the great primeval curse that in the sweat of his face should man eat bread has been found, in the wider view of the great cycles of the Almighty, to be the foundation of all sound hope, all sure progress, and all permanent power. Man no longer shuns labor as his deadliest foe, but welcomes it as his dearest friend. Nations no longer dream of riches as the spoils of war, but as the fruits of human energy directed by wise laws and encouraged by peace and good will. Battlements and forts and castles, armies and navies, are day by day less and less the enginery of slaughter, and more and more the guarantee of peace with honor. What the world longs for now is not the pageantry and devastation of war for the aggrandizement of the few, but the full utilization of all human energy for the benefit of all mankind.

Give us but the opportunity to labor, and the whole world of human life will burst into tree and flower.

To the seventy-five millions of people who make up this great Republic, the opportunity to labor means more than to all the world besides. It means the development of resources great beyond the comprehension of any mortal, and the diffusion among all, of the riches to which the glories of "The Arabian Nights" are but the glitter of the pawnshop, and to which the sheen of all the jewels of this earth are but the gleam of the glowworm in the pallor of the dawn.

To develop our great resources, it is the one prime necessity that all our people should be at work; that

all the brain and muscle should be in harmonious action, united in their endeavors to utilize the great forces of nature and to make wealth out of senseless matter and out of all the life which begins with the cradle and ends with the grave, and out of all the powers which ebb and flow in the tides of the ocean, in the rush of the rivers, and out of the great energies which are locked up in the bosom of the earth.

Work.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring, far off into their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim,

brute powers of Fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work, the possibilities are diffused through immensity—undiscoverable, except to Faith.

Man, son of Heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals!

Knights of Labor.

T. V. Powderly.

We are Knights of Labor because we believe that law and order should prevail, and that both should be founded in equity. We are Knights of Labor because we believe that the thief who steals a dollar is no worse than the thief who steals a railroad. To remedy the evils we complain of, is a difficult and dangerous undertaking. The need of strong hearts and active brains was never so great as at the present time. The slavery that died twenty-two years ago was terrible, but the lash in the hand of the old-time slave owner could strike but one back at a time, and but one of God's poor, suffering children felt the stroke. The lash of gold in the hands of the new slave owner falls not upon one slave alone, but upon the backs of millions, and among the writhing, tortured victims, side by side with the poor and the ignorant, are to be found the well-to-do and the educated.

The power of the new slave owner does not end when the ordinary day laborer bends beneath his rule; it reaches out still further, and controls the mechanic,

the farmer, the merchant, and the manufacturer. It dictates not alone what the price of labor shall be, but regulates the price of money as well. Do I overestimate its power? Have I made a single misstatement? If my word is not sufficient, turn to the pages of the history of to-day,—the public press,—and you will find the testimony to prove that what I have said, is true. The lash was stricken from the hand of the slave owner of twenty-five years ago, and it must be taken from the hand of the new slave owner as well. The monopolist of to-day is more dangerous than the slave owner of the past. Monopoly takes the land from the people in million-acre plots; it sends its agents abroad, and brings hordes of uneducated, desperate men to this country; it imports ignorance, and scatters it broadcast throughout the land. While I condemn and denounce the deeds of violence committed in the name of labor during the present year, I am proud to say that the Knights of Labor, as an organization, is not in any way responsible for such conduct. He is the true Knight of Labor who with one hand clutches anarchy by the throat and with the other strangles monopoly.

The man who still believes in the "little red schoolhouse on the hill" should take one holiday and visit the mine, the factory, the coal breaker, and the mill. There, doing the work of men, he will find the future citizens of the Republic, breathing an atmosphere of dust, ignorance, and vice! The history of our country is not taught within these walls. The struggle for independence and causes leading to that struggle, are not spoken of there; the name of Washington is unknown, and the words that rang out trumpet-tongued

from the lips of Patrick Henry are never mentioned. The "little red schoolhouse" must fail to do its work properly, since the children of the poor must pass it by on the road to the workshop. How can they appreciate the duties of citizenship when we do not take the trouble to teach them that to be an American citizen is greater than to be a king, and that he upon whom the mantle of citizenship is bestowed should part with his life before surrendering one jot or tittle of the rights and liberties which belong to him?

Turn away from these hives of industry, stand for a moment on a street corner, and you will see gayly caparisoned horses driven by a coachman in livery; a footman, occupying his place at the rear of the coach, is also dressed in the garb of the serf. On the coach door you will find the crest or coat of arms of the illustrious family to whom it belongs. If you speak to the occupant of the coach concerning our country, her institutions, or her flag, you will be told that they do not compare with those of foreign countries. The child who graduates from the workshop dons the livery of a slave, covers his manhood, and climbs to the footman's place on the outside of the coach. The man who apes the manners and customs of foreign noblemen occupies the inside. The one who with strong heart and willing hands would defend the rights and liberties of his country has never learned what these rights or liberties are. The other does know, but has learned to love the atmosphere of monarchy better than that which he breathes in this land. Between these two our freedom is in danger, and that is why we as Knights of Labor most emphatically protest against the introduction of the child to the

workshop until he has attained his fourteenth year, so that he may be enabled to secure for himself the benefits of an education that will enable him to understand and appreciate the blessings of our free institutions and, if necessary, defend them with his life.

Labor.

Rev. Orville Dewey.

To *some* field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should fasten, as a chosen and coveted theater of improvement. But so he is not impelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in his idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away. Ashamed to toil, art thou? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which Mother Nature has embroidered, midst sun and rain, midst fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of these tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature; it is impiety to Heaven; it is breaking Heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat—*toil*, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

IT was not until the late civil war that this day became in any sense a National one. Until that time its observance was confined almost exclusively to New England. But the proclamation of President Johnson, Nov. 2, 1865, appointing a day for national thanksgiving, was indorsed by similar proclamations from the governors of all the States not of the late Confederacy, and since then the festival has steadily increased in popular favor, though many Southern States have been slow in its observance. Now that its appointment comes from a Democratic President,—the first one ever issued from such a source,—it is probable that it will be more generally regarded than ever before in our history. And this is one of the good signs of the times. It is well that one day of the year be given to the reunion of families, to the gathering together of scattered friends, and to rejoicing over the bounties of Providence.

THANKSGIVING AMONG THE GREEKS.

THE Greeks held the grandest feast of all the year in honor of Demeter, the goddess of the harvest; and the Romans, who borrowed most of their customs from the Grecians, also held a grand celebration in honor of the same goddess, whose name they changed to Ceres. They

went in long processions to the fields, where they engaged in rustic sports, and crowned all of their household gods with flowers. Both of these feasts were held in September.

Thanksgiving among the Jews.

Three thousand years ago witnessed the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, with its magnificent rituals, melodious choirs, and picturesque festivities. For eight days the people ceased their work, to "eat, drink, and be merry." During the time millions gathered in and around Jerusalem, for several days, living in booths formed of the branches of the olive, pine, myrtle, and palm, and decorated with fruits and flowers. Grand public pageants were held, and in addition to these every household had its worship, its sacrifice, and its banquet.

The First English Thanksgiving in New York.

But the Dutch went, and the English came—and they came to stay. On the possession of New Netherland by the English, Edmund Andros being Governor, the Council sitting on June 7, 1675, ordered:

"That Wednesday ye 23d of this Instant month, be appointed throughout ye government a day of Thanksgiving and Prayers to Almighty God for all His Past Deliverances and Blessings and Present Mercies to us, and to Pray ye continuance and Encrease thereof."

How the Pilgrims gave Thanks.

The Pilgrim Fathers, after ten months of sickness and suffering, gathered in their first harvest, which consisted of twenty acres of corn, and six of barley and peas —enough to keep them supplied with food for the coming year. For this they devoutly thanked God, and made preparations for a feast. Hunters were sent out to procure the thanksgiving dinner, and returned with waterfowl, wild turkey, and venison. Then the feast was prepared, and Massasoit and ninety of his warriors were present. On the following year there was such a long drought that the corn and barley were stunted, and famine seemed to stare them in the face. A day of fasting and prayer was appointed, and for nine hours the people prayed unceasingly. At evening the sun set in clouds, a breeze sprang up, and in the morning the rain was pouring down. The crops revived, and there was a bounteous harvest. For this a day of thanksgiving was ordered by Governor Bradford.

The history of this first thanksgiving is recorded as follows:

"Our harvest being gotten in, our governor sent four men out a-fowling that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had the fruit of our labor. They four, in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company almost a week. At that time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us, and among the rest, their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted, and they went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation and bestowed on our governor and upon the captain and others. And although it be

not always so plentiful as it was at this time with us, yet by the goodness of God we are so far from want that we often wish you partakers of our plenty."

The First National Thanksgiving.

The immediate occasion of the first thanksgiving was the surrender of General Burgoyne to General Gates, in the fall of 1777. Thursday, the 18th of December, was designated, and, in compliance with the order of Congress, the army at Valley Forge duly observed the day—the army that had tracked its way in blood. It was ordered by the Continental Congress.

Washington's Proclamation.

Washington, as President of the United States, issued his first proclamation for the observance of a day of thanksgiving at the city of New York on the 3d of October, 1789, setting apart Thursday, the 26th day of November of that year, "to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent Author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be," etc. His second proclamation, dated at the city of Philadelphia, January 1, 1795, designated Thursday, November 26, as a day to be observed for a general thanksgiving by the people of the United States.

Governor John Jay, of New York, thought so well of Thanksgiving Day, that he determined to have one of his own, and accordingly designated Thursday, November 26, 1795.

The First Boston Thanksgiving—July, 1630.

[*For Concert and Solo Recitation.*]

Hezekiah Butterworth.

Solo. "Praise ye the Lord!" The psalm to-day
That rises on our ears
Rolls from the hills of Boston Bay
Through five times fifty years—
When Winthrop's fleet from Yarmouth crept
Out to the open main,
And through the widening waters swept
In April sun and rain,

Concert. "Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
The leader shouted, "pray;'
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As fadeth Yarmouth Bay.

Solo. They passed the Scilly Isles that day,
And May days came, and June,
And thrice upon the ocean lay
The full orb of the moon.
And as that day, on Yarmouth Bay,
Ere England sunk from view,
While yet the rippling Solent lay
In April skies of blue,

Concert. "Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
Each morn was shouted, "pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay.

Solo. Blew warm the breeze o'er Western seas,
Through Maytime morns and June,
Till hailed these souls the Isles of Shoals,
Low, 'neath the summer moon;
And as Cape Ann arose to view,
And Norman's Woe they passed,
The wood-doves came the white mist through
And circled round each mast.

Concert. "Pray to the Lord with fervent lips,"
Then called the leader, "pray;"
And prayer arose from all the ships,
As first in Yarmouth Bay.

Solo. The white wings folded, anchors down,
The sea-worn fleet in line;
Fair rose the hills where Boston town
Should rise from clouds of pine;
Fair was the harbor, summit-walled,
And placid lay the sea.
"Praise ye the Lord," the leader called;
"Praise ye the Lord," spake he.
Concert. "Give thanks to God with fervent lips,
Give thanks to God to-day."
The anthem rose from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

Solo. That psalm our fathers sung we sing,
That psalm of peace and wars,
While o'er our heads unfolds its wing,
The flag of forty stars;
And while the nation finds a tongue
For nobler gifts to pray,
'Twill ever sing the song they sung
That first Thanksgiving Day:
Concert. "Praise ye the Lord with fervent lips,
Praise ye the Lord to-day."
So rose the song from all the ships,
Safe moored in Boston Bay.

Concert. Ho! vanished ships from Yarmouth's tide,
Ho! ships of Boston Bay,
Your prayers have crossed the centuries wide
To this Thanksgiving Day!
We pray to God with fervent lips,
We praise the Lord to-day,
As prayers arose from Yarmouth ships,
But psalms from Boston Bay.

The First Thanksgiving Proclamation Issued by George Washington.

Whereas, it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly to implore His protection and favor, and;

Whereas, both Houses of Congress have, by their joint committee, requested me "to recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many and signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness";

Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th Day of November Next, to be devoted by the people of these States to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, and that will be; that we may then all unite in rendering unto Him our sincere and humble thanks for His kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies and the favorable interpositions of His providence in the course and conclusions of the late war; for the great degree of tranquillity, union and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and, particularly, the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of

acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge; and, in general, for all the great and various favors which He has been pleased to confer upon us;

And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of Nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to render our National Government a blessing to all the people by constantly being a Government of wise, just, and Constitutional laws, discreetly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us), and to bless them with good governments, peace, and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and, generally, to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand, at the City of New York, the 3d day of October, A. D. 1789.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE OLD THANKSGIVING DAYS.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

SITTING silent by the window while the evening's fading beam
Turns to lonely gray the winter's silvered sky,
Not a voice to break the reverie of thought's too pensive dream,
Not a footstep—only memory and I.

From the past the veil seems lifted, and I am a child once more;
On the hearth again the old-time fagots blaze.
Hush! Again I hear the voices of the guests about the door,
In the greetings of the old Thanksgiving Days.

All the air outside is frosty, and in gusts the blithe winds blow,
And I hear the distant sleighbells faintly ring;
And against the rime-touched windows comes the purring, stirring snow,
Like the brushing of a passing angel's wing.
But within, oh, see the faces that are smiling round the board,
How they shine with love and gratitude and praise!
Hushed the voices are a moment for the thanking of the Lord,
In the blessings of the old Thanksgiving Days.

There were all the joyful kinsfolk gathered in that smiling host,
Aged sire and laughing children, sweet and fair.
Sorrow haunted not that banquet with her poor, unwelcome ghost;
Peace and gladness were the unseen angels there.
Oh! the stories, and the music, and the friendly, blithesome jest;
Oh! the laughter and the merry, merry plays!
Was there ever more of heaven in a happy mortal's breast
Than was with us in the old Thanksgiving Days?

That was years ago, and curfews for the loved have rung since then.
As to-night I watch the dawning evening star,
In my dreams I see the mansions Christ prepared in heaven for men—
It is there to-night the absent kindred are;
It is there their feast is ready, and I hold the fancy dear
That they often turn to earth their 'oving gaze,
And perhaps they, too, are dreaming, as they see me sitting here,
Of the sweetness of the old Thanksgiving Days.

That Things are No Worse, Sire.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

From the time of our old Revolution,
When we threw off the yoke of the King,
Has descended this phrase to remember—
To remember, to say, and to sing;
'Tis a phrase that is full of a lesson;
It can comfort and warm like a fire;
It can cheer us when days are the darkest:
"That things are no worse, O my sire!"

'Twas King George's prime minister said it,
To the King, who had questioned, in heat,
What he meant by appointing Thanksgiving
In such days of ill-luck and defeat.
"What's the cause of your day of Thanksgiving?
Tell me, pray," cried the King in his ire.
Said the minister, "This is the reason—
That things are no worse, O my sire!"

There has nothing come down, in the story,
Of the answer returned by the King;
But I think on his throne he sat silent,
And confessed it a sensible thing;
For there's never a burden so heavy
That it might not be heavier still;
There is never so bitter a sorrow
That the cup could not fuller fill.

And what of care and of sadness
Our life and our duties may bring,
There's always the cause for thanksgiving
Which the minister told to the King.
'Tis a lesson to sing and to remember;
It can comfort and warm like a fire,
Can cheer us when days are the darkest—
"That things are no worse, O my sire!"

The Day of Thanksgiving.

Henry Ward Beecher.

Thanksgiving Day is the one national festival which turns on home life. It is not a day of ecclesiastical saints. It is not a national anniversary. It is not a day celebrating a religious event. It is a day of Nature. It is a day of thanksgiving for the year's history. And it must pivot on the household. It is the one great festival of our American life that pivots on the household. A typical Thanksgiving dinner represents everything that has grown in all the summer, fit to make glad the heart of man. It is not a riotous feast. It is a table piled high, among the group of rollicking young and the sober joy of the old, with the treasures of the growing year, accepted with rejoicings and interchange of many festivities as a token of gratitude to Almighty God.

Remember God's bounty in the year. String the pearls of His favor. Hide the dark parts, except so far as they are breaking out in light! Give this one day to thanks, to joy, to gratitude!

Thanksgiving.

Oh! give thanks for the summer and winter;
Give thanks for the sunshine and rain;
For the flowers, the fruits, and the grasses,
And the bountiful harvest of grain;
For the winds that sweep over our prairies,
Distributing vigor and health—
Oh! give thanks to our Heavenly Father
For nature's abundance of wealth.

Oh! give thanks for loved friends and relations,
For sweet converse with those that are dear;
Give thanks for our country's salvation
From famine and war the past year;
That, while kingdoms and empires have fallen,
Our government firmly has stood—
Oh! give thanks to our Heavenly Father
For all this abundance of good.

Give thanks for each lawful ambition
That gives a new impulse to do;
Give thanks for each fond hope's fruition,
And all of God's goodness to you.
Forget not whence cometh the power
That all of these blessings secures—
Oh! give thanks to our Heavenly Father,
Whose mercy forever endures.

For a Warning.

C. B. Le Row.

I can tell just how it happened, though it's fifty years ago,
And I sometimes think it's curious that I can remember so:
For, though things that lately happened slip my mind, and fade away,
I am sure that I shall never lose the memory of that day.

Job was coming to Thanksgiving—so he wrote us in the fall;
He was Ezra's oldest brother, and his favorite of them all.
We'd been keeping house since April, but I couldn't always tell
When my pie-crust would be flaky, or the poultry roasted well;
So I felt a little worried—if the truth must be confessed—
At the thought of Ezra's brother coming as our household guest.

Just a week before Thanksgiving Ezra rode one day to town,
As I needed things for cooking—flour and sugar, white and brown;
And I worked like any beaver all the time he was away,
Making mince and stewing apple for the coming holiday.
I was hot, and tired, and nervous when he galloped home at night—
All that day my work had plagued me—nothing seemed to go just right.

"Here's the flour, Lucindy," said he. "It's the best there is in town.
I forgot the other sugar, but I've brought enough of brown."
"You're a fool!" I cried in fury, and the tears began to fall;
"Ride ten miles to do an errand, and forget it after all!"

I was cross and clean discouraged, as I thought he ought to know;
But he turned as white as marble when he heard me speaking so.
Not a word he said in answer, but he started for the door,
And in less than half a minute galloped down the road once more.

Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with grief and fear and shame;
He was good and kind and patient; I was all the one to blame.
And the hours wore on till midnight, and my heart seemed turned to stone,
As I listened for his coming while I sat there all alone.

With the daylight came a neighbor; "Ezra has been hurt," he said;
"Found beside the road unconscious; taken up at first for dead."
Just behind him came four others, with a burden slowly brought.
As I stood and dumbly watched them, you can guess of all I thought!

Oh, the days and nights that followed! Ezra lived, and that
was all;
And with tearless eyes I waited for the worst that might be-
fall.
Wandering in a wild delirium, broken phrases now and then
Dropped from fevered lips, and told me what his painful
thoughts had been.

So Thanksgiving dawned upon us. Job came early, shocked
to meet
Such a broken-hearted woman for the bride he hoped to
greet.
Not a word we spoke together in that hushed and shadowed
room,
Where we waited for the twilight darkening down to deeper
gloom;
For the doctor said that morning: "There is nothing more
to do;
If he lives till after sunset, I, perhaps, can pull him through."

Just as five o'clock was striking Ezra woke and faintly
stirred;
"Did you get the sugar, darling?" were the words I faintly
heard.
How I cried! You can't imagine how I felt to hear him
speak,
Or to see his look of wonder when I bent to kiss his cheek.

Well, I've told a long, long story—Ezra's coming up the
walk—
But I've had a purpose in it—'twasn't just for idle talk.
Don't you think, my dear, you'd better make your quarrel up
with Gray?
It may save a world of trouble, and it's near Thanksgiving
Day.

A Thanksgiving Prayer.

Oh, Thou, Grand Builder of the Universe!
Who mak'st the rolling worlds and peoplest them
With creatures—Who watchest the sparrow's fall,
And shap'st the fate of nations—
Hear us, we beseech Thee! Bend low Thine ear;
And in Thy mercy heed, while now the Nation
Kneels with her thank-offering.

Another year
Upon the circled track of Time has passed,
And still she holds Thy favor. Oh! give her,
We implore Thee, a sense of all Thy blessings—
A full sense to know, so in the knowledge
She may worthier be to wear them.
All this, O Great Supreme!
She lowly asks through Him Thou lovest.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

To the Giver of all blessings
Let our voices rise in praise,
For the joys and countless mercies
He hath sent to crown our days;
For the homes of peace and plenty,
And a land so fair and wide,
For the labor of the noonday,
And the rest of eventide;

For the wealth of golden harvests,
For the sunlight and the rain,
For the grandeur of the ocean,
For the mountain and the plain;
For the ever-changing seasons,
And the comforts which they bring;
For Thy love, so grand, eternal.
We would thank Thee, O our King!

Thanksgiving Ode.

John G. Whittier.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due;
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, and flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden-fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom?
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with Northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

Thanksgiving for his House.

Robert Herrick (1591–1674).

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell,
A little house whose humble roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the sparres of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by th' poore,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.

'Tis thou that crownest my glittering hearth
With guiltlesse mirthe,
And givest me wassaile bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land
And givest me for my bushel sown
Twice ten for one;
Thou makest my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day.
All these, and better, thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resigne
As wholly Thine:
But the acceptance, that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

Harvest Hymn.

John G. Whittier.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout,
Is nature's boldest triumph told.

Oh! favors old, yet ever new;
Oh! blessings with the sunshine sent.
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Besides the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
And brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And by these altars wreathed with flowers,
And fields with fruits awake again,
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The earlier and the latter rain.

Give Thanks.

For all that God, in mercy, sends;
For health and children, home and friends;
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk—
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for stream and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood—
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky—
For these, and everything we see,
O Lord! our hearts we lift to Thee—
For everything give thanks!

Thanksgivings of Old.

E. A. Smuller.

Oh, the glorious Thanksgivings
Of the days that are no more!
How, with each recurring season,
Wakes their mem'ry o'er and o'er!
When the hearts of men were simpler,
And the needs of life were less,
And its mercies were not reckoned
By the measure of excess.

Heaven send the glad Thanksgiving
Of that older, simpler time!
Tarry with us, not in fancy,
Not in retrospective rhyme;
But in true and living earnest
May the spirit of that day,
Artless, plain, and unpretending,
Once again resume its sway!

Our Thanksgiving Accept.

W. D. Howells.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought!
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still!
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.
For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement;
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

CHRISTMAS.

Old Christmas.

Those Christmas bells as sweetly chime
As on the day when first they rung
So merrily in the olden time,
And far and wide their music flung,
Shaking the tall, gray, ivied tower,
With all their deep, melodious power,
They still proclaim to every ear
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

Then he came singing through the woods,
And plucked the holly, bright and green;
Pulled here and there the ivy buds;
Was sometimes hidden, sometimes seen,
Half-buried 'neath the mistletoe,
His long beard hung with flakes of snow;
And still he ever caroled clear,
Old Christmas comes but once a year.

The bells which usher in the morn
Have ever drawn my mind away
To Bethlehem, where Christ was born,
And the low stable where He lay,
In which the large-eyed oxen fed;
To Mary, bowing low her head,
And looking down, with love sincere;
For Christmas still comes once a year.

Upon a gayer, happier scene
Never did holly berries peer,
Or ivy throw its trailing green
On brighter forms than there are here;

Nor Christmas, in his old armchair,
Smile upon lips or brows more fair.
Then let us sing, amid our cheer,
Old Christmas still comes once a year.

A Merry Christmas and a Glad New Year.

George Cooper.

Oh, bells that chime your sweetest!
Oh, world of glistening white!
Oh, breezes blithely bringing
A message of delight!
From leafless hill and valley
But one refrain I hear:
"A merry, merry Christmas
And a glad New Year!"

From humble home and palace
The kindly voice is breathed,
From forest arch and pillar,
And meadows snowy wreathed,
An echo from the angels,
A pæan of good cheer:
Hark! "Merry, merry Christmas
And a glad New Year!"

Oh, light of heavenly gladness
That falls upon the earth!
Oh, rapture of thanksgiving
That tells the Saviour's birth!
The golden links of kindness
Bring heart to heart more near,
With a "Merry, merry Christmas
And a glad New Year!"

Ode on Christmas.

J. E. Clinton.

'Tis Christmas morn. In other lands they sing
The praises of our King,
In carols light and gay,
Making mere holiday
Of all his love can bring;
Not in this mood I tune the lyre—
Far deeper thoughts and zeal its strings inspire;
Perchance though lost its sacred fire,
Since this unskillful, feeble hand
Cannot obey the heart's command
And make a song for all the land;
Peace on earth, to men good will;
Thus was it sung,
The clouds among,
And through the ages echoes still.

When peace on earth shall be, how sweet a rest
Will fill the war-worn nations, and how blest
The perfect justice in His name
To govern all the same!
No head down-cast need bow
Before the haughty brow
Of Him who rules by birth, and not by fame;
But merit's cause shall be confessed,
And humble worth not sue in vain.
See, the prison doors are swinging
Outward to the joyous ringing.
Good will to men,
And full again
Resounds the anthem of His reign.

Then hail the day!
In crowded street, in lonely way,
In halls where pleasures wait
On feast of rich and great,

Yet more in homes
Where comfort stands aloof, and sorrow often comes—
In both He claims a brother's part;
His gentle, loving, human heart,
Amid the joys of heaven, looks down to call
The struggling, toiling, wounded soul
Into His arms to be made whole.
O Power Divine! e'en at Thy gracious feet I fall.
Thou knowest the weakness of this frame;
Its wayward passions' swell,
Yet on this day, in Thy dear name,
Thy love shall make all well.

The Little Christmas Tree.

Susan Coolidge.

The Christmas Day was coming, the Christmas eve drew near,
The fir trees, they were talking low at midnight, cold and clear;
And this is what the fir trees said, all in the pale moonlight:
"Now, which of us shall chosen be to grace the holy night?"

The tall trees and the goodly trees raised each a lofty head,
In glad and secret confidence, though not a word they said.
But one, the baby of the band, could not restrain a sigh—
"You all will be approved," he said; "but oh! what chance have I?"

"I am so small, so very small, no one will mark or know
How thick and green my needles are, how true my branches grow.
Few toys and candles could I hold, but heart and will are free,
And in my heart of hearts I know I am a Christmas tree."

The Christmas angel hovered near; he caught the grieving word,
And, laughing low, he hurried forth, with love and pity stirred.

He sought and found St. Nicholas, the dear old Christmas saint,
And in his fatherly, kind ear rehearsed the fir tree's plaint.

Saints are all-powerful, we know, so it befell that day,
That, ax on shoulder, to the grove a woodman took his way.
One baby girl he had at home, and he went forth to find
A little tree as small as she, just suited to his mind.

Oh! glad and proud the baby-fir, amid its brethren tall,
To be thus chosen and singled out, the first among them all!
He stretched his fragrant branches, his little heart beat fast;
He was a real Christmas tree—he had his wish at last.

One large and shining apple, with cheeks of ruddy gold;
Six tapers, and a tiny doll were all that he could hold.
The baby laughed, the baby crowed, to see the tapers bright;
The forest baby felt the joy, and shared in the delight.

And when, at last, the tapers died, and when the baby slept,
The little fir, in silent night, a patient vigil kept.
Though scorched and brown its needles were, it had no heart to grieve;
"I have not lived in vain," he said; "thank God for Christmas Eve!"

Christmas Roses.

May Riley Smith.

I gave into a brown and tirèd hand
A stem of roses, sweet and creamy-white.
I know the bells rang merry tunes that night,
For it was Christmas time throughout the land,
And all the skies were hung with lanterns bright.

The brown hand held my roses gracelessly;
They seemed more white within their dusky vase;
A scarlet wave suffused the woman's face.
"My hands so seldom hold a flower," said she,
"I think the lovely things feel out of place."

O tirèd hands that are unused to flowers;
O feet that tread on nettles all the way!
God grant His peace may fold you round to-day,
And cling in fragrance when these Christmas hours,
With all their mirthfulness, have passed away!

A Schemer.

Edgar L. Warren.

Into a famous toy shop
Went little Joe and I,
In the crisp Christmas weather,
To see what we could spy.

It was a place of wonder,
A real enchanted ground,
Where everything that heart could wish
Might certainly be found.

There were swings, and rocking-horses,
And sleds for boys and girls,
And games, and books, and puzzles,
And dolls with flaxen curls.

Now find what she most wishes
(It popped into my head),
And get it for her Christmas,
And so I spoke and said:

"If you could have but one thing
Of all the things you see,
Now, tell me, little daughter,
What that one thing should be."

The little maiden answered,
Scanning the treasures o'er,
"If I could take but one fing,
I fink I'd take the store!"

A Telephone Message.

"Ah! Here's the little round thing my papa talks into,
To tell the folks down town what he wants to have them do.
I'm going to try myself; now, let me get a chair,
And then I'll stand on tiptoe, so that I can reach up there.

"Halloo! (that's what they all say) you dear old Santa Claus,
I'm going to have a little bit of talk with you, because
I want to tell you all about a little girl I know,
Who never had a Christmas in her life—she told me so.

"I hardly could believe it, but she says 'tis really true.
I'm sure you're always very kind, but I'm surprised at you,
That you should have forgotten such a little one! but still
You have, perhaps, all the stockings you can fill.

"But could you go to her house instead of coming here?
For mamma says that Christmas is the time of all the year
For children to remember poor little girls and boys
Who never hang their stockings up for picture-books and toys.

"And give her lots of goodies, too, because she's poor, you see,
And ought to have more sugar-plums than you could bring to me.
Now, tell it on your fingers, and remember as you go—
Just pack her little stocking to the very, very toe.

"That's all—only, Santa Claus, I just would like to say,
If you should have more presents than you need on Christmas Day,
And could leave me just a few as you pass the chimney—why,
Of course—I would be very glad indeed. Good-bye! Good-bye!"

The Christmas Peal.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Swinging across the belfry tower,
The bells rang backward all the hour;
They rang, they reeled, they rushed, they roared;
Their tongues tumultuous music poured.
The old walls rocked, the peals outswept,
Far up the steep their echoes leapt,
Soaring and sparkling till they burst
Like bubbles round the topmost horn
That reddens to the hint of morn,
That halts some trembling star the first;
And all the realms of ice and frost
From field to field those joy bells tossed.
They answered from their airy height;
They thrilled; they loosed their bands for flight;
They knew that it was Christmas night!

Where awful absences of sound
The gorge in death's dumb rigor bound,
Below, and deep within the wood,
Windless and weird the black pines stood.
The iron boughs, slow swaying, rose
And fell, and shook their sifted snows,
And stirred in every stem and branch
To the wild music in the air
From far, lone upper regions, where
Loose plunged the silver avalanche.
All up and down the valley-side
Those iron boughs swayed far and wide;
They heard the cry along the height;
They pulsed in time with that glad flight;
They knew that it was Christmas night!

You who, with quickening throbs, shall mark
Such swells and falls, swim on the dark

As crisp as if the clustered rout
In starry depths sprang chiming out,
As if the Pleiades should sing,
Lyra should touch her tenderest string,
Aldebaran his spear-heads clang,
Great Betelguese and Sirius blow
Their mighty horns, and Fomalhaut,
With wild, sweet breath, suspended hang—
Know 'tis your heart-beats, with those bells,
Loosen the snow clouds' vibrant cells,
Stir the vast forests on the height—
Your heart-beats answering to the light
Flashed earthward the first Christmas night!

"Quite Like a Stocking."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Just as the moon was fading
Amid her misty rings,
And every stocking was stuffed
With childhood's precious things,
Old Kris Kringle looked around,
And saw, on an elm-tree bough,
High hung, an oriole's nest,
Lonely and empty now.

"Quite a stocking," he laughed,
"Hung up there on a tree!
I didn't suppose the birds
Expected a present from me."
Then old Kris Kringle, who loves
A joke as well as the best,
Dropped a handful of snowflakes
Into the oriole's empty nest.

A Secret.

Mrs. G. M. Howard.

A tall fir whispered in the wood:
"I'd tell a secret, if I could."
Then all the dry leaves on the ground
Whisked up and down, and all around,
To see if they the news might hear:
And spread it quickly far and near.

But the tall tree answered not the call;
It bowed politely, that was all,
And flung its tassels to the breeze,
And looked the wisest of all trees;
But when I came beneath the tree
It whispered, "Yes, I'll tell it thee."

Then, as I rushed, in eager haste,
And threw my arms about its waist,
I held my breath : that I might hear:
"My child, I'm coming soon, to be
Your very own dear Christmas tree."

A Christmas Thought about Dickens.

Bertha S. Scranton.

Westminster is gray at midnight,
With shadows from wall to wall;
They have noiseless feet, these shadows,
And make no sound as they fall.
But I ween they will creep together,
A goodly band to-night,
Over a silent marble name,
In the Christmas-eve twilight.

All the tiny dear child-people
We hold in our hearts to-day,

Who will live when that same marble
Has crumbled to dust away.
"Little Em'ly's" ghost that haunteth
The minster's shadowy aisle,
With the grave, sweet face of Agnes,
And the child-wife Dora's smile.

Then will come, I ween, with the others,
Poor Smike with his patient air,
And the seven little Kenwigs,
With their braided tails of hair.
And Jenny Wren, I can promise,
Will surely be there again,
With her slanting rows of children,
Crying, "Who is this in pain?"

Little Nell will wake and listen,
When the white, white world is still
And the great chimes through the midnight
From the belfry tower thrill.
The little Cratchits will hearken
And wait till the goose is done,
And the voice of tiny Tim will cry,
"God bless us every one!"

But ah! for the living mourners
On either side of the sea,
For whom no more the brave hand writes,
The heart beats cheerily.
And ah! for the saddened chambers,
Where his watchers ever wait,
They unto whom life yields but pain,
And who keep its vigil late.

Westminster is gray with shadows,
But his children never die!
Through all the Christmas times to come
Will his carol notes ring high.

The dreamer has but awakened,
And the master's work is done,
But the bells on Time's great steeple
Ring, "God bless us every one!"

The Day of Days.

Solo. 'Twas eighteen hundred years ago,
Not in a region of ice and snow,
But far in the land of the early morn,
The oldest of lands, our Christ was born.

Concert. Of all the joy-days under the sun,
Of all the holidays, there's but one
That comes to the heart, and clings to the home—
Christmas has come!

Solo. Still through the length of the multiplied years,
Sunshine of pleasure, and rainfall of tears,
Changes and growth in wonderful ways,
Christmas remains the great day of days.

Concert. The day of the hope that casteth out fear,
The day of all days that brings good cheer
In the country's peace and the city's hum—
Christmas has come!

Solo. Now in the uttermost ends of the earth
The story is told of the Christ-child's birth;
And millions, wherever the sun's rays fall,
Are kin in the hope that is dear to all.

Concert. All over the lands and far out on the seas
Is a lifting of voices and bowing of knees;
And alike to us all, if we rest or roam,
Christmas has come!

Solo. Wherever the blessings of mortals increase,
With customs and laws that give joy and peace;
Where science and art yield comfort and bliss,
All over the world there is no day like this.

Concert. Of all the joy-days under the sun,
Of all the holidays, there's but one
That touches the heart and clings to the home—
Christmas has come!

The Merry Christmas Time.

George Arnold.

Green were the meadows with last summer's store;
The maples rustled with a wealth of leaves;
The brook went babbling to the pebbly shore
Down by the old mill, with its cobwebbed door
And swallow-haunted eaves;
And all the air was warm, and calm, and clear,
As if cold winter never would come near.

Now the wide meadow-lands where then we strolled
Are misty with a waste of whirling snow;
The ruined maples, stripped of autumn's gold,
Sigh mournfully and shiver in the cold,
As the hoarse north winds blow.
Yet something makes this frosty season dear—
The merry, merry Christmas time is here.

The merry Christmas, with its generous boards,
Its fire-lit hearths, and gifts, and blazing trees,
Its pleasant voices uttering gentle words,
Its genial mirth, attuned to sweet accords,
Its holy memories!
The fairest season of the passing year—
The merry, merry Christmas time is here.

The sumacs by the brook have lost their red;
The mill-wheel in the ice stands dumb and still;
The leaves have fallen, and the birds have fled;
The flowers we loved in summer all are dead,
And wintry winds blow chill.
Yet something makes this dreariness less drear—
The merry, merry Christmas time is here.

Since last the panes were hoar with Christmas frost
Unto our lives some changes have been given;
Some of our barks have labored, tempest-tossed;
Some of us, too, have loved, and some have lost,
Some found their rest in heaven.
So, humanly, we mingle smile and tear,
When merry Christmas time is drawing near.

Then pile the fagots higher on the hearth,
And fill the cup of joy, though eyes be dim;
We hail the day that gave our Saviour birth,
And pray His spirit may descend on earth,
That we may follow Him.
'Tis this that makes the Christmas time so dear—
Christ, in His love for us, seems drawing near.

Christmas Bells.

H. W. Longfellow.

[For musical accompaniment.]

I heard the bells on Christmas-day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom

Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, swinging on its way,
The world revolved from night to day
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursèd mouth
The cannon thundered in the South
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

The Little Mud-Sparrows.

(*A Jewish Legend.*)

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

I like that old sweet legend
Not found in Holy Writ,
And wish that John or Matthew
Had made Bible out of it.

But though it is not Gospel,
There is no law to hold
The heart from growing better
That hears the story told:

How the little Jewish children
Upon a summer day
Went down across the meadows
With the Child Christ to play,

And in the gold-green valley
Where low the reed-grass lay,
They made them mock mud-sparrows
Out of the meadow-clay.

So, when these all were fashioned
And ranged in flocks about,
"Now," said the little Jesus,
"We'll let the birds fly out."

Then all the happy children
Did call, and coax, and cry—
Each to his own mud-sparrow:
"Fly, as I bid you—fly!"

But earthen were the sparrows,
And earth they did remain,
Though loud the Jewish children
Cried out and cried again—

Except the one bird only
The little Lord Christ made.
The earth that owned Him Master,
—His earth heard and obeyed.

Softly He leaned and whispered:
"Fly up to heaven! fly!"
And swift His little sparrow
Went soaring to the sky.

And silent all the children
Stood awe-struck looking on,
Till deep into the heavens
The bird of earth had gone.

I like to think for playmate
We have the Lord Christ still,
And that still above our weakness,
He works His mighty will;

That all our little playthings
Of earthen hopes and joys
Shall be by His commandment
Changed into heavenly toys.

Our souls are like the sparrows
Imprisoned in the clay—
Bless Him who came to give them wings,
Upon a Christmas Day!

Bells of Yule.

Alfred Tennyson.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fall as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound.

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and good will, good will and peace,
Peace and good will to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wished no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again.

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controlled me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touched with joy—
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

Christmas in Olden Time.

Sir Walter Scott.

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.
And well our Christmas sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all its hospitable train,
With social and religious rite
To honor all the holy night.
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung.
Then opened wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;

Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doffed her pride.
All hailed with uncontrolled delight
And general voice the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then came the merry maskers in
And carols roared with blithesome din.
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

[In the following selection the numbered stanzas can be given in concert with a musical accompaniment.]

The Star in the West.

QUEBEC—1635.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

'Tis the fortress of St. Louis,
The Church of Recoverance,
And hang o'er the crystal crosses
The silver lilies of France.
In the fortress a knight lies dying,
In the church are priests at prayer,
And the bell of the Angelus sweetly
Throbs out on the crimsoned air.

The noblest knight is dying
That ever served a king,
And he looks from the fortress window
As the bells of the Angelus ring.
Old scenes come back to his vision,
Again his ship's canvases swell
In the harbor of gray St. Malo,
In the haven of fair Rochelle.
He sees the emparadised ocean
That he dared when his years were young,
The lagoons where his lateen-sail drifted
As the Southern Cross over it hung;
Acadie, the Richelieu's waters,
The lakes through the midlands that rolled,
And the cross that he planted wherever
He lifted the lilies of gold.
He lists to the Angelus ringing,
He folds his white hands on his breast,
And far o'er the clouded forests
A star verges low in the West!

I.

"Star on the bosom of the West,
Chime on, O bell, chime on, O bell!
To-night with visions I am blest,
And filled with light ineffable!
No angels sing in crystal air,
No clouds 'neath seraphs' footsteps glow,
No feet of seers o'er mountains fair
A portent follows far; but lo!
A star is glowing in the West,
The world shall follow it from far—
Chime on, O Christmas bells, chime on!
Shine on, shine on, O Western Star!

II.

"In yonder church that storms have iced—
I founded it upon this rock—

I've daily kissed the feet of Christ,
In worship with my little flock.
But I am dying—I depart,
Like Simeon old my glad feet go,
A star is shining in my heart.
Such as the Magi saw; and lo!
A star is shining in the West,
The world shall hail it from afar!
Chime on, O Christmas bells, chime on!
Shine on, shine on, O Western Star!

III.

"Beside the Fleur de Lis of France,
The faith I've planted in the North,
Ye messengers of Heaven, advance;
Ye mysteries of the Cross, shine forth!
I know the value of the earth,
I've learned its lessons; it is done;
One soul alone outweighs in worth
The fairest kingdom of the sun.
Star on the bosom of the West,
My dim eyes follow thee afar.
Chime on, chime on, O Christmas bells!
Shine on, shine on, O golden Star!

IV.

"What rapture! hear the sweet choirs sing,
While death's cold shadows o'er me fall,
Beneath the lilies of my King—
Go, light the lamps in yonder hall.
Mine eyes have seen the Christ Star glow
Above the New World's temple gates.
Go forth, celestial heralds, go!
Earth's fairest empire thee awaits!
Star on the bosom of the West,
What feet shall follow thee from far?
Chime on, O Christmas bells, chime on!
Shine on forever, golden Star!"

'Twas Christmas morn; the sun arose
'Mid clouds o'er the St. Lawrence broad,
And fell a sprinkling of the snows
As from the uplifted hand of God.
Dead in the fortress lay the knight,
His white hands crossed upon his breast,
Dead, he whose clear prophetic sight
Beheld the Christ Star in the West.
That morning, 'mid the turrets white,
The low flags told the empire's last,
They hung the lilies o'er the knight,
And by the lilies set the cross.

Long, on Quebec, immortal heights,
Has Champlain slept, the knight of God;
The Western Star shines on, and lights
The growing empire, fair and broad.
And though are gone the knights of France,
Still lives the spirit of the North;
The heralds of the Star advance,
And Truth's eternal light shines forth.

The Nativity.

Louisa Parsons Hopkins.

From Nazareth to Bethlehem,
Their holy journey leading them
By silver-towered Jerusalem.

Beneath the palm-tree's tossing plume,
Amid the harvest's rich perfume,
No house could give them rest or room.

So entering at the wayside cave,
Where mountain-rills the limestone lave,
The child was born a world to save.

They laid him in the manger white;
The lowing oxen saw the sight,
And wondered at the dazzling light.

The mother's heart in sacred bliss
Could dream no sweeter heaven than this,
To greet her babe with mother's kiss.

And bending down with sacred awe,
For a lost world the angels saw
Love, the fulfilling of the law.

A Christmas Question.

Rev. Minot J. Savage.

[For concert recitation. In order to avoid monotony in the repetition of the question, the first line of the first stanza can be read with direct falling slides; of the second, with direct rising slides; of the third, with emphasis on the first word; of the fourth, with a perfect monotone; of the fifth, with emphasis on the second word; of the sixth, with direct rising slides.]

I.

When will He come?
A captive nation dwell upon
The river-banks of Babylon;
What is the word they speak?
The prophet's eye looks down the years
And kindles as the sight appears—
"Messiah! him ye seek!
Lo! the Lord's anointed comes! and then
Shall dwell the heavenly kingdom among men!"

II.

When will He come?
The Christian answers, "Long ago
The King was born in manger low.

Him wicked men have slain
And now we wait with longing eye,
And fix our look upon the sky;
For He will come again,
We pray and watch since He has gone away;
For when He comes He'll bring the perfect day."

III.

When will He come?
"Lo, here! Lo, there!" the foolish shout,
And think that God will come without.
But ever has it been,
In spite of fabled tales that tell
Of magic and of miracle,
That He has come within.
Only through man, and man alone,
Does God build up his righteous throne.

IV.

When will He come?
When iron first was hammered out;
When far shores heard the seaman's shout;
When letters first were known;
When separate tribes to nations grew;
When men their brotherhood first knew;
When law first reached the throne:
Each separate upward step that man has trod
Has been a coming of the living God.

V.

When will He come?
While you are looking far away,
His tireless feet are nigh to-day;
Each true word is His voice.
All honest work, all noble trust,
Each deed that lifts man from the dust,
Each pure and manly choice,

Each upward stair man's toil-worn feet do climb,
Is just another birth of God sublime.

VI.

When will He come?
He'll come to-morrow if you will;
But cease your idle sitting still.
Yes, He will come to-day.
He will not come in clouds; but through
Your doing all that you can do
To help the right alway.
Do honest work, and to the truth be true,
And God already has appeared in you.

A Christmas Thought.

Lucy Larcom.

Oh! Christmas is coming again, you say,
And you long for the things he is bringing;
But the costliest gift may not gladden the day,
Nor help on the merry bells ringing.
Some getting is losing, you understand;
Some hoarding is far from saving;
What you hold in your hand may slip from your hand;
There is something better than having;
We are richer for what we give;
And only by giving we live.

Your last year's presents are scattered and gone;
You have almost forgot who gave them;
But the loving thoughts you bestow live on
As long as you choose to have them.
Love, love is your riches, though ever so poor;
No money can buy that treasure;
Yours always, from robber and rust secure,
Your own without stint or measure.
It is only love that we can give;
It is only by loving we live.

For who is it smiles through the Christmas morn—
  The Light of the wide creation?
A dear little Child in a stable born,
  Whose love is the world's salvation.
He was poor on earth, but He gave us all
  That can make our life worth the living;
And happy the Christmas day we call
  That is spent, for His sake, in giving.
    He shows us the way to live;
    Like him, let us love and give!

NEW YEAR'S.

Dawn of the Century.

Anna H. Thorne.

Gift of the living God to mortal man;
A bridge, the gates of life and death to span.

A stir, a breath, a dream, a fantasy,
The silent, onward tread of destiny.

Thy Promised One, oh, man! majestic, sweet;
The fires of dawn still clinging to her feet.

Thine, man, to have and hold, if thou dost choose;
Everything to gain, and all to lose.

Sphinx-like, yet beautiful, about her face
Linger the star-flowers of a nameless grace.

Oh, joy bells! ring the noble message forth;
Flash it, electric currents, to the North,

The South, the subtle East, the stalwart West;
From sea to sea, from mountain crest to crest.

"Peace Universal," shall thy watchword be—
The touchstone of thy Christianity.

Sheathe thou the sword, the dying century's shame;
Quench, in man's love to man, the lurid battle flame.

Where is the interpreter who shall arise
To write my message on the changeless skies?

I am the genius of the age to be;
My name is Peace; my guerdon, Opportunity.

These are my words, oh, man! All nations of the earth
Are of one blood, one consecrated birth.

Where is the conqueror at whose knightly tread
The tiger hounds of war shall crouch in dread?

At sight of whom, like some archangel mild,
Or some new vision of the Holy Child,

Old wrongs shall perish and pass out of sight
Into the darkness of an endless night.

A New Year's Address.

Edward Brooks.

The old year, hoary with the snows of age, exhausted with the labors of its life, tottering under its weight of days, stood trembling upon the brink of the grave. The closing day of its life was waning. The last sunset threw its golden beams over the white robe of the departing monarch. The stars came out on the tented field of night to keep their vigils with him. Around the altar of many a rustic church or solemn cathedral gathered God's children to watch "the old year out and the new year in."

The hours fled slowly by—nine, ten, eleven—how solemnly the last stroke of the clock floats out upon the still air. It dies gently away, swells out again in the distance, and seems to be caught up by spirit-voices of departed years, until the air is filled with melancholy strains. It is the requiem of the dying year. Tenderly, mournfully it lingers upon the ear and sinks into the heart; slowly and softly it dies away. The clock strikes twelve; the grave opens and closes, and the old year is buried.

Turning with saddened hearts from the tomb, a gush of joyous melody bursts upon us. The bells are ringing out their gladdest notes from a thousand church spires. Peal upon peal the music comes, until an exultant chorus seems to fill the air and reverberate from the sky. It is the chorus of welcome to the new-born year:

> "Brave and strong,
> Bright as Phœnix, has the young New Year,
> Out of the ashes of the old, leaped forth
> To rule the world in triumph."

We buried the old year in silence and sadness. We stood as mourners at the grave of a departed friend. To many it brought misfortune and affliction. From some it snatched away a fond sister or manly brother; from some a doting father or affectionate mother. The wife hath given her husband and the husband his wife at its stern behest; the father hath consigned to its cold arms the son in whom his life centered, and the mother hath torn from her bosom her tender babe and buried it and her heart in the cold, cold ground.

To some of us it was a kind, a generous year, and we have learned to love it with deep and earnest affection. It loaded us with blessings. It poured its good gifts into our cup until it ran over with fullness. It was a pleasant, a jolly old year, too. I remember how its face was often wreathed with smiles; how its eyes often twinkled with fun; and how it sometimes shook its old sides with laughter.

Full of merriment and joy, of benefits and blessings, we had learned to love the old year with a deep and abiding affection. Now we have buried it, with all it holds dear, in the sepulcher of the ages. It sleeps

there in its dreamless slumber—but its lessons, its lessons remain. Oh! the lessons of the dead year! How important and impressive!

Come with me down to the burying-ground of the ages. Let us enter the tomb of the buried years and learn their lessons of wisdom. Here they lie—the six thousand years that have lived and died. What a spectacle of mingled glory and shame; of honor and degradation; of the blessings of peace and the devastations of war! Here is one with the smile of prosperity upon its brow; there is a ghastly year of want and famine. Here is one bloody with the carnage of the battlefield; here one lurid with the flames of burning martyrs. Here is one black with the foul breath of the plague and the pestilence; here one ringing with the sighs and mournings of stricken households; and here a hundred or more resounding with the clanking of slave chains and the wails of an enslaved people.

But the scene is not all so somber. Light shineth even in the darkness of the tomb. Here is a year bright with the deeds of a Howard or a Florence Nightingale. Here is one irradiate with the flashing star of Napoleon's destiny, which gave light and hope to the down-trodden masses of Europe. Here lies one resounding with the shout of victory when Charles Martel met the tide of Moslem invasion and secured Christian civilization to the world. Here is one vocal with the prayers that ascended from Plymouth's rock-bound coast; here another breathing the spirit of peace and Christian fellowship in Penn's quiet tones; here another filled with the glad huzzas which welcomed Washington to the chair of state; and here another ringing with the exultant shouts of three

millions of freemen born into freedom. With hearts swelling with glad emotion we look further, and there in the distance we see one with the star of Bethlehem upon its brow, and a halo of glory around a babe sleeping in Bethlehem's manger. We see the shepherds watching their flocks upon the hill-side of Judea, and hear the voices of angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will to men," and our hearts join the angelic chorus and sing "Glory to God" for the brightness buried in the sepulcher of Time.

We have buried ours, the old year, with these that have gone before. It lies with them folded in the slumber of death. We leave them and come forth from the sepulcher.

The passing year is full of solemn admonition. It brings to mind the rapid flight of time. The years go by like shadows on the dial. A day, a week, a month, a year—what is it? The sun rises, climbs to the zenith, sinks down the western slope, and a day is gone. The week tolls itself away—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, and it has floated down the stream of time. The months chase each other through the circling year, and the new calendar is begun before we were familiar with the old. Old Time seems to stand like an archer with his quiver full of days, and shoot them by us with the speed of swift-winged arrows. But yesterday we lay a babe in the mother's arms; to-day, youth, manhood, and womanhood are here; to-morrow, old age, gray hairs, a tottering form, and the tomb. "We spend our years like a tale that is told. The days of our years are threscore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore

years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

Upon every tree the buds are dreaming of the warmer sunshine which shall awaken them to life and clothe the forest in a mantle of green. In the flower buds lies sleeping all the rich profusion of color and fragrance which shall give beauty to the summer landscape and perfume to the summer air. Old Winter has turned the chatter of the rivulet into stone, but the breath of the Spring will loosen its frozen tongue and send it laughing and chattering in forest streams or mountain cascade. The snow lies on meadow and grain field—but under the snow, down in the dark, cold earth, there are rootlets nestling together which contain the grass that shall spread an emerald carpet under our feet, and the grain whose golden billows shall rise and fall in the summer breeze.

This is the lesson of growth and development. Let us apply it to the world of thought and feeling. In the mind of the babe, wrapped in the soft slumbers of infancy, unconscious of its own existence, are powers which may be developed into the genius of a Newton or a Humboldt. In our hearts lie sleeping ideas of duty, love for God and humanity, resolutions for the future, ideals of spiritual excellence—which, if developed, may make us a blessing and an example to the world.

The past is buried, the present is with us, the future is before us; but soon our present and our future will be reckoned with the past. The months come and go upon the wings of the wind. The great bell of Time, swinging in the dome of space, is tolling away our years. One after another they ring out upon the air

and float away into eternity. In a little while the knell for each one of us will cease, and we will slumber with our fathers. But with Christian faith we can see light even in the darkness of the tomb. The grave is but the portal of Heaven. From above come voices of loved ones calling us heavenward; and listening, we long for the land of golden streets, celestial light, and unfading glory.

Another Year.

Thomas O'Hagan.

Another year passed over—gone,
Hope beaming with the new;
Thus move we on—forever on,
The many and the few;
The many of our childhood's days,
Growing fewer, one by one,
Till death, in duel with each life,
Proclaims the last is gone.

Another year—the buried past
Lies in its silent grave;
The stream of life flows ever on,
As wave leaps into wave;
Another year—ah! who can tell
What memories it may bring
Of lonely hearts and tearful eye,
And hope bereft of wing?

Another year—the curfew rings,
Fast cover up each coal;
The old year dies, the old year dies,
The bells its requiem toll;
A pilgrim year has reached its shrine,
The air with incense glows;
The spirit of another year
Comes forth from long repose!

Another year, with tears and joys,
To form an arch of love;
Another year to toil with hope,
And seek for rest above;
Another year winged on its way—
Eternity the goal;
Another year—peace in its train,
Peace to each parting soul!

Ring, Joyful Bells!

Violet Fuller.

Ring, bells, from every lofty height!
An infant fair is born to-night;
Ring far and wide, ring full and clear,
To welcome in the glad New Year.
"The king is dead; long live the king!"
They said of old, and so we sing.
The Old Year has gone to his repose;
There let him rest beneath the snows.

Behind us, with the year that's gone,
Lie countless sins that we have done.
With joy we cast all care away,
And pass into another day.
New day, new life, whose noble deed
Will all our sinful years succeed.
A life of action, great and strong,
To cancel all we've done of wrong.

Ring, joyful bells! Our hearts beat high
With faith and hope. Beyond the sky
Perchance the angels stand and wait
To catch the sound at heaven's gate.
And, echoing each silver tone,
Sing songs of praise around the throne.
Ring, happy bells! To us is given
Still longer to prepare for heaven.

Next Year.

Nora Perry.

"Next year, next year," we say,
When come to naught
Our plans and projects gay,
Our bright dreams, fraught

With brighter hopes, that shine
On that far rim
Of life's horizon line,
Where dreams lie dim

And touched with morning dew—
"Next year, next year";
And while we plan anew
The days grow sere.

The year has fled, and lo!
We've left behind
The glory and the glow
We hoped to find;

And raised again the clew
We meant to heed—
The cherished plan to do
Some cherished deed.

"Next year, next year!"
Oh! why not now,
Delaying soul, *this* year
Keep word and vow?

Oh! why not now and here,
Why not to-day,
Before another year
Shall run away,

Keep word and faith, or ere
An hour's delay,
Make good the promise fair,
To-day, to-day?

The New Year.

George Cooper.

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
And its parting moments fly!
But a song and a cheer
For the glad New Year,
While we watch the Old Year die!
Oh! its grief and pain
Ne'er can come again,
And its care lies buried deep;
But what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled,
And the friends it gave so true!
But, with hearts of glee,
Let us merrily
Welcome in the bright, bright New!
For the heights we gained,
For the good attained,
We will not the Old despise;
But a joy more sweet.
Making life complete,
In the golden New Year lies.

A song for the Old,
While its knell is tolled!
With a grander, broader zeal,
And a forward view,
Let us greet the New,
Heart and purpose ever leal!
Let the ills we met,
And the sad regret,

With the Old be buried deep;
For what joy untold
Doth the New Year hold,
And what hopes within it sleep!

New Year's Day.

O glad New Year! O glad New Year!
Dawn brightly on us all,
And bring us hope, our hearts to cheer,
Whatever may befall.
On thee, Old Year, O past Old Year!
Our lingering looks we cast,
Ere thou dost all our actions bear
Into the shadowy past.

For all the joy and happiness
To us this past year given,
For all the love and blessedness,
For all good gifts from Heaven;
For all the care, and sadness, too,
And hearts by sorrow riven,
As well as for all gladness true—
Our highest thanks be given.

"Life passes—passes" like a dream—
And yet we, looking back,
See many a golden, sunny gleam
Upon the Old Year's track;
And, looking forward, can we doubt
That there shall yet be gleams
Of sunshine o'er us, and about
Us many radiant beams?

Then welcome, welcome, glad New Year!
Dawn brightly on us all,
And bring us hope, our hearts to cheer,
Whatever may befall;

Bring patience, comfort, gladness, rest;
Bring blessings from above;
Bring happiness—the highest, best—
To us and those we love.

New Year's Resolve.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

As the dead year is clasped by a dead December,
So let your dead sins with your dead days lie.
A new life is yours, and a new hope! Remember
We build our own ladders to climb to the sky.
Stand out in the sunlight of promise, forgetting
Whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong;
We waste half our strength in a useless regretting;
We sit by old tombs in the dark too long.

Have you missed in your aim? Well, the mark is still shining.
Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next.
Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder their lining.
Were you tempted, and fell? Let it serve for a text.
As each year hurries by, let it join that procession
Of skeleton shapes that march down to the past,
While you take your place in the line of progression,
With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the blast.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors
For any sad soul while the stars revolve,
If he will but stand firm on the grave of his errors,
And, instead of regretting, resolve, resolve!
It is never too late to begin rebuilding,
Though all into ruins your life seems hurled.
For look! how the light of the New Year is gilding
The worn, wan face of the bruised old world!

One More Year.

A. Norton.

Another year! another year!
The unceasing rush of time sweeps on,
Whelm'd in its surges, disappear
Man's hopes and fears, forever gone.

Oh, no! Forbear that idle tale!
The hour demands another strain,
Demands high thoughts that cannot quail,
And strength to conquer and retain.

'Tis midnight—from the dark blue sky
The stars, which now look down on earth,
Have seen ten thousand centuries fly,
And given to countless changes birth.

Shine on! shine on! with you I tread
The march of ages, orbs of light!
A last eclipse o'er you may spread;
To me, to me, there comes no night.

Oh! what concerns it him whose way
Lies upward to the immortal dead,
That a few hairs are turning gray,
Or one more year of life has fled?

Swift years! but teach me how to bear,
To feel and act with strength and skill;
To reason wisely, nobly dare,
And speed your courses as you will.

When life's meridian toils are done,
How calm, how rich the twilight glow!
The morning twilight of a sun
Which shines not here on things below.

But sorrow, sickness, death, the pain
To leave, or lose, wife, children, friends!
What then—shall we not meet again,
Where parting comes not, sorrow ends?

The fondness of a parent's care,
  The changeless trust which woman gives,
The smile of childhood, it is there
  That all we love in them still lives.

Press onward through each varying hour;
  Let no weak fears thy course delay.
Immortal being! feel thy power,
  Pursue thy bright and endless way.

On The Threshold.

A. H. Baldwin.

Ring out, O bells! ring silver-sweet o'er hill and moor and fell!
In mellow echoes let your chimes their hopeful story tell.
Ring out, ring out, all-jubilant, the joyous, glad refrain:
"A bright new year, a glad new year, hath come to us again!"

Ah! who can say how much of joy within it there may be
Stored up for us who listen now to your sweet melody?
Good-bye, Old Year! Tried, trusty friend, thy tale at last is told.
O New Year! write thou thine for us in lines of brightest gold.

The flowers of spring must bloom at last, when gone the winter's snow;
God grant that, after sorrow past, we all some joy may know.
Though tempest-tossed our bark awhile on Life's rough waves may be,
There comes a day of calm at last, when we the haven see.

Then ring, ring on, O pealing bells! there's music in the sound;
Ring on, ring on, and still ring on, and wake the echoes round,

The while we wish, both for ourselves and all whom we hold dear,
That God may gracious be to us in this, the bright New Year!

Grandpa and Bess.

Emily Huntingdon Miller.

Two bright heads in the corner,
Deep in the easy-chair;
One with a crown of yellow gold,
And one like the silver fair;
One with the morning's rosy flush,
And one with the twilight's tender hush.

"Where do the New Years come from?"
Asks Goldlocks, in her glee;
"Do they sail in a pearly shallop
Across a wonderful sea;
A sea whose waters, with rainbows spanned,
Touch all the borders of fairyland?

"Do all the birds in that country
Keep singing by night and by day?
Singing among the blossoms
That never wither away?
Will they let you feel, as you hold them near,
Their warm hearts beating, but not with fear?

"And the happy little children,
Do they wander as they will,
To gather the sweet wild roses,
And the strawberries on the hill;
White wings like butterflies all afloat,
And a purple cloud for a fairy boat?

"There surely is such a country—
I've seen it many a night,
Though I never, never could find it
Awake in the morning light;

And that is the country o'er the sea,
Where the beautiful New Years wait for me."

"Where do the New Years come from?"
Says Grandpa, looking away
Through the frosty rime on the window,
To the distant hills, so gray;
"They come from the country of youth, I know,
And they pass to the land of long ago.

"And which is the fairest country?
Dear heart, I never can tell;
Where the New Years wait their dawning
Or the beautiful Old Years dwell;
But the sweetest summers that ever shone
To the land of the long ago have flown.

"The New Years wait for you, darling,
And the Old Years wait for me;
They have carried my dearest treasures
To the country over the sea;
The eyes that were brightest, the lips that sung
The gladdest carols when life was young.

"But I know of a better country,
Where the Old Years all are new;
I shall find its shining pathway
Sooner, sweetheart, than you;
And I'll send you a message of love and cheer
With every dawn of a glad New Year."

The eyes of the dear old pilgrim
Are looking across the snows,
While closer nestles the merry face,
With its flush like the pink wild rose.
Dreaming together, the young and old,
Locks of silver and crown of gold.

The Child and the Year.

Celia Thaxter.

Said the child to the youthful year:
"What hast thou in store for me,
O giver of beautiful gifts! what cheer,
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring
Their treasures: the winter's snows,
The autumn's store, and the flowers of spring
And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these and more shall be thine,
Dear child,—but the last and best
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift?
'Tis a conscience clear and bright,
A peace of mind which the soul can lift
To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage, and love,
If thou unto me canst bring,
I will set thee all earth's ills above,
O child! and crown thee a king!"

The Book of the New Year.

The Book of the New Year is opened,
Its pages are spotless and new;
And so, as each leaflet is turning,
Dear children, beware what you do!

Let never a bad thought be cherished,
Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile,
And see that your faces are windows
Through which a sweet spirit shall smile.

And weave for your souls the fair garment
Of honor and beauty and truth;
Which will still with a glory enfold you
When faded the spell of your youth.

And now, with the new book, endeavor
To write its white pages with care;
Each day is a leaflet, remember,
To be written with watching and prayer.

And if on a page you discover
At evening a blot or a scrawl,
Kneel quickly, and ask the dear Saviour
In mercy to cover it all.

So when the strange book shall be finished,
And clasped by the angel of light,
You may feel, though the work be imperfect,
You have tried to please God in the right.

And think how the years are a stairway
On which you must climb to the skies;
And strive that your standing be higher
As each one away from you flies.

The Passing Year.

By the glimmer of green and golden,
The leap and the sparkle of spray;
By the heart of the rose unfolden
To the breath of the summer day;
By the shout and song of the reapers,
Binding the ripened sheaf;
By the bloom on the fragrant cluster,
By the fall of the loosened leaf,
By the feathery whirl of the winter,
And the deep waves' hollow sound;
By the moan of the wind in the forest
When the night was gathering round;

By the sweet of the honey of lilies,
By the fields, all brown and sere—
Through the march of the changing seasons
We measured the passing year.

By the brave things thought or spoken,
By the true deeds simply done,
By the mean things crushed and conquered,
And the bloodless battle won;
By the days when the load was heavy,
Yet the heart grew strong to bear;
By the days when the heart was craven,
Lacking the strength of prayer;
By the hour that crept, slow-footed,
And the hour that flew on wings;
The time when the harp was silent,
The time when we swept the strings;
By the dearth, the dole and the labor,
The fullness, reward, and cheer—
By the book of the angel's record
We measured the passing year.

A New Year.

Margaret E. Sangster.

Why do we greet thee, O blithe New Year!
What are thy pledges of mirth and cheer?
Comest, knight-errant, the wrong to right?
Comest to scatter our gloom with light?
Wherefore the thrill, the sparkle and shine,
In heart and eyes at a word of thine?

The old was buoyant, the old was true,
The old was brave when the old was new.
He crowned us often with grace and gift;
His sternest skies had a deep blue rift.

Straight and swift, when his hand unclasped,
With welcome and joyance thine we grasped.
O tell us, Year—we are fain to know—
What is thy charm that we hail thee so?

Dost promise much that is fair and sweet—
The wind's low stir in the rippling wheat,
The waves' soft plash on the sandy floor,
The bloom of roses from shore to shore,
Glance of wings from the bowery nest,
Music and perfume from east to west,
Frosts to glitter in jeweled rime,
Blush of sunrise at morning's prime,
Stars above us their watch to keep,
And rain and dew, though we wake or sleep?

Once more a voice, and I hear it call
Like a bugle-note from a mountain wall;
The pines uplift it with mighty sound,
The billows bear it the green earth round;
A voice that rolls in a jubilant song,
A conqueror's ring in its echo strong;
Through the ether clear, from the solemn sky
The New Year beckons, and makes reply:

"I bring you, friends, what the years have brought
Since ever men toiled, aspired, or thought—
Days for labor, and nights for rest;
And I bring you love, a heaven-born guest;
Space to work in, and work to do,
And faith in that which is pure and true.
Hold me in honor and greet me dear,
And sooth you'll find me a Happy Year."

A New Year's Guest.

Eliza F. Moriarty.

Oh! lay the burden care aside;
Laugh idle doubt away,
And let a blessed guest abide
Within your heart to-day.
Its portals, barred by Sorrow's hands,
With eager welcome ope,
For on the threshold, waiting, stands
The New Year's herald, Hope.

Oh! lead him to the inner room,
That none may ever see
Where, wrapped in self-created gloom,
Broods lonely Misery.
Once entered there, his presence bright
Will glorify the place,
As morning fills the world with light,
And leaves of night no trace.

He knocks—and lo!—Grief's spell is snapped—
The portals spring apart—
And Hope, in rainbow vestments wrapped,
Seeks shelter in thy heart.
He heralds Heaven's great gift to thee—
A year with promise rife—
Wherein at last fulfilled may be
The dearest wish of life.

Address to the New Year.

Dinah Mulock Craik.

O good New Year! we clasp
This warm, shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half grasp,
That which from ours falls like dead fingers' twine.

Ay, whether fierce its grasp
Has been, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed: let the old year go.

Friend, come thou like a friend;
  And, whether bright thy face,
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,
  We'll hold our patient hands, each in his place,
And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou leadest onwards to those spheres
Where there are neither days nor months nor years.

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